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Theological School
IN
HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

BEQUEST OF
Rev. RICHARD MANNING HODGES,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
RECEIVED OCTOBER 23, 1878.

Baurstow.

THE MODEL PASTOR.

A MEMOIR

OF THE

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

REV. BARON STOW, D. D.,

LATE PASTOR OF THE ROWE STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

BY

JOHN C. STOCKBRIDGE, D. D.

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TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE THREE CHURCHES

OF WHICH DR. STOW WAS PASTOR,

This Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

THIS volume is a compilation. The editor has endeavored to make such a selection from the mass of materials placed in his hands as, in his judgment, will interest the largest number of readers. In the journal of Dr. Stow there is an entry which has been kept constantly in mind in the preparation of this Memoir. It bears the date of October 3, 1829.

"Reading memoir of Legh Richmond, by Grimshawe. The compiler shows himself too much. A biographer should leave his biography to be executed by another."

Scrupulous care has been taken to bring out in full relief the man whose life we have tried to portray, letting him speak to us in his journal and correspondence, and through the activities of a long, laborious, and successful professional life. A feeling of continual regret has followed the editor, through his whole work, that he has been obliged to omit so many things that he would gladly have laid before his readers, and which, he doubts not, they would have read with pleasure.

Restricted, however, as he was, to one volume, and therefore obliged to say all he wished to say within what appeared to him to be such narrow limits, he has sacrificed his personal wishes to the suggestions of the publishers of the book.

Special thanks are due to the friends of Dr. Stow who have prepared the delightful reminiscences which will be found in this volume. Nor would it be just to omit to notice the excellent service performed by Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., whose good taste in the selections made from the very voluminous journal of Dr. Stow entitles him to our warmest praise. No one more deeply regrets than does the editor that Dr. Smith was unable, on account of impaired health, to complete the work, upon the performance of which he entered soon after the decease of Dr. Stow. May the divine blessing accompany the publication of this volume, with all its imperfections, leading all its readers to adore that grace which wrought so wonderfully in fitting him whose character it delineates to perform such blessed service in the church of the living God.

J. C. S.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 1, 1871.

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THE BIRTHPLACE OF BARON STOW.

MEMOIR OF BARON STOW, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY. — BARON STEUBEN. — YOUTHFUL DEVELOPMENTS. — CONVERSION. — DEATH OF HIS FATHER. — [illegible] ENDEAVORS WITH KING. — ENTERS COLUMBIAN COLLEGE. — REMINISCENCES BY REV. E. HUTCHINSON.

1801–1822.

THE subject of this Memoir was born in [illegible], N. H., January 12, 1801. His father Peter Stow was born in Grafton, Mass., June 21, 1771, and his mother Deborah Newton, in Gillingsworth, Ct., February 11, 1775.

The family of which Peter Stow was a member were pioneers in a new settlement, and their occupation that of farmers. Having an eager desire to acquire knowledge, he availed himself of such books as he could obtain, and improved all his leisure hours in study. The only periodical then published in the town was one small weekly paper. At an early age he commenced teaching, and for several successive years devoted the winter season to that employment.

When twenty-one years of age, Peter Stow became a subject of renewing grace, and united with the Baptist church, with which until death, he maintained a consistent Christian character, and was prominent as a faithful member and officer, enjoying the confidence and respect of all who knew him. His brethren honored him with the office of first deacon for many years in succession. He was also representative to the

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1801–1822.

THE subject of this Memoir was born at Croydon, N. H., January 12, 1801. His father, Peter Stow, was born in Grafton, Mass., June 21, 1771, and his mother, Deborah Nettleton, in Killingworth, Ct., February 11, 1775.

The family of which Peter Stow was a member were pioneers in a new settlement, and their occupation that of farming. Having an eager desire to acquire knowledge, he availed himself of such books as he could obtain, and improved all leisure hours in study. The only periodical then taken in the town was one small weekly paper. At an early age he commenced teaching, and for several successive years devoted the winter season to that employment.

When twenty-one years of age, Peter Stow became a subject of renewing grace, and united with the Baptist church, where, until death, he maintained a consistent Christian character, and was prominent as a faithful member and officer, winning the confidence and respect of all who knew him. The town honored him with the office of first selectman for many years in succession. He was also representative to the

legislature. "The poor," says his son, "found in him a ready benefactor, the rich a welcome visitor, the afflicted a sympathizing companion and counsellor. As a husband he was kind, affectionate, appreciative; as a father, strictly exemplary, judiciously indulgent, implanting in the hearts of his children an abiding impression that the homage and respect divinely inculcated were preëminently due to such parents as God had given them."

Peter Stow seems to have cherished an admiration for the memory of Baron Steuben, so well known as a Prussian officer, who came to this country in 1778, and distinguished himself in our revolutionary war. He had resigned the high offices of government which he held at home, and, by the persuasion of Count de St. Germain, French minister of war, and of other gentlemen connected with the French cabinet, with whom the baron had come in contact while in Paris, he came to this country at the age of forty-eight, "a soldier of fortune," says Irving, "to the rude fighting-grounds of America, to aid a half-disciplined people in their struggle for liberty." It is easy to conceive that the advent of such a distinguished military officer, once the aide-de-camp of the great Frederic himself, landing on our shores at a time when our affairs were in their most desperate condition, must have formed a theme of conversation, not only in the larger circles of city life, but in the rural homes of the dwellers in the villages and hamlets of the land. Peter Stow was a boy of nearly seven years of age when this event took place. For several years the baron was identified with the fortunes of his adopted country, and his career was undoubtedly watched with deep interest in every section of the land. We find that as late as 1789 he was present at the inauguration of President Washington. It is believed, either because he was pleased with the name, or because he had a high appreciation of his services, that Peter Stow called his first-born son Baron Steuben Stow. The middle name was subsequently dropped, and this son was known as Baron Stow.

We have been able to glean but few facts concerning his

early days. In childhood there began very soon to be developed traits of character which made him a boy of mark. He was fond of study, and was blessed with a memory so retentive that he made himself master of whatever he intrusted to that important faculty. His partial, fond friends, observing the progress he made, were wont to make the remark, "That boy is destined for a statesman or a minister."

Writers of biography almost always see, or think they see, in the early developments of the intellect and tastes of the subjects of their sketches the sure prognostics of their coming greatness. We read that, when Chalmers was three years old, one evening, after it had become dark, he disappeared, and search being made for him, he was found alone in the nursery, "pacing up and down, excited and absorbed, repeating to himself, as he walked to and fro, the words of David, 'O, my son Absalom! O, Absalom, my son, my son!'" Says his biographer, Dr. Hanna, "Almost as soon as he could form or announce a purpose, he declared that he would be a minister. The sister of one of his school-fellows at Anstruther still remembers breaking in upon her brother and him, in a room to which they had retired together, and finding the future great orator (then a very little boy) standing upon a chair, and preaching most vigorously to his single auditor below. He had not only resolved to be a minister, but had fixed upon his text—'Let brotherly love continue.'"

In like manner, we are told, the youthful Baron began "to exercise his gifts," as our fathers used to say, and that, even at the early age of five years, he showed what was the bent of his inclinations. Not far from the house of his father, by the road-side, there was a boulder of considerable size, which was called "the pulpit." Ascending "the pulpit," the boy-preacher, having called around him an audience of his playmates, would act the sacred orator, exhibiting a gift of elocution and a command of language which made him quite the admiration of his listeners.

When he was eight years of age his father moved from Croyden to the adjoining town of Newport, where he had

purchased a farm. Here the lad attended the district school. We judge that he was a boy of delicate organization, not forward in the sports of his schoolmates, but more disposed to study than to play. Apt to learn, and passionately eager, like his father, to acquire knowledge, his progress in his studies was rapid, and he invariably took the highest rank in his class, easily keeping the position which he gained. So insatiable was his thirst for reading, that at the age of fourteen he had read every volume in the town library. A boy of so precocious intellect could not fail to make for himself a warm place in the heart of his proud, loving father. With tender solicitude he watched the unfoldings of his mind, and resolved, if it was in his power, that his son should enjoy all the advantages of a liberal course of study. But he was a farmer, and a farmer among the cold hills of New Hampshire, where the most earnest and untiring efforts are necessary to secure oftentimes no more than the ordinary comforts of life. The labors of his son, now reaching an age when greater physical strength was developed, were demanded to assist him in carrying on his farm. And yet, as the obedient, respectful child, who would not thwart the wishes of his parent, toiled by his side, there would, ever and anon, rise a mental vision of the future career which might be his boy's, if he were prepared, by study and discipline, to enter upon it. In the intervals of rest from the labors of the farm, books were the recreation of the lad, and he was never happier than when poring over the pages of some favorite author.

A dark, sad day was it when death entered that quiet rural home, and, when Baron was fifteen years old, removed from him his best earthly friend, the proud, happy father, who had laid out so many plans for the future welfare of his son. At a single stroke the hope of obtaining an education seemed to be overthrown. As the eldest son in a family, now consisting of a widowed mother and five children, grave responsibilities immediately came upon him. The means for obtaining a support for these dependent ones must come from the farm. With a pang of regret more bitter than can be de-

scribed, the fatherless boy, abandoning the idea of getting an education, at least for the present, turned his attention to the paternal patrimony, which had been bequeathed to him. He resolved, with his characteristic ardor, that he would spare no pains to secure the means of support for the family, which now looked up to him as their natural protector and friend. At once he began to lay his plans for improving the farm, or rather, for carrying out those commenced by his father. Although he gave himself most conscientiously to this work, the old aspirations would be aroused in his soul. The love of knowledge could not be suppressed. As opportunity presented, he would return to his beloved books, determined to supply the want of a more public education by his persistent efforts for self-culture. The work of the farm engrossed his attention during the summer; but the greater leisure of the winter months afforded him an opportunity to avail himself of the privileges of the district school. At length he has so far mastered the studies to which he has applied himself, that we find him, in the autumn of 1818, when not eighteen years of age, engaged himself in teaching a country school.

Not far from this time there was an interesting revival of religion in Newport, and among its earliest subjects was young Stow. Without giving a minute detail of the circumstances of an event transcending in importance any other that was to occur in his history, it is enough to say that his convictions of sin were deep and thorough, and his view of salvation through a crucified Saviour clear and satisfactory. As might be well supposed, from our knowledge of the sincerity of his views, he did not long delay in making a public profession of religion. On the last day of December, 1818, in company with fifteen happy converts, he was baptized by Rev. Leland Howard, of Windsor, Vt., and united with the church in Newport.

The new impulse which was thus given to his whole nature made him pant more than ever to go forward in the work of training his faculties, that he might bring to the Redeemer, who had so largely blessed his soul, the best gift which he

could lay upon his altar — a cultivated intellect, along with a regenerate heart. Who can describe the conflict which was carried on in that sensitive soul between the claims of filial affection and duty to his widowed mother on the one hand, and what, on the other hand, seemed to him a call of God, coinciding with his own inclinations, to enter upon the work of preparation to preach the gospel? The struggle was at last ended. The heart of a loving mother yearned over him, whom, though recognized by her as her son by natural birth, she had come to regard in a higher and holier sense, as a "son of the Lord God Almighty." Interposing no objection, but rather giving him her maternal benediction, she sent him to Windsor, Vt., where he put himself under the tuition of Rev. Mr. Howard, who so recently had baptized him. With this Christian brother, who proved to be his life-long friend, he remained a year.

And here seems the proper place to speak of one of those early friendships which Baron Stow formed, similar, in its warmth and sincerity, to many others which he formed in later years. Among his acquaintances was a young man of about his own age. In many respects they were kindred spirits. Both had that delicate, sensitive organization which in both was the source of the exquisite enjoyment, and, we may say, of the keen mental suffering, of which at times both were alike the subjects in their maturer life. Both were refined in their tastes by nature and by cultivation. Both had fine intellectual abilities, although Mr. Stow always gave the precedence to his friend in this respect. Circumstances, evidently providential, called the one to fill a more prominent sphere than the other occupied; but the Boston pastor never ceased to look up to his friend, who, wasted away by consumption, died as the minister of what was then a humble church of a quiet village in the interior of Massachusetts. The friend to whom I refer was Alonzo King, the gifted compiler of the Memoirs of the sainted missionary George Dana Boardman.

The earliest letter which I find in the mass of correspond-

ence from which I shall have occasion to draw, was written by Baron Stow to his friend King. It bears the following date, and is reproduced just as it was written.

WINDSOR, May 11, 1819.

BROTHER KING: Having an opportunity to convey a line directly to Cavendish, I will devote a few moments in writing to a friend whom I esteem in sincerity. Through the mercy of God we are all alive and in good health, enjoying unmerited favors and privileges. Brother Ely and myself are now construing in the New Testament. Brother E. says, "We are prospering marvellously" (his manner of speaking). It is a very pleasing study, rich and sweet. The English appears like husks to the Greek. God is still the Lord, gracious and long-suffering. Let us proceed, leaning upon the arm of the great "I AM." There appears everything to discourage me when I look upon one side of the case; but cast these behind, like Satan, and nothing but encouragements appear. So I am changeable as the wind; but God's will be done, whatever it is.

"Pax fratribus et caritas cum fide a Deo Patre et Domino Jesu Christo." — *Paulus.* Vale.

BARON STOW.

While thus pursuing his studies at Windsor, Mr. Stow had no prospect of obtaining a liberal education. His plan was, after remaining for a time with Mr. Howard, to commence at once the work of the ministry. Providentially meeting with Rev. Dr. Baldwin, he was won by the genial, sympathetic manner of one who always loved to encourage his younger brethren, and disclosed to him his purposes, and solicited his advice. His wise counsellor urged him not to stop short of a collegiate course of study, and prophetically remarked, "Perhaps you will some day fill my place." Nothing is easier than to give advice and to tell a young man, struggling to get an education, to go forward, and yet, to point out no way by which, for years, he is to pay his bills, seems almost a cruel mockery. The good people of New Hampshire used to say to Dr. Baldwin, at the close of a hard Sabbath's labor in preaching, "Well, Brother Baldwin, you have been very kind to come among us to-day. The Lord will never let such a good man as you are want for anything." All which was

very pleasant, but it would not fill up the flour barrel, nor keep the wolf from the door. Happily, in giving his advice to his good friend, Dr. Baldwin was able to point out a way by which he might defray his expenses. His mind set at rest on this point, he went forward in the work of preparation for college.

The correspondence with his friend King, in the mean while, is kept up. It exhibits the warmth of his religious feelings, and shows how earnestly his heart is being enlisted in what is to be the great work of his life — the preaching of the gospel.

WINDSOR, Monday Evening, December 13, 1819.

DEAR BROTHER KING: "As I was musing, the fire burned." My unstable imagination, wandering up and down the earth, at last fixed itself upon my little circle of friends in Newport, and there fastened, immovable. I fancied Brothers F. and King surrounded by those who can speak of the dying love of Jesus, while I myself, a poor, despised creature, am in Windsor, grovelling in the midst of a valley of dry, dry bones, surrounded for six hours in the day with about thirty or forty souls, who are bound up in sin and slumbering in carnality. But, thank Heaven, I find the same God here as there, and I think, for a few days past, I have found him precious to my soul, through the merits of his Son. O, what a blessed Jesus is brought to light in the gospel! For the first three evenings after I began my school, I studied my Latin Grammar; but since that I have laid it aside for the precious volume of truth. It is a dry study now. Six evenings out of the seven has the "midnight oil" been consumed in my lamp. One evening I was at Mr. Howard's at a prayer meeting. O, blessed employment, to pray to God! I am now boarding at a place where little or nothing is said about heaven or divine things; therefore I have no company but my God and my Bible. Perhaps you think me enthusiastic, but

"Sweet is my frame,
And I'll bless Jesus' name;
Though men scoff and jeer,
Yet men I don't fear."

Yesterday I went to meeting with such feelings as my soul never felt before. Joy, peace, and consolation filled my heart. I could not forbear relating my exercises to others. But how was I surprised to see Mr. Howard introduce a Boanerges into the pulpit! 'Twas Leland, the judge. He prayed. The moral heavens appeared opened, and the Spirit descended. He preached: "They that trust in the Lord shall be

as Mount Zion," &c. Silence and solemnity pervaded the assembly. In the evening he preached to a great number, Psalms lxii. 5: "My soul, wait thou only on God, for my expectation is from him." My soul was fed with the finest of the wheat, and with honey out of the rock was I satisfied. How fleeting and transitory are all earthly enjoyments! Alas, how often have I forsaken the substance, and snatched the wind! How often have I broken the commandment, "Thou shalt have no other God before me;" and again, "Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world." I have found, by sad experience, that "if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." O, can I ever reach heaven? Yes, "The blood of Jesus is free, and cleanseth from all sin." Trust in the Lord, then, O my soul, and take his yoke upon you. Learn of Jesus, who is meek and lowly in heart, and rest, unceasing rest, shall be your portion, while ages shall roll on ages, and time be lost in the vast ocean of eternity. Vale.

Yours in Christ our Lord,

B. Stow.

Passing over the next year or two, during which he was occupied with his preparatory studies, we find him acknowledging the receipt of another letter from his ever-constant friend. From this letter we form an idea of the vast changes which have taken place during the past fifty years in the facilities of travel. At that period how far distant from their homes did those seem to be, who had gone a few hundred miles! Waterville College had been but recently founded, and Mr. King was among its first students. From the mountain home of his friend Stow, it seemed as if he had departed to some far-off region of the earth.

Newport, N. H., March 17, 1821.

My Dear Brother:

"What pain unusual thrilled my heart,
When you and I were called to part,
Perhaps no more to join
In praising God within the doors,
Till passed beyond these mortal shores
To kneel before his shrine."

I acknowledge the receipt of your friendly letter, which arrived here in twenty days after it was written. It was more than was expected, K. It was a favor which I could not deem myself worthy from your hands, or any friend situated at such a distance. The letter was

mailed at Rochester, N. H., so that you may well think I was astonished, upon breaking the seal, to discover the name of my beloved brother Alonzo. I was somewhat disappointed to find that you had not written the particulars of your journey and voyage, as also your situation at Waterville, and the studies you were pursuing. But I have since, in a degree, been informed with respect to your passage and safe arrival at your destined residence. As I think my desires and enjoyments are, in a degree, bound up in your joys and prosperity, I am sorry to find that you did not feel that contentment and satisfaction you would wish. I am not able to sympathize with you, having never passed through the scene of forsaking parents and friends to traverse unknown lands, a stranger to every mortal creature, and depending on the charity of others for maintenance. Yes, I feel for you, and endeavor to remember you in my feeble petitions at the throne of grace, that you may be supported in your situation, enjoy the comforts of the Holy Ghost, that God would smile upon your labors to obtain both human and divine science, and in all things your trust may be in God alone. O that I could visit you, whether it be in your study, in the house of God, or in the gloomy wilderness! I would unbosom to you, with satisfaction, a series of joys and sorrows, through which I have passed since the sorrowful evening of your departure, I taught school the winter past in Unity, near Brother Gilman's. Had a pleasant season. The Lord has graciously wrought wonders in that place a few months past. Several have been baptized, and others cherish a hope of eternal life. In Claremont truly the work of the Lord is powerful. Brother Kimball, from Marblehead, Mass., is preaching there to the Baptist church.

After alluding to several other places in which there are revivals, he adds, —

That happy scene is drawing nigh, when

> "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Does his successive journeys run."

O, may it be hastened, and we be prepared!

Unworthily yours, B. Stow.

The next communication is written in a sad strain. Some of its gloom is doubtless attributable to a morbid state of mind, brought on by excessive application to study. As we shall have occasion to see, all through life, Mr. Stow was subject to these fits of depression and self-depreciation. Persons of his peculiar temperament rarely escape them.

NEWPORT, N. H., April 30, 1821.

BELOVED BROTHER: I received your interesting favor of March 28, on Friday last. Though I did not endure much trouble, fearing you had forgotten or possessed a disposition to neglect me in the least, yet I was apprehensive my letter might be mislaid, or have gone to the President of the United States, or in some other improper direction. Truly I was highly gratified, on seeing the mail opened, to find another communication from friend A. K. I perused its exhilarating contents with a cheerful heart. I had been confined to my room for several days by indisposition of body, but your cheering language and manifestations of unalterable sympathy gave a vigorous spring to both soul and body, and almost transferred me from a sick bed to the beloved society in Waterville, and to the embrace of an absent friend and brother. I feel to endeavor to answer your epistle so far as my weak capacities will allow; but never expect to find in me the ability to express such ecstatic raptures of soul as flowed from your pen. The friendship we have contracted, I trust, is inviolable; but truly I often feel, K., it has not on my part "Christ for its foundation." I often fear a separation will ere long take place, more trying and sad than we have ever yet experienced, and I must depart to the left hand and you sit at the right hand of our offended Judge in the burning day! Still I hope — but how dare I hope, while the pride and arrogance of my heart are so great? Am I doing my duty in thus confining the powers of body and soul down to the dead languages? But I hope soon to be released from the trammels of Cicero, Græca Minora, and Sallust. My health is such that I often think the Lord never intended me to obtain a collegiate education; and alas, how many poor souls, during that time, will go down to perdition! But should I find prosperity, I shall probably enter either Harvard University, or Middlebury College, Vt., at next commencement. O, pray for me, that I may be humble and lead an exemplary life. 'Tis a joy to me to correspond with such a friend. Cease not to counsel me, and may we pray for each other's growth and prosperity in time and eternity.

Your friend indeed,

B. STOW.

The time had arrived when Mr. Stow must decide the question, at what college he should pursue his studies. It may be interesting, as it corresponds with the experience of so many other young men, to note the perplexity into which he was thrown when he came fairly to meet the question. A letter to his Waterville friend reveals the struggles through which he passed in reaching the decision to which finally he

came. We see in this communication the ardor of his feelings, and his earnest desires to enter upon the great work of preaching the gospel, leading him to doubt whether he ought to devote so much precious time in gaining merely secular knowledge.

NEWPORT ACADEMY, August 9, 1821.

BROTHER A.: Your last came to hand safely and jofully. I had long waited with impatience for an answer to my inquiries. That subject has greatly agitated my mind at times, and almost deprived me of rest. I find it of great moment to decide upon a place where to reside four years. And my anxieties have been greatly heightened by the obsequiousness of correspondents at different literary institutions. I have been urged by some to enter Yale — by Brethren Elliott and Rice at Harvard — by General Forbes and others in Vermont, at Middlebury, Vt. Visiting Hanover a few weeks since, I was beset and thronged with arguments in favor of Dartmouth. Some even venture to recommend Columbian College, at Washington, as preferable to all. At some of the aforesaid institutions, expenses are so high as will preclude the idea of my pursuing a collegiate course with them. Others, not so respectable either in moral or literary character, render it unpleasing. What can I do? Waterville is too far situated from friends and home to attract me thither, unless advantages far exceed other colleges. My mind seems, however, to settle on Middlebury, Vt. as I have received some charitable offers from the patrons of that institution. *That* grows extremely in respectability, and promises fair to excel many that now stand high in the esteem of many literati. Professor Patton has just arrived from Europe, whither he was sent to receive his education on purpose for the professorial office. Board is there from one dollar to one dollar and twenty-five cents per week, tuition twenty dollars per year, and room rent six dollars. If Providence will, I hope to enter there in the spring. I should enter this season, but, having read most of the studies of the first quarter, I think to teach school five months between this and the first of March. Thank you much for your frankness in answering my inquiries.

Affectionately yours,

B. STOW.

Notwithstanding his decision to enter Middlebury appeared to be final, circumstances seemed providentially to point to Columbian College, Washington. His health was delicate, and it was thought that a milder climate might be beneficial to him. It is evident that he had overworked himself. In

one of his letters he speaks of having suffered from a severe attack of inflammation in the head, by which he was deprived of his reason for nearly a week, and confined to the house for almost three weeks. Having recovered from this attack he began, with earnestness, to consider all the reasons which were to govern him in the decision of the question, where he should spend the years of his college life. He concluded to go to Washington. He became a member of Columbian College in September, 1822.

Perhaps this chapter cannot better be closed than by presenting extracts from reminiscences of the early life of Mr. Stow, furnished by one of his warmest friends, Rev. E. Hutchinson, of Vermont.

"The name of Baron Stow brings up most precious memories, which extend back forty and fifty years. From childhood it was my privilege to know and love the good man who bore that honored name, for he was my teacher, pastor, and life-long friend. His first effort at teaching was in my father's school district, in the year 1818. There he began to show forth those great powers of mind which so remarkably distinguished him in after years. His accurate scholarship, thorough discipline, and wonderful faculty of drawing out his pupils and making them think for themselves, made his first teaching a sure success. During that winter occurred *the* great event of his life. The church were enjoying one of those old-fashioned revivals, or 'reformations,' as they were called, so common a half century ago, continuing two and three years, when God's people could, in the language of the old patriarch, 'stand still and see the salvation of God.' The young schoolmaster felt the Spirit's convicting power, but determined to resist it. At length the eventful evening came. The young people met for prayer at the house of the pastor, and he was induced to attend, resolving to close his heart against all influences that might be brought to bear upon him. The house was crowded, and the divine Spirit was there in mighty power. As one and another of his associates spoke, he trembled and resisted. At length the

pastor's little son was brought from his dying bed, by his own earnest request, to speak to his young friends of the love of Christ. All hearts melted, and God made the last message of that dying boy the means of salvation to Baron Stow. He at once raised the altar of prayer in his school, and as that young man bowed for the first time in prayer with his scholars, many of whom were older than himself, the stoutest hearts were subdued, and the majority of them were brought to Christ. He immediately became an active worker in the revival, and was soon looked upon by his elder brethren as designed of God for the Christian ministry.

"His baptism, which occurred soon after, was beautifully impressive, and is fresh in my recollection. It was midwinter. The ice was cut in the charming Sugar River, and the great congregation surrounded the place of burial; and as good Elder Howard buried him with Christ in baptism, and raised him from the watery grave, hundreds of voices joined in singing those favorite lines, —

"Christians, if your hearts be warm
Ice and snow can do no harm;
If by Jesus you are prized,
Rise, believe, and be baptized."

CHAPTER II.

COLUMBIAN COLLEGE. — COLLEGE LIFE. — JOURNAL. — PREACHING TOUR INTO VIRGINIA. — RETURN TO HIS STUDIES. — JOURNAL.

1822–1824.

As a member of Columbian College, Mr. Stow at once was brought in contact with congenial society. The change from the quiet scenes of his home among the hills of New Hampshire to the capital of the country must have been very great. He was now almost twenty years of age. He had learned the lesson of self-reliance, and had known something of the struggles and discipline through which a young man passes, who is seeking, with few resources, to obtain an education. Thus his character was in a good degree matured, and there was every reason to believe that he would derive the greatest benefit from the course of study upon which he was now entering.

Columbian College was the child of the Baptist Triennial Convention. Professor Gammell, in his excellent History of American Baptist Missions, says that "the constitution of the new society" — the Triennial Convention — "was framed with but little experience, and almost without the aid of models; yet it was, perhaps, well suited to the condition and spirit of the denomination as it then was in this country. It originally contained provisions only for the support of foreign missions, but, at subsequent meetings, it was modified in several important particulars, and made to include both domestic missions and the establishment of 'a classical and theological seminary' for the education of young men especially for the gospel ministry. The introduction of this latter object into the organization of the convention had its origin

in the deep sense of the importance of a well-educated ministry, which at that time pervaded the minds of the fathers and the leading men of the denomination. This provision of the constitution gave rise to the establishment of the Columbian College at Washington, D. C., an institution which was managed by the Triennial Convention."

The first president of the new institution was Rev. Dr. Staughton, who was elected to this office, and entered upon its duties, in 1821. No man more thoroughly possessed the confidence of the denomination, or occupied a higher rank as an eloquent preacher of the gospel. The influence which Dr. Staughton exerted on the susceptible mind of the ardent, warm-hearted young man who had come under his supervision, was of the most positive and permanent character. A prince among pulpit orators, he left the impress of his teachings and his example on the whole professional life of his pupil. Other men who have gained a reputation in the denomination, who were connected with the college at the period of which we are writing, were Dr. Irah Chace, Dr. Alva Woods, Thomas Sewell, M. D., Professor William Ruggles, and President A. Caswell, among the professors, and Dr. R. Babcock, Professor J. D. Knowles, Professor T. J. Conant, and Dr. R. E. Pattison, among the tutors. Among the classmates of Mr. Stow were Dr. R. W. Cushman, Hon. Thomas D. Eliot, and Professor James Jones. With several of these gentlemen Mr. Stow's relations, during his whole life, were of the most intimate and endearing character.

The following letter to his old friend and correspondent, Alonzo King, is in his most pleasant vein, and happily contrasts with the somewhat morbid communication found in the first chapter. It gives us an insight into his college life and experience which we are glad to find.

COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, D. C., March 1, 1823.

DEAR BROTHER KING: Your poetic effusion came safe to hand January 10, and ever since I have been invoking the muse; but she is as contrary as a yoked pig. She will not be compelled, and if I succeed

in allowing her to follow, she hobbles sadly, and tumbles over every stick and stone. I thought of Polyphemus (I don't mean Brother Caleb) and Æneas, but you had spent all the force of epic on them, and I dared not approach the terrific scene of the eyeless, long-legged monster chasing the poor tempest-beaten Trojans through the Sicilian waves. I thought of Nimrod, and Cain, and Titus; but Lord Byron had stolen them away. I thought of Newport, and mused, and found somewhat to dedicate to Melpomene, but none to Venus. Juno, the goddess of marriage, and Diana, of ——, claim a part. 'Twould be a motley mess. I looked around on the groves, the hills, the great river, the Capitol, the shades of Mount Vernon, &c., &c., but imbibed not one poetic feeling. And rather than give you blank verse, or rhyme upon stilts, I determined to answer in stiff, old-fashioned prose.

Alonzo, were you not really at home when you wrote last? I was, when I had read your letter. O, I am at Newport every time Somnus infuses her papaverous influence, and more than once in a week do I salute my dear brethren and friends in the land I have left. Home thrills in my soul, and draws forth a vain sigh for its comforts and pleasures. They are marrying and giving in marriage; some removing to other lands, others to "the land of silence and of death." A variety of feelings possesses my soul at different times. Yes, Baron is still the same old variable creature. I have not the same hypochondria as formerly, though often low-spirited.

My duties are such as employ every moment of my time, and leave no leisure for moping melancholy. By the request of the publishing committee of the General Convention, I have undertaken to conduct the Latter Day Luminary. This occupies every leisure hour. Dr. Staughton has just closed a course of lectures on natural history. These were very interesting. For seven weeks we have been permitted to go one day in a week to hear the debates in Congress, and the pleas in the Supreme Court of the United States. Many of these have been instructive and animating.

This letter shows us what he seldom reveals to us — the playful side of his character. The daily duties which he was called to perform, and the pleasant surroundings of his new home, had their influence on his mind, and took his thoughts out of the channel in which they so frequently ran. Some extracts from his journal reveal his inner life, "the life hid with Christ in God." They furnish us, moreover, some hints which fill up certain gaps in his history, which we know not how otherwise to fill.

June 16, 1823. I now enter upon the twenty-third year of my life. Twenty-two years have passed rapidly, and, I may say, unprofitably. Four years since I professed to know the Lord, and commenced the highly responsible and sublime work of preaching salvation to sinners. One year ago to-day I preached in Goshen, N. H., bade adieu to friends in Newport Village, previous to leaving for the south. It was a trying scene. May it never be repeated. But here I am in my college course, with many intervals of pleasure; preaching occasionally. Negligent as ever in other duties. I dare not resolve again to devote myself wholly to God's service. I long for complete holiness. Gracious Heaven, purify and increase this desire. Humbly may I ever lie at my Redeemer's feet. May my intellectual improvement be great, but my spiritual be far greater.

June 21. Walked from the city this morning. Attended the meeting of the society for missionary inquiry. Much interested. A genial shower fell last evening, which makes all nature revive. The breezes are truly pleasant. O that the breath of Heaven would blow upon my soul, refreshing my thirsty graces! I am parched in a land of spiritual drought.

June 23. Preached yesterday in the College Chapel, from 2 Cor. iv. 5, with enjoyment. One year this morning I sailed out of Boston harbor for the south. At this hour (midday) was moving very pleasantly down the Cape. It was Sabbath. What were my feelings! What have I since been doing? How little have I been thankful for a life preserved from the dangers of both sea and land.

July 9. Yesterday was our semi-annual examination. Succeeded as well as I expected. My class (the Sophomore) was thoroughly examined in Horace, Plato, Xenophon's Memorabilia, Aristotle's Philosophic works, Blair, and Legendre's Geometry. In Horace I was somewhat lame; in all other parts was well prepared. Twenty-six weeks of successive toiling at books. Now the respite will be pleasant. I expect to take charge of the Star, a paper that has been under the direction of Brother Knowles. Engagements to preach are numerous. Heaven grant me that humility and zeal for God which shall make me truly faithful. May I ever remember that great examination day when God shall try me.

July 11. Weather exceedingly warm. My mind greatly alienated from divine things. Too fond of other books, to the neglect of the Bible. I desire more conformity to God, more holiness, and more preparation to serve him.

July 18. Lonely. The college is now nearly vacated; two tutors and one student beside myself remain. I have two reasons for so doing — one, that I may have full leisure to attend to the Star and Luminary; another, to keep alive our Sunday schools, and maintain

divine service on the Sabbath. Retirement is, however, profitable, if rightly improved. I have health, I have books in abundance round me. What want I more? Alone, I can pray, read, and meditate at any hour. If Christ be with me, how can I be melancholy?

July 20. Air cool and refreshing. Genial showers have refreshed vegetation. When plants are parched and drooping beneath scorching beams, how delightful to see the rains descend from heaven, and raise them to life and vigor! So the Christian rejoices, when travelling through this dry and barren waste, to see a cloud of mercy rise and pour down the divine blessing on the heritage of God.

July 26, Saturday. Busily engaged all this week. The Star and Luminary employ almost my whole time; nor do I then make them appear as I could wish. Here I learn my weakness and ignorance. Sometimes I am tempted to think I am "somewhat," but when seated to write an article for the public, then I feel how insignificant I am.

August 2. Time closely occupied in editing, and visiting friends; little time for reading and meditation. Last summer vacation I studied languages, preached often, and attended prayer meetings. This, I preach little and pray less.

August 3, Sabbath. Great comfort in prayer.

Saturday evening, August 16. Fatigued and overworked. Contemplate relief next week, by a trip into Virginia with Brother Caswell. Embarrassed in my pecuniary affairs, but in a worse condition of soul. I preach so little, and so seldom engage in public religious services, that I am growing dull and formal; but in private have some sweet seasons, perusing God's word, and imploring the divine blessing. Such periods are my greatest comfort and joy. The smiles of a Saviour's countenance, how lovely, how enrapturing! "God is love."

Sabbath, August 17. Preached in the Chapel, from Luke xiii. 5 — an unusually pleasant season. To-morrow, or the next day, set off, with Rev. O. B. Brown and tutor Caswell, for Virginia.

These extracts, despite the self-depreciation which is so often expressed in them, exhibit the subject of this Memoir as a busy man, not only carrying on his college studies with such success as to keep him at the head of his class, but editing a paper, and preaching as occasion offered. We rejoice with him that a respite, short, indeed, but so beneficial, has come from his long-protracted labor, and that his energies are to be recruited amid the hospitable homes of Old Virginia. The journal continues, —

Tuesday, August 26. This day week set off for Virginia. First

night, stopped at Mr. Edmond's, Alexandria — heard Rev. O. B. B. preach in the evening. Next day, went to Dumfries, passing Accatank Run, Pohick Church, Neabses Run, Occoquan River, &c., in Fairfax County, into Prince William's County. Tarried at the house of Captain Fairfax, in Dumfries; heard Rev. Mr. Bryce preach. Next morning, took breakfast with Major Toulson, near Chapawansick. Arrived at Rock Hill, Stafford County, at eleven A. M. Met the Columbia Association. Rev. Robert Latham preached the introductory sermon, from Gal. vi. 14 (rank Antinomian). Tarried with Mr. Tacket two nights, and one with Colonel Mason ; treated with true hospitality. Ten sermons were preached at the stand by Brethren Caswell, tutor in Columbian College, D. C., from John xv. 24; Bryce of Alexandria, from 1 Tim. i. 15; Raynolds, of Ninevah, from John i. 1; James, of Fredericksburg, from Col. iii. 3; Garnett, from the Shiloh Association, from Matt. xvi. 18; O. B. Brown, from Washington, text Romans viii. 28; Johnson, of Little Falls, Isa. lviii. 1; B. Stow, Columbian College, text Ezek. xxxiii. 11; Joseph Ballard, Columbian College, 2 Cor. v. 10; H. O. Wyer, Columbian College, Rom. i. 15. I preached Sunday, the 24th, at twelve and a half o'clock. Immediately set out on my return, in company with Brother Prettyman, of Alexandria (Brother Caswell having left the day before, via Harper's Ferry). Dined at Major Toulson's; preached at candle-light at Dumfries; staid the night with Brother Fairfax; next day dined at Alexandria — arrived at College Hill at sunset, refreshed in body and mind. The roads are bad, but the people kindly affectionate.

Many years after this, Dr. Stow wrote a sketch of this preaching tour, a part of which may be worthy of a place here, as illustrating Virginia hospitality, and the amusing incidents to which it sometimes gave rise.

After a hard and almost break-neck ride of twelve hours, we reached Dumfries, and, as introduced by Luther Rice to one of his resting-places, we were cordially welcomed for the night by Brother Fairfax. He had already received a large number bound on the same errand. He had not out the sign of country inns in France — "*Loge pour cheval et pied*," where horse and foot lodged under the same roof, and sometimes in the same apartment, but he had large hospitality, and that night it was exorbitantly taxed. An appointment for preaching had been given out, and we all went to hear a "strange brother" hold forth. The singing was congregational, led by one whom we knew, and who, with abundant power of lungs, "gave out the lines," two at a time.

On retiring for the night, the ladies occupied all the beds, and the

sixteen gentlemen, of whom ten were preachers, camped on the parlor floor. The men, disposed to make the best of their imperfect accommodations, were rather jocose, and indulged in story-telling that interfered with slumber. At length, by general agreement, all was hushed, and one o'clock found the most of us beginning to sleep. But one old gentleman had a thought, and he must needs violate the compact. So he called out, "Brother Grub, Brother Grub, you are the bestest man to give out a hymn that I ever hearn." This was too laughable to admit of rebuke for the disturbance, and further quiet was out of the question. So we went on the next day to the place of meeting, hoping to double our rest the following night.

The absence was brief, but so thorough a change from the usual course of his every-day life, and the religious work in which he was engaged, greatly "refreshed him in body and mind," and he returned to Washington, in some measure prepared to enter with fresh zeal upon his college studies. His journal shows that he was not idle during the few days that intervened between the last date and the commencement of a new term.

August 29. Reading North American Review, and Johnson's Lives of the Poets. The Bible to-day is a sealed book. For several days have too much neglected closet devotion. 'Tis impossible for me to live without *much* prayer. My conscience smites severely; what is worse, my soul shrivels and becomes barren.

September 4. Preached last Sabbath eve for Rev. O. B. Brown; text, Luke xiii. 3. Endeavored, with as much seriousness and earnestness as possible, to teach my hearers the nature and importance of true repentance. Some deny the obligation of sinners to repent, consequently the propriety of preaching the doctrine. Others say, if repentance be the *gift of God*, how *can* man repent? Others think they need *no* repentance; and indeed it is far easier dealing with such than either of the other classes. Notwithstanding all these hinderances, I am commissioned to preach the word to all men indiscriminately. I hope to do it with affection and fidelity, whether men will hear or forbear.

Although Mr. Stow entered college in 1822, he was so well prepared, and had applied himself so diligently to the prescribed course of study, that he soon passed into the Sophomore class, and was a Junior at the commencement of the new year, 1823–24. He begins the year in

a happy frame of mind, and takes up his college work with his wonted ardor and determination to excel. Those great alternations of feeling, which, all through life, were so marked a feature of his character, are ever showing themselves, both in his letters and in his journal. Much of his depression, as in the case of that eminent servant of Christ, whom, in many respects, he so much resembled, Rev. Dr. Payson, of Portland, Maine, must be attributed to his peculiarly sensitive organization, and is to be set down to the account of hard intellectual work and the exhaustion of nerve power. He was constitutionally prone, at times, to look on the dark side of things. All his ideals were of the loftiest kind, and it pained him that he fell so far short of reaching them. No man could dwell with more pathos on the riches of the divine mercy, or more glowingly set forth the blessed truth that where "sin abounded, grace doth much more abound." In terms of exultation, when addressing others, he could assure the downcast and the disconsolate, that "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." But the sweet promises which he could always apply so successfully to others, he could not always claim for himself. Was he singular in this respect?

September 13. Have entered again upon my college studies. Health greatly improved, spirits buoyant; my principal embarrassments are in pecuniary affairs. Among such friends as I have here, however, I fear neither starvation nor nakedness. Four years and a half I have been well supplied by a good Providence — still trusting him. Here again I wish to renew the solemn vows I have made to my Maker. O God, I would glorify thee. Keep worldly ambition (that cursed thing) far from me. May I lay all my talents and all my attainments at Jesus' blessed feet. May this desire inspire me to improve every moment to the best advantage.

September 21. Bilious fevers are now very prevalent. My temperament is rather pulmonary than bilious; a slight cold often irritates my lungs, and produces fever, which, in several instances, has well nigh terminated in consumption. About ten years ago this season, my dear father, who was then at Concord as representative for his native town, took a severe cold, — not more severe than my own at the present time, —

which, three years after, terminated his life by a complication of diseases. Perhaps my days are destined to be ended by a similar process. With me, it is all the same. I pray Jesus to accept me.

September 22. Letters from dear friends in Newport. My dear cousin William Heath was, I learn, buried in baptism on Sunday, the 7th.

October 6. Yesterday heard Dr. Staughton preach two excellent sermons, A. M., at the chapel; text, Matt. xv. 28, in which he considered, 1. Suppliant; 2. Solicitation; 3. Embarrassments met by suppliant; 4. Success. The discourse was simple and plain, but melting. Speaker's sensibilities were greatly moved, as were those of the assembly. The evening text was Job xl. 9. His eloquence is frequently too powerful for me. It often gives me pain by exciting my feelings too high. If I covet anything, it is his preaching gifts.

October 10. Reading Memoirs of Fuller. Much interested in the peculiar character of the man. The biography discloses very little of the private character of Mr. F. It presents the journal of the good man's soul, represents him as a worthy pattern of devotion and enlightened zeal — preaching, writing, travelling, and collecting for the mission at Serampore.

October 15. To-day finished Memoirs of Fuller. He was a man of prayer. His was a life of devotion and toil, and now in heaven he meets the reward of his labors. Let me imitate such good examples.

November 10. Different Protestant congregations assembled with the Sabbath schools in Georgetown, when a large assembly was addressed on the importance of giving to youth religious instructions. Rev. Mr. McIlvaine, Episcopal, spoke first, in a very eloquent, impressive manner, followed by Rev. Mr. Mines, Presbyterian, of Leesburg, Va., Rev. Charles Davies, Methodist, of Baltimore, Rev. Dr. Staughton, Baptist, of this college. A collection of thirty-eight dollars was taken for the benefit of the schools.

November 20. Thanksgiving day in some of the New England States. How many have this day assembled, in obedience to the request of their rulers, to praise and adore God! My heart is with them. May the practice of my forefathers be long perpetuated.

November 21. The anniversary of my father's death. My thoughts fly homeward. Does not my dear mother think of that hour when she was stripped of her companion? Is not this a solemn day to her? God *has been* her comforter; in him may she ever trust.

December 6. Called to mourn the loss of Professor E. B. Craven, professor in botany. His aged parents are bereaved of an only son, and science mourns the premature loss of one of its brightest lights.

Saturday evening, December 13. Unusually busied, arranging for

semi-annual examination on Monday. After that, we look for rest to body and mind, a while.

Tuesday, December 16. The confusion is over. I had a part original — "The effect of certain causes on the development of genius." Though not well, I was enabled to perform my part easier and better, I hope, than I anticipated. May I watch and pray against every vain thought, making all, improvements subservient and subsidiary to the cause of "Him who has redeemed me." If I improve in the powers of reasoning, writing, or eloquence, may my sole object be to use my acquirements in the great life work of persuading men to believe on the Lord Jesus.

Thursday. Last evening attended a levee at Dr. Staughton's, where were the Faculty, some of the trustees, and the young gentlemen who exhibited the day before, entertained in the politest manner.

December 25. To multitudes this is a day of feasting; some there are, doubtless, who feel the kindling of devotion, sincerely thankful to God for the gift of our Saviour I would at all times be devotional, and remember that for me "the babe was born in Bethlehem."

Monday, December 29. Engaged to-day in writing an address to the students, on the subject of the "Struggle of the Greeks to obtain their liberty." Much is now doing in the United States for their relief; students in particular are urged to show their patriotism by contributions. My zeal and enthusiasm in this cause reproach me, for they rarely are so deeply engaged in pleading for the cause of my beloved Lord.

January 2d, 1824. Yesterday attended the president's levee. The crowd of people was immense, all anxious to pay their respects to the chief magistrate of the nation. The company, moreover, was very respectable, all the proceedings were conducted with propriety and decorum. The president appeared to great advantage, welcoming all who approached him with great ease and familiarity. His cabinet were all present except Mr. Crawford. General Jackson was one of the company. He is very easy and polished in his manners. There were considerable show and display, but much less than I anticipated. The thought struck me, How readily do men do homage to an earthly ruler! but when the Prince of Peace claims their attention and respect, they obstinately refuse him altogether.

January 16. College re-opened. Attended Congress to-day, and heard Henry Clay, of Kentucky, on roads and canals. He was powerfully eloquent.

Saturday evening, January 17. Addressed the students in College chapel, on the "Greek Revolution." Arrangements were made for aiding them by contributions.

Friday noon, February 6. Attended United States Supreme Court.

Heard Mr. Oakley of New York, plead the right of his state to monopolize its waters, and grant to individuals the exclusive right of navigating these waters, as it had done in the case of Livingstone and Fulton with their steamboats. Mr. Webster spoke for the plaintiff (Mr. Gibbons) the day before. Mr. Oakley is counsel for the defendant (Mr. Ogden).

February 11. Five years ago to-day, commenced my studies, preparatory to the great work before me, with Brother Howard, at Windsor, Vt. What has been my improvement? How have I advanced in holiness and zeal for the Lord of Hosts? In many respects I fear I am more sinful than at that period when I left my parental roof to prepare to act my part on "the world's wide stage." I have just commenced to make improvement. I hope yet to make gradual and profitable advances. The kindness of my heavenly Father has exceeded my most earnest petitions. I feel this evening a glow of love to my blessed Redeemer for his excellency and loving-kindness. I feel disposed to unite with etherial worshippers, honoring him as "God over all, blessed forevermore." Amen.

Sunday, February 15.

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise."

The brethren students have a prayer meeting every Sabbath morning, at nine o'clock, to invoke the blessing of God on the services in the chapel. In these meetings I have more real enjoyment than in all the preaching through the day. I delight to hear the truths of the Bible explained and enforced upon the conscience; but this is not communion with God; 'tis more the work of the understanding; prayer is the feeling of the heart-conversation with a kind indulgent Parent. My closet is too much neglected; I do not derive a tithe of the blessings from it I might. My mental enjoyment through the day is generally in proportion to the degree of devotional feeling in the morning.

February 19. Engaged in intense study — Paley's Theology, and Lacroix's Analytic Geometry. My health is now so good that study is both easy and pleasurable.

February 20. Heard Mr. C. J. Ingersoll in the Supreme Court, General Jackson in the Senate, and Mr. Trimble, of Kentucky, in the House. Wrote a communication this evening for the Columbian Star, recommending a Baptist Tract Society, first suggested by Brother Samuel Cornelius, pastor of the Baptist church in Norfolk.

Wednesday, February 25. Attended the formation of the Baptist Tract Society. A constitution was adopted and the following officers chosen: Rev. O. B. Brown, President; Rev. John Bryce, Vice-President; Mr. George Wood, Agent; Rev. Luther Rice, Treasurer; Mr. Isaac G. Hutton, Secretary. Directors, Rev. Dr. Staughton, James

D. Knowles, Joseph Shaw, Joseph Gibson, E. Reynolds. Annual Meeting, last Wednesday in February.

Sabbath evening, February 29. This morning heard Mr. McIlvaine. of Georgetown, preach a most powerful sermon, from Matt. xxv. 46. He is the most evangelical, faithful Episcopal preacher I ever heard.

March 5. Reading Griscom's Year in Europe. Many of his moral reflections are very judicious, and show he has a philanthropic heart. He deplores most heartily the causes and effects of our war.

Sabbath, March 21. The past week, have been very busily engaged in my studies and the concerns of the Seminary. I feel quite unfit for the devotions of the holy Sabbath. Read several chapters in Isaiah this morning. He is that prophet that said, in reply to the interrogations of the Almighty, "Here am I; send me." May I feel the same spirit.

Tuesday, March 23. Attended a reception given by Professor James Staughton at his father's for the tutors, Mr. Rice, and the two highest classes in college. Professor Sewall gave a similar one last Friday evening. At both of these companies I was pleased with seeing the great propriety of conduct manifested by all present — cheerful, but none vain or trifling. Our president is remarkable for a vast fund of anecdotes and instructive stories, as well as for ease of communication. He interests a company, while he amuses, he does not fail to instruct them.

Sabbath evening, March 28. This evening have attended a prayer meeting in college, at which there was more than usual animation. Eight brethren prayed, besides other appropriate exercises, in one hour. Such meetings afford a relief from the tedium of dry abstract studies, giving a tone to my mind during several days. I do not consider time wasted, though three or four times a week I turn aside, with my dear brethren, to call for God's blessing upon my fellow-students, as well as the whole family of man. Shall *I* ever be fit for a missionary?

April 4. Yesterday (Saturday) set off for a trip on foot with Brother Ballard. At half past two P. M. we arrived at Montgomery Court House, fifteen miles distant. Tarried two or three hours. Returning, reached Washington at nine in the evening — a comfortable walk of thirty miles.

April 13. Attended an adjourned meeting of the "Sunday School Union of the District of Columbia." Had the honor of being elected vice-president of that body for the Baptist denomination in the District. The report from the schools was highly interesting and encouraging.

April 22. Been reading "Cowper's Private Correspondence," edited by his kinsman John Johnson, LL. D. They are, as a whole, the best examples of easy familiar letter writing that I have seen. His afflictions, arising from severe nervous affections, and consequent de-

pression of mind, very strongly remind me of my own troubles. A good man, and, doubtless, a real Christian, but for many years his mind was clouded with melancholy.

May 19. Preached last Sabbath for Mr. Brown, in the city. Text Gal. iv. 15, first clause. My principal object in preaching from this text was to point out some of the causes of the alarming declension of religion in this place. To me the season was solemn and affecting; the effect upon others I know not. The subject opened upon me in a manner almost surprising, filling my soul and mouth with arguments of which I had not before thought. God was with me of a truth, and the favor demands my gratitude. The religion of my Redeemer has, for eight or ten days, seemed more precious and divine than ever.

The extracts thus given cover the academic year of study. We seem to be with the busy college student. He is not a monkish recluse, but finds time to gather improvement not only from books, but from intercourse with others, from attendance on the debates in Congress, and from the displays of forensic eloquence which he witnessed in the rooms of the United States Court, holding its sessions in Washington. He is brought in contact with public men, and acquires that urbanity and polish of manners which marked him through life as the true Christian gentleman. Although but a junior in college, he is honored by being elected vice-president of the Sunday School Union of the District of Columbia. It is evident that, even at this comparatively early period in his life, he is becoming known and respected as a man of marked ability, and destined, if God spares his life, to exert an important part in the promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom.

CHAPTER III.

VISIT TO NEW HAMPSHIRE. — LAST YEAR IN COLLEGE. — RECEPTION OF GENERAL LAFAYETTE. — JOURNAL.

1824–1825.

THE hard intellectual work of the academic year having been accomplished, the heart of the toiler in the fields of knowledge turns with longing towards his eastern home. It is interesting, as throwing light on the modes and speed of locomotion in those days, to trace his progress from day to day, as he travelled towards his New Hampshire home.

June 4, Newport, N. H. Through the kindness of a merciful Providence have arrived safely at my mother's house. Left Washington the 27th, with Dr. Sewall and family. Reached Baltimore at four in the evening. Left for Philadelphia at five, arriving there at ten o'clock the next day. Called on Deacon Bradley, and visited Peale's Museum. Reached Trenton, N. J., the next day at four, where we took stage for New Brunswick, there remaining over night. On Saturday morning we set out in the steamboat for New York, arriving at ten and a half. Called on Rev. Mr. Sommers, Mrs. Talmadge, and Mrs. Cauldwell. At three P. M. left New York in steamboat Fulton, for Providence, R. I., which place we reached Sunday evening at five o'clock. Made no tarry, but rode half way up to Boston, which city we entered the next morning at nine. Called on several friends. Met with Brother Alonzo King, from Waterville, Brother George D. Boardman, from Andover, Brother Going, from Worcester, and Brother Boswell, from Middletown, Conn. Monday night spent with Rev. Mr. Elliott, of Roxbury. Tuesday night staid with Dr. Baldwin, and the next morning took the stage for home. Stopped on the way one day. My health is considerably improved now. I desire to be very grateful to my heavenly Father for his protecting kindness.

Monday morning, June 7. Preached yesterday afternoon for Mr. Person, in the First Baptist Church; text, Isa. lxv. 17. A pleasant sea-

son. Much satisfaction in meeting my friends, who all greet me with cordiality. I hope to be able, while here, to keep myself unspotted from the reigning follies and vices; to exhibit the example of a sincere, warm Christian.

June 14. Just returned from Windsor. Heard two excellent discourses from Mr. Elton [the late Rev. Dr. Elton]. Some changes have taken place. Mr. Howard's absence almost destroys the pleasure of a visit to W.

June 16. Another birthday. As has been customary, I would make some reflections if I had any worth the record. It is difficult to realize that twenty-three years have passed over my head. I see but little improvement in the past. May the next year witness *much* more.

June 26. Perhaps no person sympathizes with the seasons more than myself. My animal feelings are greatly affected by the weather. When clear and serene, my mind is free and spirits buoyant. If cloudy and damp, my spirits are low.

July 12. Yesterday preached for Mr. Person, from the words of Moses to Israel concerning Joshua — Deut. i. 38, "Encourage him." My object was to point out the duty of a church to a pastor. My mind was tolerably clear, and I enjoyed a good season, though under the necessity of preaching some truths which, I apprehend, were unpalatable. Nevertheless I was strengthened and enabled to declare what I conceive to be scriptural truth. I like to feel an independence where I have no compromise to make, no favors to solicit, but, without any obstruction, can come forward and plainly publish the "whole counsel of God."

July 24. A fine rain. Have been working three days with the haymakers. My health would be far better were I to labor on a farm. Had I not the conviction that another course of life is real duty, I should certainly of choice return to the farm. But my Maker and Redeemer has other work for me to do, and to his service my powers of body and mind are humbly consecrated. I have no wish to forsake the work assigned me by the Bishop of souls.

Saturday evening, August 21. This week Wednesday attended the Commencement at Dartmouth. Hardly equal to what I expected. Met several friends, among them Mr. J. P. Skinner, with whom I returned to Windsor to say good by to friends there. Returning to Newport with my friend E. L. S., who is on her way to school at Concord, N. H.

Thus in pleasant social intercourse with his friends and in active out-door exercise, he passed his vacation, and with renewed strength returned to his college duties. It is his last year in a spot which has become very dear to him. It

may be questioned if it is wise for students generally to attempt to do so much work outside the course of study prescribed by the regulations of the college. His was evidently an exceptional case. His mind had been so well disciplined, that he carried along with ease his usual studies. The conscientiousness which was so marked a feature of his character would not allow him to neglect any known duty. If, therefore, we find him making addresses on a subject which has already awakened his warmest sympathy, — the subject of foreign missions, — if he does the work of an editor, if he delivers an oration on the fourth of July, and preaches as occasion offers, we may be sure that he does none of these things at the expense of any other claims which rightfully demand his attention. The account which he gives of the reception of General Lafayette, in Washington, is very graphic, and cannot fail to interest the reader. As usual, he mingles moral reflections with his descriptions.

September 2, 1824. (College Hill, D. C.) To leave my beloved mother, brothers, and sisters was severely painful; but I cheerfully committed them into the hands of our heavenly Father, who has hitherto protected them and me. Also feel heartily grateful to a kind Providence which has preserved me, restored my health, and safely returned me to engage in the duties of collegiate life.

September 4. "Thoughts of home rush on my excited nerves." My kind mother deserves all the affection and attention I can bestow. Never could I desire more affection than has been demonstrated the past summer. I love them all — may I *never* love them less. My late visit has greatly endeared to me my home and New England.

September 7. Attended monthly concert for prayer at St. John's, in the city. Addressed the congregation on the subject of missions. —— gave a brief narrative of the labors and success of the London Society's missionaries in the South Seas. In relation to that interesting mission, it may triumphantly be said, "What hath God wrought?"

Monday, September 27. Fifteen years ago to-day my father removed his family from Croyden to Newport — well do I recollect the day, with many of its occurrences. During my late visit to New Hampshire, I visited the old place where I was born and received the first rudiments of my education, which I am now endeavoring to mature and make profitable to myself and others. If I mistake not, my desire to be

useful increases. I feel more anxious to render some service to the cause of Christianity. I need grace and humility.

Tuesday, October 12. Mingled with the crowd of thousands to-day in welcoming our distinguished guest and national benefactor, General Lafayette, recently from France. An attempt to make a great show, and an almost total failure. The general arrived about one P. M., when he was received under the tent of General Washington. The mayor of the city *read* an address to him, to which he replied extempore. Here were a confused mass of black and white huddled together in Capitol Square. After a salute of twenty-four guns, awkwardly fired, the procession of ill-appearing military marched through clouds of dust from the Capitol to the president's house, where he was received by Mr. Monroe; then passed on to Gadsby's Hotel. There was nothing grand or magnificent in the display, though an attempt at both. It pains me to see my fellow-citizens departing so rapidly from republican simplicity. If I mistake not, the general will despise many of the proceedings in Washington.

November 21. Professor Chase arrived in the city yesterday, after fifteen months' absence in Europe. Good man. I rejoice at his return. His counsel and example are much needed among us.

Sabbath, November 28. Heard this morning Rev. Eustace Carey preach an excellent discourse from Heb. xiii. 12–14. Just arrived from Calcutta, where he has for many years been a devoted, laborious missionary (English Baptist). He is a nephew of the learned, pious William Carey, D. D., of Serampore. An affectionate mildness and softness characterized his whole manner, but in *faithfulness* did he preach the pure, humiliating doctrines of the cross. Seldom have I heard a richer discourse.

December 3. Just finished my oration for Commencement. As the graduating class is small, only three, — J. D. Knowles, Alexander Ewell, and Albert Fairfax, — the faculty have been pleased to appoint, to take part in the exercises, two from the Junior class, Thomas D. Eliot and myself, and two from the Sophomore class, John Boulware and John W. James. This is the first Commencement of Columbian College. We hope neither to disgrace ourselves nor the institution, rather so to succeed as to honor both. In all things may I have the honor of my Redeemer and the best interests of his church at heart.

Friday, December 10. Passed the day in the city. Witnessed the reception of General Lafayette in the House of Representatives. The scene was noble and august, sublime and affecting, beyond description. He was addressed by the speaker, Henry Clay, in that style of imposing eloquence for which he is so justly distinguished. The general replied in a manner and style calculated to excite some of the most generous

and grateful emotions of the heart. The whole scene was affecting — many eyes were suffused with tears at the recollection of the services and voluntary sacrifices of the hero, patriot, and sage who stood before them, and with his benign accents cheered the representatives of twenty-four free states to firmness and union in support of their excellent institutions. This reception had nothing of exterior pomp or splendor. The grandeur and sublimity of the scene consisted altogether in the associations awakened. The house was crowded above and below — all, in breathless silence, listening to the unanimous expression of grateful feeling as delivered by the speaker on behalf of ten millions of free, enlightened people, and the responsive expressions of affectionate attachment as they fell from the lips of Lafayette. The whole was a gush of grateful feeling — a glow of liberal sentiment.

Monday, February 14, 1825. Commenced my studies. This term I have for a room-mate a young man who is not pious. I pray to be faithful to him.

February 27. Been reading the journal of Rev. Joseph Wolf, missionary to Palestine. He was born near Bamberg, in Bavaria, of Jewish parents, in 1796. His father was a Rabbi. At seventeen years of age he professed Christianity, and soon began studying for the ministry. After spending some time in the Propaganda at Rome, he was dismissed on account of his opposition to Papal authority. Soon after he went to England (1819), he entered the Missionary Seminary at Hampstead Park, and in 1821 set out for Palestine. His journal breathes the spirit of a true missionary, devoted to God. He is now but twenty-nine years of age, but has done more to bring the missionary cause into notice and reputation there than any other living man.

March 1, Tuesday. Heard Dr. Staughton, Sabbath. In the evening attended the Annual Meeting of the Baptist General Tract Society. Reports read, and addresses made by several members, and officers chosen.

March 4. This day John Q. Adams is inaugurated President of the United States, and John C. Calhoun Vice-President. The oath of office was administered to the former by Chief Justice Marshall, to the latter by General Jackson. Crowds were disappointed in not being able to witness the ceremonies. How strongly do such multitudes remind one of that day when all the universe shall be gathered before the bar of God!

March 7. Heard Dr. Laurie in the morning, Brother Newborn in the afternoon, and a stranger at McIlvaine's in the evening. I must cease wandering from place to place. It begets unsettled, unsteady habits, and prevents the exercise of spiritual feelings. I find more enjoyment by attending some regular church. I must be more steady, and confine myself to the church to which I belong. May God enable

me to keep these resolutions. If a man would grow in grace, I am sensible he will not be assisted in that growth by indulging in a vain curiosity, rambling from church to church, from preacher to preacher.

March 17. Last evening I was elected as orator for the college on fourth of July next. My mind for the past four days has been seriously excited to earnest supplication for the salvation of my dear room-mate.

April 7. Yesterday I went early to the city collecting scholars to the Sabbath school; succeeded well, but the ignorance and wretchedness of the blacks at Washington is beyond description.

April 11. A few weeks since a friend of mine, Mr. J. P. Fenner, commenced a school on Sabbath afternoon exclusively for blacks; he is a pious, zealous man, and I trust will do them much good. In the school at Brother Brown's we have seventy-two scholars; the prospect is good for the number reaching one hundred next Sabbath. Brother Rice preached in the morning, and pleaded earnestly in behalf of Sabbath schools. At three o'clock Mr. Brown went into the baptismal waters with three. As many as two thousand gathered at the river-side to witness the ceremony. On our return we sat down to the Lord's Supper, and a precious hour it was to my soul. I had some glimpses of my Saviour's face, some tokens of his love.

Monday morning, April 18. Spent the morning searching for children to attend Sunday school. Found a young man preaching in the suburbs to these very poor, wretched creatures. My heart burns within me to be employed in the same work — preaching the gospel to the poor, ignorant, and vicious. In the afternoon I assisted my dear friend, Mr. Fenner, in his school of colored people, established in his own house. There are eighty children and adults.

Sabbath evening. In the morning attended Sunday school. Our numbers are steadily increasing. Instead of four we have twenty-four teachers, and from twenty-five, our scholars number one hundred and nineteen. In the afternoon the schools of the Union met at Dr. Balch's, Georgetown, when we had various religious exercises. I read the report. Dr. Staughton preached from these words: "Be not weary in well doing." Rev. Mr. Bedell, of Philadelphia, made an address, and Rev. Mr. Hawley addressed the children particularly.

May 28. The present is a time when I need health and strength. Studies, preparation for fourth of July oration, duties in Sunday schools, and matters of the Baptist General Tract Society make requisitions. The Lord has thus far given me grace and strength. I feel that I indulge too much a worldly spirit. I have too much pride and vain-glory. What grieves me most is, that I frequently indulge them without remorse. I desire constantly an increase of holiness.

June 9. Last evening had some sweet conversation with a pious stu-

dent, Brother Robert Ryland, about experimental religion, and about preaching. He thinks he *must preach*, and I think so too. How delightful it was to converse about Christ and heaven!

June 16, 1825. Another birthday! I hardly dare review the scenes of the past year. The mercies of my God have been so many, and my ingratitude so great, I meet reproof at every step.

June 20. Heard Brother Caswell in the morning, from Matt. x. 32 and 33. In the afternoon attended and addressed Mr. Fenner's colored school. At night heard Brother George D. Boardman, a missionary designated for Burmah. He appears a person of sound, discriminating mind, and sterling piety. Last summer, when in Boston, I had considerable conversation with him in relation to my own impressions concerning my duty to become a missionary. He had learned from dear Brother King, of Waterville, that I sometimes thought it to be my calling; but I apprehend he did not feel satisfied that I possessed much ardor for the good work, for since he came here he has not hinted to me a syllable on the subject. Many circumstances combine now to produce the belief that I am not called to be a missionary, at least in a foreign field. If I know my own heart, I am willing to go anywhere, at any time, at the command of my Lord.

June 22. This evening parted with Brother Boardman. He is soon to sail for Burmah. He is a good man, full of the Holy Ghost. May the Lord go with him, and crown his labors with success.

July 4. The hour is passed for which I have been so long preparing. The day has been exceedingly fine, and we had a large, respectable audience. After the reading of the Declaration of Independence by one of the Juniors, I pronounced my oration, an hour in length. I have abundant reason to be grateful for the goodness of God to me today.

July 5. In compliance with a request from the two societies, I have just given to the committee of arrangements a copy of my oration.

Soon after the delivery of his oration, he returned to his home in New Hampshire. He makes the following record of the visit, and the incidents attending it:—

Newport, N. H., July 24. Preached for Mr. Person. Must begin to think of doing something for the Baptist General Tract Society.

August 3. Returned from Springfield, Vt., where I went Saturday to visit Brother Ely. The Lord has been doing wonders there in the conversion of sinners. About eighty have given evidence of a change of heart; forty-three have been baptized by Brother Ely. It was a little heaven on earth. They are much engaged in the cause of their Redeemer.

Sabbath, August 7. Heard the Rev. Ariel Kendrick this morning, from Jonah ii. 7. He is still the same humble, devout, and able divine. He is one of the fathers of this association (Woodstock), and has borne much of the burden and heat of the day. His labors at times have been very greatly blessed, although he has had little advantages of education. He will meet many in heaven who have been saved through the means of his faithful preaching. The satisfaction of doing good to the souls of men is far superior to that of possessing much knowledge. "Knowledge often puffeth up, but charity edifieth."

Newport, August 8. Heard the Rev. Mr. Frey, a converted Jew, preach in the South Meeting-house, from these words: "Is there no balm in Gilead"? It was a very elegant and eloquent discourse. His representations of the degraded condition of the Jews, and the difficulties which lie in the way of their conversion to Christianity, were truly affecting. A collection of twenty-eight dollars was taken, and a society of sixty-four members formed, auxiliary to the "American Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Jews," in which he is deeply interested, and for which he pleads with a becoming zeal. A settlement of Jews has already commenced in West Chester, N. Y. To this place Jews are received by recommendation of Count Von der Reche, in Germany, who employs them for a season before they emigrate. His object is one of the best, and merits the prayers and liberal contributions of Christians.

August 15. My friend and classmate, R. W. Cushman, writes me to come and preach in his place, on Fort Hill, during his absence on a short trip into Maine. I have, besides, some wish to pass a few days in the city of Boston, to attend Harvard Commencement, as also the Commencement of Brown, at Providence. My friend Knowles is solicitous to see me at Providence, and I quite as anxious to see him, esteeming myself unfortunate to be deprived of his society and judicious counsel.

Boston. Made my home at Dr. Baldwin's, where Brother Knowles met me on Tuesday, and remained with me until Thursday. Heard him preach for Mr. Sharp. Brother Cushman started Tuesday for Bath, Me., Dr. Baldwin and wife for Waterville. Passed part of the day with my friend T. D. Eliot, a classmate from Washington. Wednesday attended examination of the public schools, dined with the mayor, aldermen, &c., and about four hundred citizens, at Faneuil Hall. Preached in the evening at Charlestown for Brother Jackson, from Isaiah lxv. 17. On my return to Boston, found Professor Chase, who had resigned his professorship in the Columbian College. The intelligence, though anticipated, gave me pain. It seriously affects my plans. I did not think he would so soon abandon his post; but he is a good man, and doubtless has done all things well. It would be difficult to persuade me that he has done anything rashly or indiscreetly.

Boston, September 2. *Dr. Baldwin is no more!* He died suddenly last Monday night, August 29, at Waterville, Me. His remains arrived to-day, via Portland, by steamboat. He was a good man, and thousands will deplore his loss.

College Hill, September 14, 1825. On my return trip, remained several days at Providence, with my dear friend K. Attended the Commencement exercises, which were fair; also went to the celebration of the Federal Adelphi. The oration by T. Kinnicutt, Esq., of Seekonk, was very good; the poem, by Benjamin F. Hallett, witty and amusing. By steamboat I came to New York, from there to Philadelphia to spend the Sabbath, then safely on to Washington. Here again I will make mention of the loving kindness and tender watch-care of my heavenly Father. I have visited my loved ones, and once more received their benediction, formed new, interesting acquaintances, and been treated by all with great kindness. May I *now* have grace to pursue my studies with ardor and profit.

CHAPTER IV.

ANXIETIES ABOUT THE FUTURE. — GRADUATION. — EDITOR OF THE COLUMBIAN STAR. — LIFE IN WASHINGTON. — MARRIAGE. — REMINISCENCES BY PRESIDENT CASWELL.

1825–1827.

IN the preceding chapter we have made copious extracts from the diary of Mr. Stow. We have deemed it wise to bring to the notice of our readers the varied influences which developed and gave shape to his character in this formative period of his life. We see him engaged in his college duties. As he passes down the gentle declivity by which the city is reached, we walk by his side. We go to the Capitol, and imagine the effect produced on his mind as he listens to the debates in Congress, or the able pleas which are made at the bar of the United States Court. It is pleasant to follow him in his preaching tours in Virginia, and we can readily believe that, for a young man, his preaching must have been of a high order. Mr. Stow took part in the exercises of the first Commencement at Washington, in December, 1824, and, by anticipating some of his studies, was able to graduate in December, 1825, having been a member of college a little over three years. Several months before his graduation, the attention of the college authorities was turned to him as a suitable person to receive the appointment of tutor. Correspondence had been carried on with him with reference to other important posts of labor, and he was now passing through an experience which is often so full of anxiety to the young man completing his collegiate studies, and the solemn question of life's responsibilities presses itself upon his serious attention. With great sincerity, and a profound conviction of his depen-

dence on God, he committed the whole matter to the direction of his ever-gracious Lord and Friend.

September 23. Health unusually good. Propositions have been made to me to remain after I graduate in December, as a tutor. Also have had a request to assume the charge of an academy in South Carolina. Something has been said to me also about preaching to a church in New Hampshire. I need direction, as I must decide soon. Lord, what is duty? What course shall I take? Since Brother Knowles left, I have no friend to consult with. Perhaps it is well, that I may go to God.

September 27. Still in a state of suspense as to the course I shall pursue after I finish my studies. The world furnishes for me but few attractions. I desire to live, that by living I may glorify God. Lead me to Greenland or Patagonia, to California or Japan, it matters but little, if I do what is pleasing to my heavenly Father.

October 7, 1825. Rose at three o'clock this morning to look at Jupiter and Venus — now a little past conjunction. By means of a three-feet telescope I had a good view of them, as well as of the moon, now in her last quarter. Jupiter seen very distinctly in Leo. I hope to see them again to-morrow morning, in order to make some more accurate observations. Have for two nights been observing Encke's comet, visible after eight o'clock P. M.; now visible in the neck of Cetus. I find a taste for natural sciences increase as I advance. There is something agreeable in discovering and investigating physical phenomena. But I would not let such a taste overcome or displace a taste for studies more suited to my calling. Perhaps, however, divine Providence is opening the way for me to turn my attention more to science, in order that I may be qualified for a place in some public institution. Circumstances seem to indicate at present that it is not my duty to enter immediately on the ministry, but pursue my studies farther. O for divine direction! The path of duty is the only path in which I desire to walk.

October 11. Read Duncan, On Creeds and Confessions. His subject now seems to be agitating the Presbyterian churches to a fearful extent. Severe language is used on both sides. Duncan writes like a bold, fearless Christian, who has great reverence for the Word of God, who earnestly loves the truth; in the main, very evangelical.

October 18. Attended Sabbath schools as usual. My faith is not in lively exercise. My hopes are weak; prayer too much like talk. O God, give me the light of life! Impress my heart more deeply with a sense of thy great goodness. May I be more humble, more thankful, more prayerful, and have the awful things of eternity resting more weightily upon my soul's recollection. I a Christian? I a minister of

Christ? — so cold, so dull, so indifferent to the interests of my own immortal soul, and the souls of those around me!

October 20. How powerful is association! sometimes contributing to our pleasure, sometimes producing painful emotions. Rogers has sung the Pleasures of Memory, Merry the Pains of Memory. I have many of both. I see little in my own life upon which I can reflect with satisfaction. I see too much sin in all I have said, and thought, and done, to be much pleased with myself. Yet, in tracing the operations of divine Providence in relation to myself, and the influence they have had upon my course of life, &c., I meditate with great pleasure. God has led me in a way I apprehended not. I have been successful in my plans and wishes beyond my highest hopes. I desire to cherish constantly towards him a heart full of earnest and devout gratitude.

November 1. Am for the present the editor of the Columbian Star — an arduous undertaking, with my other duties. Assist Professor Ruggles in his philosophical lectures.

November 7. The Senior class has this day been dismissed, and the parts assigned for Commencement. I have received the first honor — the Valedictory; Thomas Dawes Eliot has the second — the Salutatory Address. This is not as I anticipated, although, as I believe, all my friends expected and wished it. Let me be grateful to Heaven.

December 1. As a family we shall soon be dispersed, at least more so than now. My sister J. is to be married. I feel very solicitous to know what my dear mother will do. She has for some time engaged more than a usual share of my sympathy. All in my power shall be done to render her declining years peaceful and happy. She has endured much toil and self-denial in order to release me, so that I might obtain an education. I am now under most solemn obligations to return the kindness fourfold. May God help me so to do.

December 7. Exceedingly occupied in arranging matters for the Star, and preparations for Commencement. Have decided to go to New England after Commencement, in consequence of an invitation from the Second Baptist Church in Salem. I hardly think it my duty to become pastor of a church immediately, but am solicitous to enjoy the advantages of the Theological Seminary at Newton, Mass., in which Professor Chase is teacher of biblical theology. How or where the Lord may direct my steps, I know not. To him I commend myself.

December 18, 1825 (Sabbath). This day bade adieu to the Sabbath school in Brother Brown's church, of which I have for some time been secretary and manager. It was very trying to my feelings. I did not know I was half so much attached as I am to teachers and pupils. May God in mercy bless them all.

December 21. Commencement passed. I rejoice, for I am ex-

ceedingly weary. We have had a beautiful day, and the house was crowded.

Order of Exercises. — 1. Salutatory in Latin, with English Oration, on the Causes of the Paucity of splendid Productions of American Genius in Poetry, Sculpture, and Painting, by Thomas D. Eliot, D. C. 2. Pernicious Effects of Imitation on our Literature, by John Armstrong, Penn. Music. 3. Eulogy on Alexander Hamilton, by John Brewer, Maryland. 4. The Feudal System contrasted with the Constitution of the Federal States, by William A. Smallwood, D. C. Music. 5. Instability of Civil Institutions, by James Jones, D. C. 6. Influence of Metaphysical Speculation on Character, by Robert W. Cushman, Massachusetts. 7. The Elevation which Mind appears destined to reach, by Baron Stow, New Hampshire, an Oration, with valedictory addresses. The president of the United States, the vice-president and secretaries, were present, as well as some members of Congress, besides a large number of other distinguished individuals.

I have now completed my collegiate course. But what little gratitude do I feel to that kind Being who has preserved me amidst all my toils and anxieties. I have suffered considerably from ill health, but at no period of life was it better than now. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and may I now think more earnestly of entering his vineyard, and devoting myself, soul and body, and all, to him.

"Lord, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love."

Wednesday evening, December 28. Attended the president's drawing-room. A large gathering of ladies and gentlemen of distinction present. Was introduced to the president and his lady by Colonel Richard M. Johnson, senator from Kentucky. His brother introduced me to the vice-president, also to Mr. Webster. Received a number of flattering compliments from Mr. Webster and Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Bartlett (New Hampshire), Mr. Seymour and Mr. Chase (Vermont). Remained about an hour, and then retired, pleased with having formed new acquaintances. I have no solicitude to be present at another such occasion. Godliness does not grow there. I should not have attended but for the curiosity to see in what the scene consists; probably it is the only opportunity I shall ever have. For happiness, I should much rather go and visit a humble Christian in his cottage, though in the midst of poverty. "The friendship of the world is enmity against God."

December 31, 1825. This day closes the year, and is the anniversary of my baptism. Seven years ago about this hour (12 M.), I went down into the water for baptism. That was a happy day. Now I am in a different state of mind, distracted by care and anxieties. What is my duty? O, let me with my whole soul commit my ways unto the

Lord, that he may direct my paths. I wish to do duty — that is my only desire concerning my future course of action. My present decision will give a coloring to every act of my future life. "Lord, be thou my guide."

The reader has thus followed the subject of the Memoir through his college life. We feel that there has been a constant growth in his intellectual and religious life during his residence in Washington. He possesses and exhibits manly traits of character. Occasionally a little morbid, perhaps, in his feelings, and predisposed to a pensiveness which may, without difficulty, be explained, we find the whole man developing and ripening into maturity, and we predict for him a bright and successful future. He acknowledged God in all his ways, and He directed his paths. Nothing can be plainer than the hand of his Father leading him, and his right hand upholding him.

During the latter part of his collegiate course, Mr. Stow had acted as editor of the Columbian Star, the organ of the Triennial Convention. He had found the work so far congenial with his literary tastes, that after his graduation he was willing to continue his editorial work, to the best of his ability. Providence seems to decide that he shall remain in Washington, at least for the present. As usual, he is crowded with work in these days of his early manhood, exhibiting that marvellous facility for writing for which he was always distinguished, and that graceful use of the pen, which, on so many important occasions, made his services so acceptable. He finds time, amid his multifarious duties, to visit the halls of Congress. We can imagine what an effect must have been produced on a man of his fine taste and exquisite sensibilities by the splendid eloquence of Edward Everett, and do not wonder when we find him using terms of the warmest admiration as he gives expression to his feelings after listening to one of his matchless efforts.

Washington, January 19, 1826. Some probability I may remain here a year or two, at least, as editor of the Columbian Star. Four weeks ago I expected to be in New England before this date. Provi-

dence seems to order my footsteps otherwise. I wish to pursue the *right* course, and my prayer to God is, that I may be directed by him in all things. I need more piety, more humility, more confidence in God. Lord, grant me all I need.

Monday, January 30. Took my place yesterday in the Sunday school. The pain I felt in parting with it, when I expected to leave the city, was more than counterbalanced by the pleasure of returning. It is a good cause, and one in which I feel a deep interest.

January 30. The souls of my pupils, I thank God, appear to me very valuable, and I desire to be useful to them in turning their feet into the path of peace. I esteem it the most effectual method which human benevolence has adopted of producing real benefit to society.

Saturday, March 4. Had some enjoyment this morning in reading the word of God, and in prayer. Who that knows the worth of this high privilege does not wish to be often at a throne of grace? It is of more value to the peace of my soul than all the wealth of the Indies. Without it I cannot grow in grace; without it I am unhappy. Yet how much do I neglect it! Surprising, humbling thought, that when I know its worth, I am not more constantly and devotedly engaged in it! How should a sense of my negligence depress me in the dust of lowest humiliation and penitence!

March 9. Had the pleasure of hearing Hon. Mr. Everett speak today in the House of Representatives. Cannot describe the emotions I had. His eloquence was overpowering. His diction is chaste and elegant, his voice clear and distinct, and his gesticulation forcible. The galleries were thronged with anxious and delighted spectators. Such bursts of real oratory I never witnessed in any place. In the evening heard Captain Symmes explain his theory of a concave earth. What a burlesque on science!

March 30. Since writing the above, been confined to my bed with pulmonary fever. Am very feeble, but my spirits are excellent. I have considerable religious enjoyment. The Lord is kind and merciful in all my afflictions.

April 6. Raised from a bed of sickness and pain, how thankful should I be, how engaged for my Redeemer! I am a monument of divine compassion and forbearance — so often brought to the borderland, and so often restored! Where shall I find language to declare the loving-kindness of God? I am lost in confusion and amazement! Lord, wake up the fires of pure religion in my torpid bosom, and seal me thine forever.

May 14, Sabbath. Three weeks ago I went to New York to attend the triennial session of the Baptist General Convention. Was kindly received and entertained by Mr. Thomas Stokes, 46 Franklin Street.

Among other interesting services, attended the anniversary of the New York Sunday School Union, at Castle Garden. Have been elected a trustee of Columbian College.

July 7. News just received of the death of Thomas Jefferson, at Monticello, Va., on the 4th instant, aged eighty-three years.

July 8. The mail brought to-day news of the death of John Adams, father of the president. He, too, died on the 4th instant, at Quincy, Mass., aged ninety-two years. Affecting coincidence. How mysterious are the ways of Providence!

Sabbath, July 16. This day has been set apart to religious services in honor of Messrs. Adams and Jefferson. Dr. Staughton preached a discourse in the Capitol at the request of the citizens. Text, "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." 2 Sam. i. 23.

August 3. My duties and vexations multiply. I am now editor of the Star, depositary of the Baptist General Tract Society, secretary of a board of trustees of Columbian College, secretary of the Sunday School Union of the District, a director of the Auxiliary Seaman's Friend Society, a member of the committee to investigate the condition of the old Columbian office, secretary of Sabbath School No. 1, a member of Columbian Institute, a member of three standing committees in the board of directors of the Baptist General Tract Society.

August 13. Spent the day in Alexandria very pleasantly. Heard Brother Cornelius preach on Christian hope — a very sensible discourse. A good man and zealous preacher.

On the 7th September, 1826, I was married to Miss Elizabeth L. Skinner, third daughter of the late Benjamin Skinner, Esq., of Windsor, Vt. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Christopher Hale, pastor of the Baptist church in that town. As I have now entered into new relations in life, I would devoutly pray that we may both have grace to live in the fear of God, and to devote ourselves to him, who has been our constant helper. A union which has long been contemplated now has been consummated. May we both so live as to give no occasion to either to regret we are thus united. Our obligations and responsibilities are solemn. May we never forget or violate them.

October 1. A pleasant morning. O that my soul could, in full harmony with nature, rise in concert to our heavenly King, and praise his name for his wonderful works to man! I have some few emotions of joy and satisfaction, while contemplating divine goodness and justice. This is a day of rest. May I find it a day of spiritual rest and refreshment.

Saturday, October 29. Heard Rev. Mr. Baker preach from Psalms xcv. 7, 8 — a *counsel*, a *caution*, and *warning*. The discourse was touch-

ing and solemn. In the afternoon listened to Mr. G. W. Blagden, a young Presbyterian licentiate. Text, Luke xvi. 25.

January 21, 1827, Sabbath evening. This evening preached from Isaiah xxxii. 2. A very comfortable season. How rich and full of consolation is the doctrine of the cross! It is delightful to preach Jesus, and him crucified. The Lord helps his servants who fully and faithfully declare the gospel of his Son.

March 19. The Lord is pouring out his Spirit upon the Second Baptist Church in this city [Washington], of which I am a member. Rev. R. H. Neale is now our pastor. Many seem prostrated with solemn convictions. My soul longs for God, and the comforts of his grace. I am barren as the fig tree in the Scripture. How can I avoid the curse?

May 5. Just returned from Boston, where I preached several times at different places. There is now, in Boston and vicinity, an extraordinary revival of religion, such as has not been seen there for eighty years. The work is silent, but powerful.

May 26. I have this day discontinued my connection with the Columbian Star. Am henceforth to have no further concern in it. My resignation as editor was the result of a firm belief that the time had arrived for me to engage in the great and good work of preaching the gospel. My friends all concur with me in the opinion. In a few weeks I shall start for Boston.

His life in Washington had been an exceedingly laborious one. At one time during the year 1826, which is now passing under review, he was, as he tells us, editor of the Columbian Star, depositary of the Baptist General Tract Society, secretary of the board of trustees of the college, secretary of the Sabbath School Union of the District, a director of the Auxiliary Seamen's Friend Society, a member of the committee to investigate the condition of the old Columbian office, secretary of Sabbath School No. 1, a member of the Columbian Institute, a member of three standing committees in the board of directors of the Baptist General Tract Society. It is clear that his post in Washington was far from being a sinecure. He had, moreover, some peculiar trials, growing out of his connection with the Columbian Star, and Rev. Luther Rice, who had taken so active a part in denominational affairs. These trials weighed heavily on his spirits. And yet, although his responsibilities were grave, and his duties

often exceedingly burdensome, he became warmly attached to Washington. Many of the friendships which he had formed there he kept up as long as he lived. For the gentlemen with whom he was associated in college he always cherished the most tender regard. He followed also with great interest the fortunes of the public men, whose acquaintance he had made at the seat of government. He read their speeches, and, as one by one they passed away, if biographies were written of them, he was sure to peruse them. His occasional visits to Washington, in subsequent years, were always anticipated with pleasure, and were keenly enjoyed by him.

The following communication, prepared at the request of the editor of this Memoir, will be read with pleasure by the numerous friends of Mr. Stow: —

MY DEAR DR. STOCKBRIDGE: You have kindly requested me to give you some reminiscences of our late lamented brother, Dr. Baron Stow. You must bear in mind, as I do, that reminiscences running back nearly half a century are liable to become dim, and shadowy, and uncertain. I will, however, do the best I can to meet your wishes.

I first met Baron Stow at the Columbian College, in the District of Columbia, in the latter part of November, 1822. I repaired to the college, at that time under appointment as a tutor, and found him a member of the Sophomore class. James D. Knowles, Robert W. Cushman, Jonathan Meriam, and others whose praise has been in all the churches, were members of the college at the same time.

Mr. Stow became known to me as a most diligent and successful student, as a grave, exemplary, and most conscientious Christian. With some considerable acquaintance with young men professing faith in Christ, I had rarely met one, who, in the discharge of his Christian duties, so fully exemplified the precept of doing with his might what his hand found to do. He suffered then, from time to time, as through his whole life, from severe nervous headaches. But it seemed hardly to produce any relaxation in his labors. He had no idle hours. He was literally a worker in the vineyard of the Lord. He seemed every day to feel a great burden of responsibility resting upon him. So devout was he, and so intent upon doing the great work which his Master had assigned him, that he seemed, far more than most Christian men, to walk with God. Hence, though at times cheerful, he was never light and frivolous, never in the smallest degree given to that "jesting" which the apostle mentions as "inconvenient." Indeed, the habitual

tone of his mind at that time, as I now remember him, was almost too serious to enter fully into the enjoyment of that playfulness of wit and humor which often give so rich a zest to social intercourse.

I think Brother Stow had been accustomed to exercise his gifts in preaching before he went to Washington. He continued this practice during his collegiate course. He was always an acceptable, sometimes an impressive preacher, and hence he had frequent invitations to preach in Washington and its vicinity. It was often my privilege to attend religious services with him, and witness the earnestness with which he pleaded with sinners to be reconciled to God. He was accustomed to the use of his pen, and composed with facility, and with a maturity of thought and style not common to persons of his age. But I think his general practice at that time was to preach without written sermons. He was aided in this by his ready command of language, and the happy faculty of analyzing a subject, and throwing its main points into proper perspective, so that the hearer would at once, and without difficulty, seize the plan of his discourse, and follow him in his argument and illustrations. I remember to have been present on more than one occasion when he was called upon to preach with very little opportunity for special preparation, and where he acquitted himself with great advantage, leaving upon the minds of his hearers a deep and solemn conviction of their religious responsibility.

The power of his preaching at this time was not derived from any classic finish of style, or any special grace of elocution and delivery, but from the profound conviction of his own mind that personal religion was a great and solemn reality, and necessary to salvation. I might add that the cross of Christ was eminently his theme.

Brother Stow left Washington, I think, in 1826. I left in 1827. Since that time I have often been associated with him in the different religious and educational interests of our denomination. To every post of duty and labor he brought a sound judgment, an earnest purpose, a prayerful and conciliatory spirit. His early activity and zeal foreshadowed the labors and successes of his subsequent life. It is pleasant to dwell upon the memory of one whose character exhibits so much to admire and love, and so little to regret.

I am yours, in the bonds of Christ,

ALEXIS CASWELL.

47 College Street, November 1, 1870.

CHAPTER V.

CALLS TO SETTLE IN THE MINISTRY. — ACCEPTS THE INVITATION TO PORTSMOUTH, N. H. — ORDINATION. — JOURNAL. — CALLS TO SALEM, MASS., AND WATERVILLE, ME. — URGENT APPEALS FROM PRESIDENT CHAPLIN.

1827–1830.

THE scene now changes. The same kind hand which thus far had led the subject of this Memoir was now directing his steps back to New England, where, in two of her cities, he was to spend the remainder of his life in the work of the ministry of reconciliation. Years had passed since he decided that he was called of God to this work. His conceptions of the dignity and importance of the pastoral office had been intensified by his long reflections upon the magnitude of the interests intrusted to the hands of the minister of Jesus. With sincere modesty and misgivings, he shrank from entering into the work, much as his soul panted to proclaim to men "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Two invitations had been sent to him to preach as a candidate for settlement as a pastor — one from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and the other from Portsmouth, N. H. The prospect of success in either church, in some respects, was not very flattering. The church in Portsmouth, which had been in existence but a short time, was comparatively small in numbers, and in its means was considerably straitened. Humanly speaking, therefore, the hope of great success was not very bright, and the young minister was fully aware that if he became the pastor of the church, he must gird himself for hard work, and prepare himself for a severe trial of his patience and faith. In reading the record of his feel-

ings, we are reminded very much of a similar record made by Dr. Wayland under like circumstances: "If God should place me in any station of responsibility, may he abundantly enrich me with every literary and intellectual qualification, but especially with the infinitely richer endowments of his Holy Spirit, that I may be sincere, wise, pure, holy, vigilant, and prayerful, and deeply impressed with the value of souls. In fine, whatever may be my lot in this world, may I live a life of holiness, and be received at last to the place where there is no more lukewarmness, but where they see as they are seen, and know as they are known." It is in the same spirit that Mr. Stow turned his face towards his new home. We will follow him as he departs from Washington, and becomes fairly settled in Portsmouth.

June 16. I have now an invitation from the Baptist church in Portsmouth, N. H., and another from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to preach as candidate for the pastoral office. But O, my utter unfitness for the high and responsible vocation! My only hope is in the God of Jacob.

Portsmouth, N. H., July 24, 1827. On the 22d June myself and companion bade adieu to Washington for the eastward. I had spent five years there. I shall count them among the pleasantest of my life. On the 23d we reached Philadelphia. Passed the Sabbath with Mrs. Wythe (Dr. Staughton's sister). He being there, heard him preach. I preached twice — once for Mr. Dagg, at the Sansom Street church, once for the brethren in Bank Street, a minority of the First Baptist Church.

Monday we left for Boston, where we were hospitably entertained by our dear friend and brother, James D. Knowles, during a stay of three weeks. Preached several times for the different churches, and at Jullien Hall.

On Wednesday last, the 18th July, the new house of worship in Federal Street, Boston, was dedicated by religious services to the worship of Almighty God. Sermon by Mr. Sharp, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God;" dedicatory prayer by Mr. Grosvenor; recognition and address to the church by Mr. Knowles. Services highly interesting and solemn.

Thursday we came by stage to Portsmouth. The small Baptist church here is destitute of a pastor, and have invited me to preach for them a few Sabbaths. I pray my labors, however short may be my stay, may prove useful. The Baptist cause here is in a low state. An effort

is making to raise it and give it dignity. I wish to feel engaged in the work before me. My faith is weak, and I have too little of a spirit of prayer. Wheresoever God in his Providence may direct my feet I wish to go. My desire is to serve him and promote his cause. He has done great things for me. I ought to be more grateful. My heart is too insensible to divine goodness.

Portsmouth, August 29. Have been here six weeks laboring. Visited much. Preached four discourses every week. The meetings are well attended by those of all denominations. The word is listened to with much solemnity, and the desire seems to be unanimous that I should stay here. What I shall do I know not. May God direct me in the way of duty. . .

September 1. Good is the work of the Lord. Feel more and more encouraged to labor for the good of souls. Some incidents of recent occurrence lead me to believe that we shall yet see a work of grace in Portsmouth.

September 3. This day received from the church and society to which I am preaching a unanimous invitation to become their pastor. My coming here, under God, seems to have rendered their prospects more encouraging. They propose a salary of seven hundred dollars, with promise of increase. The meetings are crowded and interesting.

September 8. Answered the church in the affirmative. In so doing have sought divine direction, and, I trust, obtained it. The die is cast. I rejoice. My mind is now at rest. In the strength of God I hope to go forward. May he make me a blessing to his cause in this town. The field here is wide. May I be humble and faithful, and may the Lord establish the work of my hands. The immense responsibility! "Who is sufficient for these things?" "My grace is sufficient for thee." "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, that cannot be removed, but abideth forever." Precious promises these.

It will be seen, from these extracts, that the new pastor at once found favor with the people, and that the seal of the divine approbation was put upon his ministry. His eloquence, his piety, his affable, yet dignified bearing, at once won for him a place in the affections of his people, and commanded the respect and homage of the community in which he had cast his lot. The feeling of discouragement which had for some time been creeping over the church, disappeared, and they became assured that, in answer to their prayers, a brighter day had begun to dawn on them. The

day to which for so many years he had been looking forward with so much interest — the day of his ordination — had come. How many hearts sympathized with him in the event! With what glad emotions did she, who stood to him in the tender relation of mother, welcome the happy day which was to see her beloved son publicly set apart as a minister of Christ! For him she had toiled and denied self, and prayed unceasingly that the common Lord of both parent and child would lead him in the way that should most glorify him. The prayers and benedictions of other loved ones followed the object of their affections.

The ordination of Mr. Stow took place on the 24th of October, 1827, in the "South Meeting-house." The services were as follows: Reading Scriptures, Rev. Mr. Cooke; prayer, Rev. Mr. Houghton; sermon, Rev. R. Babcock; ordaining prayer, Rev. Mr. Ellis; charge, Rev. Dr. Bolles; right hand of fellowship, Rev. Mr. Miller; address to church and congregation, Rev. Mr. Davis; concluding prayer, Rev. Mr. Davis. The new pastor, thus solemnly set apart to the work of the ministry, writes, "The responsibilities which I have assumed seem immense. Without the grace of God I shall certainly fail. O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, be thou my constant guide and helper. May I be humble, prudent, and faithful."

From our knowledge of his conscientiousness and his sincere love for the duties of the sacred calling, we can readily conceive with what earnestness he addressed himself to his work, and how he longed to "make full proof of" his "ministry." With a preparation for the ministry superior to that of most ministers in the denomination with which he was connected, with an impressive manner and attractive personal appearance in the pulpit, and by means of that peculiar style of chaste eloquence which always made him so acceptable as a preacher, he gave evidence at once that he was destined to take no ordinary rank as a public speaker. It is true, his congregation did not embrace the *élite* of the town, but there were enough in it of the class to which his blessed Master

loved to proclaim the gospel, and to him the winning of one soul to Christ was a matter of such supreme joy and satisfaction, that in the gladness of his heart he overlooked all social distinctions, while he welcomed to his heart the humblest one who had been "born of the Spirit."

On the 4th of November he tells us that he had greatly enjoyed the presence of Christ in preaching his word. It was on this day that he first administered the sacred rite of baptism. "Nothing occurred," he remarks, "to interrupt or diminish the pleasure of the hour. What infinite satisfaction the harbinger of our Lord must have felt as he walked into Jordan with his blessed Saviour, and laid him beneath its wave!" We learn incidentally how small the church was at this time, from the recorded statement that, on the day when this baptism took place, twenty-eight persons commemorated the Saviour's dying love.

Not far from four months had passed since he preached his first sermon in the plain, unpretending meeting-house of the Baptist church in Portsmouth, when he thus writes under date of Sabbath, November 11, 1827: —

To-day have preached four times — three discourses at my own place and one at the Almshouse. God strengthened me wonderfully for the task. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Congregation is gradually increasing; our prospects of raising a large society are flattering. Sabbath evenings our small place of worship is crowded by people of every rank and persuasion. A greater variety of characters and belief could not well be collected in any place. I find myself in danger of being "lifted up" with pride. I have endeavored to examine myself, and to ascertain what are my motives in preparing and preaching my sermons. I am afraid I have too much regard to the praise of men rather than the praise of God. My heart is deceitful above all things, and too often leads me to forget the God for whom I profess to labor, and to whose honor and approbation I ought to have constant regard. O, the pride of human nature! Lord Jesus, divest my heart of a man-pleasing spirit, and help me to glory in thy cross.

Perhaps we cannot do better than to let the toiling, earnest minister and pastor tell to us the tale of his hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows. Such a rehearsal cannot fail to encour-

age the hearts of those who are just entering the ministry, and often feel crushed under the burden of responsibility laid on them.

1828.

January 1, 1828. "Now my days are swifter than a post; they are passed away as the swift ships, as the eagle hasteth to the prey." How true is this testimony by the godly patriarch of Uz in regard to the celerity of time's flight! How quickly has another year passed! and yet how momentous have been its transactions, when considered as bearing on my eternal interests! Since the year 1827 commenced, I have passed through various changes in my external circumstances. In all I can perceive the hand of God so ordering everything as to place me where I now am. Preaching seems a duty and delight. Since I left college I have prospered in no other vocation.

January 20. This day I have been "down into the water" with three happy converts. The weather was cold, and many thought us madmen for presuming to perform the ordinance at such a time. But we suffered not the slightest inconvenience. If the cross was great, the joy in taking it up was proportionably great. Worldly men have no conception of those feelings which prompt the Christian to so much self-denial and renunciation of the world.

July 17. This day concludes the first year of my labors in P. Have preached one hundred and seventy-three discourses, one hundred and fifty-four of which have been preached to one society. Parochial visits more than four hundred; officiated at eight funerals; married ten couples; baptized sixteen. The church has increased from twenty-seven to fifty-three. The congregation numbered sixty-three July 22, 1827, when I preached my first sermon to them. Now it amounts to over three hundred. These facts I record simply for recollection, not to boast; for, when the providence of God has so evidently done the whole, boasting is excluded.

July 20, Sabbath. Had some enjoyment in preaching my anniversary sermon. I trust my heart was touched at a view of what God has done for me and my people during the year. I desire to be humbled that I have done so little for him. My imperfect labors God has been pleased to bless.

August 31. Exchanged this morning with Rev. Israel W. Putnam (Congregationalist). What though we may differ on some points not essential to salvation, yet may we not retain our own doctrines and practice, and at the same time treat each other as friends and brothers? As Baptists, we are thought precise and narrow in our views and discipline. Yet none are more liberal than we in those offices of kindness and that

interchange of civilities which do not require a relinquishment of principle. Would we were more filled with the spirit of Christ. We should thereby furnish to an infidel world a better proof of the excellence of Christianity.

September 24. This day our new house of worship in Middle Street was dedicated to Almighty God. The discourse was from Isa. lxvi. 12. The season solemn and interesting. May it be crowned by the blessing of Heaven.

1829.

January 1, 1829.

"The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave."

Little, too little, alas! have I done the past year for my blessed Saviour. Been blessed with unusual health, and have enjoyed an uninterrupted series of blessings from the hand of my heavenly Father. Would I had lived better, prayed more, preached with greater fidelity! To-night I address the young.

January 25. Enjoyed a refreshing season, — preaching from Hosea xiii. 9, — especially in the afternoon, when considering the gracious offer of restoration, "In me is thine help" did I find peculiar comfort. My soul longs to see a revival of God's work. Two have recently been seriously affected by the power of truth, and now cherish hope, through Christ, of eternal life. The church and society have been compelled to struggle with severe difficulties. No effort has been omitted to check our growth, and, if possible, to ruin us. But God has kindly interposed, has overruled all opposition for his own glory and our good. The Lord has promised, "When the enemy comes in like a flood, the spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him" — and verified it to us.

August 10. This day commences the *fourth year* of the existence of the church of which I am pastor. Three years ago it was constituted of eight members — Rev. Duncan Dunbar, Deacon Samuel Cleaves, Elisha C. Crane, Allen Porter, Sampson Sheafe, Christiana Dunbar, of Newcastle, Mary Brewster, Susan Parke. A small and feeble band truly. Yet God has blessed them beyond measure. They were first publicly recognized in an old hall in Vaughan Street called Assembly House. Now they have a neat, commodious house of worship, with a good, growing congregation. Great harmony of feeling and unity of action prevail in the church. There is also an untiring spirit of prayerfulness, which has an excellent effect upon the members, producing encouragement and faith. We trust the Lord is yet on our side, and will

appear for our help. I have too little faith, too little confidence, in Him whose promise is to "give the increase."

Recovering from a severe illness. Have not preached for two Sabbaths, and must be deprived of the privilege yet another. My people are exceedingly kind, and have exhibited much sympathy. May I be able to requite them by faithfulness to souls.

October 3. Reading Memoir of Legh Richmond, by Grimshawe. The compiler shows himself too much. A biographer should leave his own biography to be executed by another. To me the life is highly interesting. Legh Richmond was a man of God, zealous and useful. His tracts, The Dairyman's Daughter, The Young Cottager, or Little Jane, and the Negro Servant, have been useful beyond a parallel. They are read in every quarter of the globe. Mr. Richmond did not write his discourses.

October 7. First anniversary of the Portsmouth Baptist Association. Met at Brentwood. Received a visit from a young lady (M. J.). She professes to indulge some confidence that her sins are pardoned; that she is justified before God by the atoning merits of Christ. Had considerable conversation with her relative to her views of God's character, her own heart, the way of her past life, &c., &c. So far as I gained evidence that the work is genuine, I rejoiced with her. By this interview I trust my own heart was quickened. "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south."

October 13. This morning had some warmth in prayer. God seemed near, eternity seemed near. Desired holiness for its own sake. Was told yesterday several young people in the congregation are thoughtful. Refreshing news. What do I desire more than to see my dear people turning to God! In my visits from house to house heard everywhere of the effect produced by my Sabbath sermons. Perhaps I have never preached two discourses that took deeper hold on the assembly. I observed throughout the assembly, especially in the afternoon, an unusual solemnity; but I was not aware the effect was either so great or general. O, my soul, give *God the praise!* None but God could thus touch hard and stupid hearts. "Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it."

October 18. This is the last Sabbath in the second year of my pastoral labors. What thoughts does it suggest for my admonition! How little have I done! Everything stained with self. What good have I done? What has the Holy Spirit done by me, a poor, remiss, unfaithful servant? Preached this morning from Phil. iii. 18. Described the enemies of the cross, and the causes of their enmity. Lord, enable me this afternoon to speak affectionately and faithfully from the passage, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

November 21. This evening had five inquirers. What pleasure there

is in directing the sin-sick soul to the great Physician! It is sweet work to preach Jesus, to dwell upon his love, his sufferings, and his death.

November 28. Three presented themselves before the church for baptism and admission to fellowship. They gave interesting relations of the work of grace upon their hearts, and were unanimously received. Enjoyed a refreshing season.

December 6. Preached three times; baptized three; administered the Lord's Supper. Had unusual peace and comfort. It is easy doing duty when the Lord is at work upon the hearts of the people. May I be stimulated to greater activity in my Master's service.

December 16. Received a letter from my dear sister (J.), announcing the delightful fact that my youngest brother, Peter, has been hopefully converted.

December 29. Earnest desires for the conversion of young men. Wrote several letters to individuals in the parish, in whom I feel especially interested. Lord, accompany these letters with thy blessing.

Only one of the letters referred to in the last extract has come into the hands of the editor. It was addressed to Mr. Henry B. Hart, late of Portland, Me., but then residing in Portsmouth, and a member of Mr. Stow's congregation. It is only a sample of many others written during the ministry of Mr. Stow, and it resulted, as doubtless many others did, in the awakening and conversion of the person to whom it was addressed. In less than two months from the time of receiving it, Mr. Hart came to rest in Christ as his Saviour, and soon after both himself and his wife were baptized, and received into the fellowship of the Portsmouth church. He subsequently removed to Portland, Me., and, till the close of his life, was known as an active and influential member of the Free Street Church, in that city. He always cherished a very tender affection for the man whose faithful admonition and entreaty led him to Christ, and lived in relations of confidence and intimacy with him till death intervened. The interruption, however, was not long; for, since the preparation of the Memoir was undertaken, the tried friend, the faithful Christian, and the liberal supporter of all good works, followed his early teacher and guide to the rest and glory of heaven. The letter is here inserted.

PORTSMOUTH, November 19, 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND: As your occupation renders it difficult for me to see you, and converse with you personally, as I would wish, permit me in this familiar manner to address you upon a subject of unusual importance. I have long felt a tender anxiety for your spiritual interests; and this anxiety, instead of diminishing with the lapse of time, is daily increasing. Very few individuals in my congregation have occupied so much of my thoughts and prayers. At the time your dear companion professed to receive comfort from the grace of God in Christ her Saviour, I was rejoiced to see that you felt solicitious for your own soul, and hoped that you, like her, would be led to exercise genuine faith in the Redeemer of sinners. Having had since no opportunity for personal conversation, I know not the result of the convictions with which your mind was then affected. I presume, however, that you yet indulge no hope that your sins have been forgiven, and that you are prepared to meet Christ in judgment. I have been ever delighted with the serious and fixed attention which you give to the word preached on the Sabbath, and have consequently indulged the hope that truth would find a lodgment in your heart, and bring you to deep repentance for sin, and belief in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Permit me, my dear friend, to urge upon you the great importance of turning to the Lord and serving him with all your heart. I now address you, not merely as your pastor, but especially as your sincere friend — one who would be willing to suffer much for your soul's salvation. Tell me, are you doing what you should to secure that soul's best interests? Do you live a life of prayer? Do you make the Bible the rule of action? Do you labor to imitate the meek and lowly Jesus? Are your affections more upon God and heavenly things than upon the objects of earth? I am aware of the excellence of your moral character, the uniform propriety of your conduct, your strict temperance, your dislike of vicious society, your regard for the public services of religion, and your respectful treatment of all who give evidence of sincere piety. But, my friend, is your heart right with God? Have you ever seen the sinfulness of your nature? Do you think you have any genuine love for God? Can you rejoice that the Lord reigns, and that he does everything according to the pleasure of his own will? Do you feel any gratitude to him for the conversion of your wife? Do you correctly understand and feel the righteousness of his holy law? O, how often do you and I violate that good law *in heart*, even when there is no outward act. Jehovah says, "My son, give me thine heart." How affectionate his language! How reasonable his demand! O, will you not comply with this demand, and give him your heart without delay? What pleasure should I feel in being permitted to direct you, penitent

and broken-hearted, to that bleeding sacrifice that was offered on Calvary! What satisfaction would it afford, not to me only, but to your nearest friend, your wife, as well as to numerous others who feel a deep interest for you, could we see you become a genuine disciple of Christ, devoting your youth and health to God, and striving to benefit your fellow-creatures by deeds of righteousness! And do you feel contented, my friend, to remain in your present dangerous condition? Have you no fears that you shall lose your soul? Is not the mercy of God boundless? May you not *now* be saved? Will you not *now* give up your heart to God, and secure an interest in the Redeemer's blood before it is forever too late? If you have any desire to escape the tremendous consequences of sin, or any desire to enjoy an eternal heaven, *now* is the time. Do not delay. Every hour you lose is bringing you nearer to death and the grave. O, be persuaded to repent and believe the gospel.

Receive this, dear sir, as a proof of my undissembled regard for you; and may we be so happy as at last to meet in a happier, holier state at God's right hand.

Yours with esteem,

BARON STOW.

We return now to the journal, beginning with the entry on the first day of

1830.

January 1, 1830. Preached last evening for the Methodists. Am to-night to address the young. The good work still continues; my labors increase. Our prayer meetings are crowded and solemn.

January 24. A good day. Preached three times; baptized nine. The day was the coldest of the season, but the candidates went forward with firmness, and found a blessing in obedience. I never enjoyed the ordinance more. The good work still advances; some are daily brought into liberty.

January 25. Read often Ezek. iii. 33. If ever I reach heaven, how true that salvation is all of grace!

March 11. Last Sabbath I baptized six, making nineteen since the meeting of the Association in October. Had a delightful season at the Lord's table. A letter from my dear brother P., giving an account of his experience and baptism, &c. He writes like a real child of God. O that he may hold fast his profession, and be trained up for usefulness. The Lord may choose him for a minister; if so, I trust he will be far more holy than his brother B. Bitter storm of wind and sleet. Read the first part of Memoirs of Dr. Payson. What a holy man! Lord, make me more like Payson; more like Paul; nay, more like Jesus.

April 20. At church meeting last evening, four gave us the relation of the work of grace in their hearts. Our new members are nearly all young. They devolve on me, as well as on the church, a great responsibility. O, thou great Shepherd, keep these lambs, protect them, nourish them, and may they remain steadfast, "perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord."

May 1. Have labored hard to prepare three sermons. I remember Professor I. Chase once told me "to prepare my sermons with a view to benefit *one soul;* to prepare them with a distinct apprehension of the *value* of *one soul,* and with a willingness to preach to *one,* should no more be present. In such a case I should not be disappointed if my congregation should happen to be very small." Good advice, but, alas! little regarded.

May 2. Had a refreshing hour last evening at the inquiry meeting. Found one more soul rejoicing in the liberty of the gospel — Captain J. L. Some weeks since his wife was brought to a knowledge of the truth, and commenced praying for him. He has been deeply convicted. He is really a new man. His tongue is active in praising the Lord, and warning his companions to repent and return to God. [He was baptized early on the morning of his sailing, and subsequently perished at sea.]

July 1. Have received a pressing invitation from the Second Baptist Church, Salem, Mass., to become their pastor. Cannot accept.

July 6. Have sent a negative answer to the request of the Salem friends. Lord, strengthen me for thy work in Portsmouth.

July 15. A committee from Salem waited on me to press their claim, and endeavor to persuade me to think favorably of their request. Could give them no encouragement. They seem determined not to relinquish their object. O that I may be guided in the right way! I would not be obstinate, but must be decided. At present, cannot leave this interesting field.

July 30. This day have returned from Maine, where I have been twelve days, attending the examination and Commencement at Waterville College. On Tuesday was elected a member of the board of trustees. Wednesday, pronounced the Oration. Was honored with the degree of A. M.

October 16. Received a letter this morning from Dr. Chaplin, of Waterville, renewing the request that I would remove and become the pastor of the church in that place. He is very urgent. In such cases I ought to look to God for direction. I need wisdom from above. Evidently my work is nearly finished here. Whither I shall go I know not, nor do I much care, provided the Lord go before and with me. Blessed Saviour, make me more like thyself.

It will be observed that within a few months Mr. Stow received two urgent invitations to remove from Portsmouth. The Second Baptist Church in Salem, Mass., had become vacant by the resignation of Rev. Mr. Pattison, who had been called to the First Baptist Church in Providence, R. I. The correspondence conducted by the committee — among whom I find the honored names of J. Moriarty and Robert Upton — is before me. It urges the case very strongly, and presents weighty reasons why the Portsmouth pastor should accept the call so heartily extended to him. But he did not feel that he was justified in leaving his present field of labor. After having reached the conclusion that it was not his duty to accept the call of the Salem church, he addressed a letter to Rev. Mr. Babcock, then pastor of the First Church, in which he gives the reasons which have led him to the decision to which he had come. This letter presents Mr. Stow in the most praiseworthy light, as actuated by noble, Christian principle in the course which he pursued.

PORTSMOUTH, August 9, 1830.

DEAR BROTHER BABCOCK: While the negotiation between the Second Church in Salem and myself was pending, I was several times at the point of writing you, for the purpose of ascertaining your views and feelings upon the subject. But it occurred to me, that, however ready you might be to express your personal feelings, you would find it difficult, from your peculiar situation, to suggest anything that might have a tendency to dissuade me from accepting their proposal. As the negotiation is now concluded, you will permit me to say a few words in reference to the motives which induced me to decline the request.

He then alludes to certain pecuniary embarrassments, which were weighing heavily upon his spirits, from which he could free himself if he were to change his pastoral connection. He also refers to the want of denominational sympathy which he finds in Portsmouth, the nearest Baptist church being twelve miles off. He says he has to be "bishop, rector, vicar, curate, &c., &c.," and the burdens he carries are almost insupportable. And yet his heart clings to his beloved flock, and he cannot make up his mind to desert them in the hour of their great need. He writes, —

The ties which bind me to this dear people, and them to me, could not be sundered without pain — I had almost said, without blood. They have done their utmost to sustain the cause, and to make me comfortable. They have actually sacrificed for my sake, and *could* I leave such friends? This interest is important, and ought to be sustained. Should I leave them in their present condition, I fear that disaster would follow. Besides, my brethren in this state importuned me so urgently to remain, and made out so strong a case in regard to the moral necessities of our Baptist churches, that I found it difficult to resist their entreaties. After balancing all the circumstances, I found that personal considerations lay chiefly on one side, and the claims of Zion on the other. I could not hesitate. For Zion's sake I trust I felt willing still longer to sacrifice and suffer, and commit myself to Him who best knows what discipline we need to keep us in our proper places. I see little else than suffering before me; but if the cup cannot pass from me, I implore grace to render me ever willing to drink it.

The overtures from Waterville were presented in two letters, written by Rev. Dr. Chaplin, president of Waterville College. These letters are characteristic of the writer, and exhibit in a very striking light the persistent energy which carried him through the toils and sacrifices incident to the foundation of what is now "COLBY UNIVERSITY." The second of these letters contains a re-statement of the matters urged in the first, and we cannot resist the impulse we feel to give it entire, both as illustrating the characteristics of the writer, and as showing the inducements which were expected to influence the decision of one of the most promising Baptist preachers of that day.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE, October 23, 1830.

REV. MR. STOW.

Dear Sir: When I wrote you last (ten or twelve days since) I had not room to say all I wished to say. The present letter is accordingly intended to be an appendix to my former one. I hope you will not be offended because my letters follow one another in so rapid succession, but will impute their frequency to the deep anxiety which I feel for the promotion of learning and religion in this region.

In my last I stated that I had secured of our State Convention aid for the Baptist church in this place to the amount of one hundred dollars, on condition that a suitable preacher should be obtained, and that I had a prospect of obtaining two hundred more in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, by the assistance of two of the students of the college. I added,

that we would engage to raise at least two hundred dollars in this place. I have since, I think, seen some good reason to believe that a larger sum might be raised, provided I could give assurance that you would come. I attended a meeting of our church a week ago. It was much fuller than usual, and very interesting. The members present appeared deeply impressed with the importance of having a faithful and an able pastor, and nearly all the leading men in the church seemed to be sensible of the necessity of more efficient and systematic efforts for the support of the gospel. No vote was passed in relation to the sum to be raised, but I apprehend that in the event of our receiving encouraging assurances from you, we should be able to raise two hundred dollars in the church alone, and two hundred more from people in Waterville. I have expressed to several of the brethren, confidentially, the hope I had that you might be obtained; and I should have done the same to the members generally, did I not fear we might be disappointed. Considering all things, I thought it best to say no more than this in the church meetings, viz., that matters were in train for procuring a man with whom they would all be satisfied; and I think you may rest assured that there is not a member of our church who would not be rejoiced to hear that you could be obtained.

As it respects myself, and most, if not all, of the officers of the college, we do not want you here merely as the minister of the place. We want you here as a member of the board of trustees, as one of our examining committee, and as a *friend* whom we may consult in difficult cases, and to whom we may open our minds with freedom and confidence. We want you to visit the pious students, particularly the beneficiaries of our education societies, and to assist us to raise the standard of religious feeling in the college. We want you also to visit our academy frequently, and unite with us in concerting measures for promoting its growth and reputation. I will add, we greatly need your aid in our Association, in our Education Society, and in our State Convention. Should you remove to this place, and be favored with the blessing of God on your efforts, your sphere of action would be extensive, and your usefulness, as it seems to me, very great. I say, *should the blessing of God attend your efforts.* I am sensible that your talents and acquirements would avail nothing without this; but this, I trust, will not be withheld. For it really seems to me that it is your duty to come; and I need not tell you that the way of duty is the way of blessing.

It seems to me that Waterville is the *very place* where you are most needed, and where your talents may be employed with the greatest effect. I know there are other places where you may have more hearers. But the *character* of our hearers is more to be regarded than the number. Our assembly is not large, but a more interesting assembly can hardly be found in any part of New England. Besides a considerable number of educated and professional men residing in the village, nearly all the

students of the college and the academy may be expected to attend our meeting. And how important it is that young men, who, in consequence of their talents and their acquirements, are destined to occupy important stations in the church or in the civil community, and exert a mighty influence on thousands and tens of thousands of their fellow-men, — an influence which must be felt to the end of time and through eternity, — how important that they have the advantage of sitting under a ministry which is not only distinguished for orthodoxy and piety, but which shall give them clear and extensive views of divine truth, shall make them feel that there is nothing in pure religion incompatible with intellectual greatness, and that a humble, devoted Christian may be a genius and a scholar! Had you not, my dear sir, rather preach to such an assembly as ours, though comparatively small, than to one much larger, composed of people in the ordinary walks of life? And, I may add, would you not have the prospect of doing much more good? Perhaps, however, I need say nothing of the smallness of our assembly. There is, I apprehend, good reason to expect that our congregation would greatly increase should you consent to become our pastor.

In closing, allow me, my dear sir, to express my earnest desire and my hope that God will graciously assist you in ascertaining your duty, and will give you much of that wisdom which is profitable to direct. If I know my own heart, I do not wish you to remove to Waterville, unless you can do it with his approbation. To his blessing I desire to commend both you and yours, while I subscribe myself

Your friend and brother in the gospel,

JEREMIAH CHAPLIN.

It is not easy to conceive how great the disappointment of Dr. Chaplin must have been when he received from Mr. Stow a negative reply to his letters. Evidently his hopes had been highly raised, and his imagination drew a bright picture of the delightful results which would be sure to follow Mr. Stow's acceptance of the call which would have been extended to him had he given the slightest encouragement to believe he would become the pastor of the Waterville church. He had, however, waded through too many difficulties, and encountered too many trials, to allow himself long to brood over this blighting of his hopes. Meanwhile, the subject of our Memoir, having disposed of a matter which, we doubt not, he most seriously took into consideration, continued to make full proof of his ministry in Portsmouth.

CHAPTER VI.

LAST YEAR IN PORTSMOUTH. — INVITATIONS TO REMOVE TO DIFFERENT PLACES. — JOURNAL. — CALL TO BALDWIN PLACE CHURCH, BOSTON. — LETTERS FROM REV. J. D. KNOWLES AND DR. SHARP. — DR. LAMSON ON DR. STOW'S MINISTRY IN PORTSMOUTH.

1830–1832.

THE course of events has brought us nearly to the closing year of Mr. Stow's ministry in Portsmouth. He is impressed, at the commencement of the year, that his ministry here is probably drawing to an end. Some special tokens of the divine favor manifested themselves early in the year. A few inquirers came to him to converse with him on matters connected with the salvation of their souls. He had succeeded in awakening much interest in the cause of temperance. He tells us an anecdote which amused him much. "A genuine dram-drinker, being asked if he were going to hear my address on intemperance, replied, 'No, I don't like him. I believe, if he were to look at a hogshead of rum, the head would fall in.'" He observes, "I notice how carefully the drunkards shun me, and retailers give me little opportunity for conversation." As the weeks pass away, his anxieties for a revival of religion increase. In the month of April there was held, for several days, a series of meetings. All these efforts, however, failed to accomplish the results which he so much desired to see.

We give a few more extracts from his journal, which, while they represent him as still active in his ministerial labors, also disclose to us the chain of causes, each one of which had some connection with the dissolution of the ties which bound him to Portsmouth.

May 19. Preached at Stratham last evening, from Psalms lxxxv. 6. Had unusual liberty. In times past I have generally enjoyed more freedom at home than abroad; but during the past five or six weeks this thing has been reversed. I have little freedom at home, and much enlargement abroad. Is this an indication from the Lord touching duty? I now have an urgent call to remove to Lowell. Shall I go? I am almost decided in the opinion that my work is done in Portsmouth. I have, indeed, no desire to leave this place. Everything, with one exception, is quite as agreeable as I could expect in any place on earth — *my labors are not blessed.* In other places, wherever I go, the Lord is pleased to give efficiency to my poor labors. Does this fact speak a language at all definite upon *this point* or *not?* I think I am willing to stay if it be the Lord's will. I fear I may be too impatient, too much unreconciled, too much disposed to think *my* labors deserve the divine blessing. I know I am greatly wrong at heart. I need, I beg forgiveness of my God. Show me the right way, O Lord, and sanctify my unholy dispositions.

May 30. Returned from Boston. Have been to attend the religious anniversaries. On Wednesday delivered two addresses — one before the Northern Baptist Education Society, upon "the importance of superior piety in those whom the church may encourage to preach the gospel;" the other before the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Society, on "the physical and moral ability of the church." Sabbath day preached on exchange for Brother Knowles, in Baldwin Place; in the evening, for Brother Jacobs, Cambridgeport. Weather exceedingly warm, but my heart excessively cold.

June 10. Returned from Newburyport. Preached for Rev. Mr. Proudfit in the house under whose pulpit sleep the ashes of that man of God, Rev. George Whitefield. There was something really inspiring in the thought I was so near the dust of such a man. Would that I had more of his spirit.

September 29. Since the preceding date, I have passed over considerable territory, and through varied scenes. Visited Concord, New Hampton, New London, Newport, and from there came to Boston; thence to Newton to consult with friends on one or two points: first, Shall I go to Ohio, as has been proposed, to be president of a college? or shall I go to New Hampton, and take charge of the theological department? or shall I stay here? Decided not to go west at present. Could not fully decide between the other two. How good the Lord has been to me! Praised be the Lord for all his mercies; bless him, O my soul!

September 30. Heard of the death of dear Brother George D. Boardman, missionary to Burmah. He died among the Karens, February

11, 1831. He was "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost." His labors were blessed among the Karens. The day before his death he witnessed the baptism of thirty-four converts. Who will go and take his place? How do the vacancies in our churches multiply! Great Head, send forth more laborers!

October 7. Returned from Exeter — the meeting of our Baptist Association. The Lord was evidently with us. Much seriousness exists in the place. Several seem to be affected in view of their sinfulness. O that the Lord would pour out his Spirit plentifully upon Exeter, and turn that people to himself! And may I not pray again and again for my own church?

October 18. A day of fasting and prayer in the church. Some signs of returning life. The following evils are to be deplored: 1. Languor in prayer; 2. Deficiency of faith; 3. Want of brotherly love; 4. Confidence in *means*; 5. Want of self-denial; 6. Worldly-mindedness; 7. Ingratitude for past mercies; 8. Indecision; 9. Inconstancy of feeling.

October 19. Feel some quickening in prayer. Can get a little nearer the throne. It seems as if the tempter had permission to vex and worry me to his heart's content. He spares no effort to keep me away from a throne of grace, and when I bow before the Lord, he is around me and within me, disturbing my thoughts, drawing away my mind from God, and thrusting in sceptical suggestions. I experience more of his temptations when on my knees than everywhere else. Lord, grant me grace to resist the devil.

October 29. Preached last evening in the vestry, from John vi. 45. More men than usual at the meeting. All very attentive. For two weeks I have felt great solicitude for the young men in my parish, that they might hear the truth with profit, and, learning of the Father, they might come to the Son, be useful in his church, and glorify him hereafter. For the pupils in the Sabbath school I have been unusually interested. They are light and thoughtless. O God, change their hearts, and bring them to the arms of Jesus, that he may bless them. One of the lambs of my flock has died the past week. Help me, O Lord, to improve this providence for the good of the children.

November 15. Perplexed and disturbed by another invitation to remove. The call now is unanimous and persistent from Portland. Within sixteen months I have refused applications from several places.

December 15. Sent a negative reply to Portland. My trial and perplexity in ascertaining duty have been severe, but a kind Providence has marked out my course with sufficient clearness, and I have concluded to continue with this dear people. They are doing all in their power to sustain the interest, and it appears, should I abandon them, it must seriously suffer.

December 31, Saturday evening. In a few short hours the year 1831 will have finished its course. My labors the past year have been many. In not a few instances, here and elsewhere, have they been made useful by the special blessing of God. May I not hope that yet other fruit will appear? To God be all the glory.

1832.

January 1, 1832. A monument of divine mercy I come to thee, O God, and dedicate myself anew to thy service. Thirteen years ago yesterday I was baptized upon a profession of faith. What little progress have I made in the divine art of holy living! I now come to thee to acknowledge my dependence, and to take thy Son, with fresh faith, as my Teacher, Priest, and King. On his merits I repose my soul, my all; in him, and him only, would I hope.

January 5. Delivered an address last evening before the Mechanics' Association, on "aristocracy." A large and attentive audience. Have since felt not a little mortified on a review of the exercises. I fear I may have done injury to the cause of Christianity by indulging my propensity for satire.

February 10. My mind has sweet peace, trusting God. Have some comfort in prayer. It seems as if God really listened to my petitions. O that I may be fully recovered from my backslidden state, enjoy again the light of the divine countenance, find duty a delight, preach, and live more exclusively for Christ.

February 17. Heard of the death of the Rev. Dr. Cornelius, corresponding secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He was a great man, and eminently good. O, my soul, prepare to meet thy God!

February 27. Returned from Boston, to which place I went this day week to assist my dear Brother Knowles in a "four days' meeting." I hope our labors were with profit, through grace. The friends of the Second Church were exceedingly kind — too much so to me. Besides my expenses they presented me with the gift of *seventy dollars* — a free-will offering. Honestly I can say for no part of this did I visit or labor with them. The Lord reward their manifold kindness.

February 29. Reading the Life of Thomas Scott, author of the Commentary. Much interested in its developments of internal character. He entered the ministry September 22, 1772. His motives, he says, were these: —

"1. A desire of a less laborious and more comfortable way of procuring a maintenance than otherwise I had a prospect of. [He was previously a grazier.]

"2. The expectation of more leisure to employ in reading, of which I was inordinately fond.

"3. A proud conceit of my abilities, with a vain-glorious imagination that I should some time distinguish and advance myself in the literary world. These were my ruling motives in taking this bold step."

After reading these confessions I felt constrained to examine my own motives in entering the ministry. Of a truth, I find much to condemn. Still I cannot ascertain that I was influenced in the least by any of the considerations suggested by Mr. Scott. I am aware I never *loved* manual labor — generally avoided it when practicable. This was not occasioned by any love of idleness. It was owing to an unconquerable thirst for knowledge. I *loved books better*. But for a whole year previous to my first thoughts about the ministry, I had fully made up my mind to seek a livelihood, yea, even wealth, by agriculture. I formed plans which are now fresh in my memory, and I became quite ambitious to carry them into splendid execution. There are, probably, a hundred persons in Newport who will never think otherwise than that I entered this most holy work because I was too indolent to labor on a farm. In this, however, I honestly aver that they were mistaken. Neither do I discover that either of the two motives named by Mr. Scott had any influence upon me at the time. I think I then felt an ardent love for souls, a desire to consecrate myself wholly to the Lord's service. I can easily perceive that I did not sufficiently *reflect* upon the subject, or *pray* over it, as I should have done. One selfish consideration often had too much weight with me. I greatly dreaded the probability of spiritual declension, and thought the studies preparatory to the ministry, and the duties of the sacred office, would be effectual safeguards against backsliding. How little did I then know of the human heart, or of my own! how little of the temptations to which those very studies and duties would subject me!

September 4. Self-examination makes terrible havoc of my hopes. It shows me more and more the stability of the foundation, but compels me to doubt whether I ever have reposed true confidence thereon. The shipwrecked mariner knows, when his feet are planted on "terra firma," he has the evidence of *sensation;* but in spiritual things there is no *such* certainty. I *know* Christ is a rock, and if I build upon him I shall never be confounded. But the evidence of so building is not found in my feelings and impressions, but in the course of conduct pursued as a consequence. What is my manner of life? I would search myself throughout.

September 28. Just returned from Portland, where I assisted in ordaining Brother John S. Maginnis as pastor of the Baptist Church. Gave him the charge, and preached in the evening.

October 16. Brother Knowles has resigned his pastorate of the Second Baptist Church in Boston, and accepted his appointment as pro-

fessor at Newton. Letters from him and others inform me that I shall probably be invited by that church and society to become his successor. However flattering may be such a proposition, it will place me in truly perplexing and trying circumstances. With the feeble interest here I have become almost wholly identified, and the thought of leaving is very painful. There is but one object on earth that I love as I do this church and its welfare. "*Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?*" If I *can* live here, and survive my many and crushing embarrassments, I *feel* I must. Into thy hands, my Master, I will endeavor to surrender myself, willing to be guided "by thine unerring wisdom." It matters little *what* I am, or *where*, if I am only in the path of duty.

October 19. The dreaded invitation has at length arrived, and the question is before me — *Shall I go or stay?* Duty must be done. What that duty is, I am not yet able to decide. I need wisdom from above — that wisdom which is profitable to direct. O God, be thou my guide, even unto death.

October 24. The case is decided. I have asked and received a dismission from my present charge, and shall soon remove to Boston. A bold and important step. I believe it to be in accordance with the divine will. The way seems plain, and I trust the Lord will enable me to go forward in it, confiding in him. His grace is sufficient for me.

October 28. Concluded my labors with this dear people. Preached my last sermon this afternoon. A solemn occasion. O that it may prove a profitable season!

The extracts thus given cover the entire period of his ministry in Portsmouth. Following his own suggestion, and wishing to escape the criticism to which reference has already been made, the writer has let the subject of this Memoir present the great facts of his history in his own language. No words we could use could convey a better idea of his outer and inner life, while he was performing the work intrusted to his hands during the first five years of his ministry. The question of dissolving the relations which he had sustained to his people was one which deeply touched his sensitive spirit. Besides laying the matter before Him to whom he was wont to repair in all the emergencies of life, he took counsel of his brethren. The following letters from two of his brethren in the ministry, for whom he felt the most sincere regard, may with propriety be introduced here.

BOSTON, September 22, 1832.

DEAR BROTHER STOW: I have designed to write to you, but I have been so much occupied by the distressing crisis in which I have been placed, and I have so confidently expected a visit from you, that I have not written. I have been passing through deep waters, but I have at length arrived at firm footing. Suffice it to say that I have become fully persuaded of my duty to leave my present post. My health is not as good as when I first returned, and I am abundantly convinced that if I am to be saved to my family and to the cause, I must throw off the "load would sink a navy." The necessity of another professor at Newton is imperative. Professor Chase must be absent this winter, or he will die; and to leave the institute with but one professor would imperil the best interests of the seminary.

I have accordingly been appointed professor. I have presented my resignation to the church and society. The former have accepted it, and the latter probably will to-morrow. After the 1st of October, therefore, I shall no longer be pastor of the Second Baptist Church. The result has given me great pain, and my people feel deeply grieved. Some are unreconciled, and a few, perhaps, will leave the church and society. But there is a general conviction that God has decided the question, and that our plain duty is to acquiesce. There will, I trust, be harmony still, and God will, I hope, guide them to the speedy choice of another pastor.

On whom they will fix their choice I cannot tell. There will, undoubtedly, be preferences for different individuals; but I think that you will be more likely to receive their choice than any other person. God's providence has brought you to the notice of my people, and has attracted towards you their affections in a remarkable degree. He has, too, reserved you at Portsmouth in a way which has always seemed to me indicative of some important design. You will probably be requested, at any rate, to come and preach as a candidate; and if so requested, *you must come*, and if invited to become their pastor, *you must consent*. You cannot in such a case mistake the will of God. Whether you will be able to sustain the duties here is a serious question; but with your experience and your stock of sermons, you may, I think, with prudence labor here a few years at least.

The Lord bless and guide you, my dear brother. Our time is short. Let us do with our might what our hand findeth to do.

Your affectionate fellow-servant,

J. D. KNOWLES.

Mr. Stow seriously objected, under the circumstances, to preach as a candidate, and actually declined to do so. Appealing to his friend Dr. Sharp as to the propriety of the

course he pursued, he received the following reply to his letter: —

BOSTON, October 9, 1832.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I was unexpectedly called out of town yesterday, or I should have answered your letter. I have not seen Mr. Beals, but I had a confidential conversation with Mr. Knowles on Saturday. I learned from him that the brethren approved of the course you had pursued, and the motives which they supposed influenced you in refusing to supply them as a candidate. My impression is, that the brethren are satisfied; but they thought then, and probably think now, that, were it expedient on your part, it would be desirable that the congregation should be better acquainted with you before they proceeded to nominate you as their future pastor. This, no doubt, would secure universal harmony of action. I understand, however, that you will be invited to preach, with the expressed hope that you will become their pastor. This will be an event deeply interesting, both to yourself and to your people. I can only say that, in view of all the circumstances in the case, I trust you will be enabled, in the fear of God, to do what will be best for your own happiness and for the cause which you profess to love.

Were your affairs prosperous at Portsmouth, I would remain. But it has appeared to me that a man of inferior, but of different talents from yourself, might, perhaps, succeed you to advantage. I consider your relation to the churches in New Hampshire more important than your relation to the church in Portsmouth. How that deficiency would be supplied I am at a loss to know. I fear that many interests that are dear to you would suffer. Still, a man cannot for any length of time be useful abroad, if he is harassed and perplexed at home.

Should it, in view of all the circumstances of the case, appear to be your duty to accept the invitation which will be given you to settle as pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Boston, I can only say that I shall rejoice in the event, and cordially welcome you as a fellow-laborer in our Master's vineyard. With the brethren in the vicinity you are acquainted. Your knowledge of them will be a sufficient pledge of the kind intercourse you will enjoy by being in their neighborhood. May the Lord direct you in this and in all your other concerns.

With kind regards to Mrs. Stow, in which my wife unites,

I am, dear brother, affectionately yours,

DANIEL SHARP.

A few days after this date, Professor Knowles wrote a second letter to his friend.

NEWTON, October 14, 1832.

DEAR BROTHER: You perceive by the date that the agony is over, and that I have torn myself away from my church and congregation.

The struggle has been severe. Had I known what it would have cost me, and been aware how much some of my people would suffer by my removal, I could not, I think, have determined to go. But the step has been taken, and, whether for good or evil, it is now irrevocable. My conviction remains unshaken that it was required by a prudent regard for my own health and my future usefulness. I feel, too, that there is here a post of great responsibility, where I may serve Zion more extensively than in any pastorship; and the existence almost of the institution required another officer here at this juncture. Yet I feel that the pastor is the most important man on earth, and I have made many great sacrifices by coming hither. The Lord grant me grace and wisdom, that I may perform my duties faithfully and usefully. Pray for me, dear brother.

I should have written to you on the subject of your last letter, but the bustle and excitement of my removal have prevented me. I see the force of your objection to supplying the pulpit under existing circumstances. I approve of your decision, and believe that it has raised your character in the estimation of the church. Yet it was well to give you the invitation, because some would not have been willing to act in your favor if the attempt had not been made to give them an opportunity to hear you further. It need not, and ought not, to mortify you that the people are not ready to invite you to become their pastor without knowing you better. There are, I presume, hundreds in our congregation who would not know you if you should enter the pulpit. They hear so many preachers that they take no notice of any particular individual unless they hear him very often.

The church, however, I understand, have voted to invite you to become their pastor, provided that the society concur. Many of the church have been unwilling to invite you without hearing you more, and some are opposed to calling a pastor from his people. But our church are accustomed to act together, and those who felt objections have acquiesced in the will of the majority. Whether the society will concur is not certain. They are less acquainted with you than the church are. I hear of no objections, except the want of knowledge of your qualifications. I have no fears that you will fail to satisfy them all, when you have had sufficient opportunities. You ought to consider a call from such a church and congregation as a strong intimation of God's will. You will find them, if you come, a kind people. Trials you must expect, and labors beyond measure. If you consulted your own ease, and the prolongation of your life, you would not come. No one who has been a pastor in Boston would choose the station again, honorable, and in many respects pleasant, as it is. But we are not our own, and have no right to choose our place of labor or of rest. "Lord,

what wilt *thou* have me to do?" is the only question for us. You will come under many advantages, and I pray that you may be sustained for many years, and made a blessing to thousands.

We are not yet settled here, and cannot form a judgment respecting our prospects of personal comfort; but "the Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice."

Professor Chase will perhaps go to Italy and Greece to spend the winter. Our love to Mrs. Stow.

Your affectionate brother,

JAMES D. KNOWLES.

B. STOW.

The following communication, prepared by Rev. W. Lamson, D. D., of Brookline, Mass., who for several years was the pastor of the church in Portsmouth, properly finds a place at this stage of the Memoir: —

DR. STOW'S MINISTRY IN PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

MY DEAR BROTHER STOCKBRIDGE: In response to your request for a paper on Dr. Stow's ministry in Portsmouth, I must express my regret that I can do little more than record general impressions. It was my privilege to hear only one sermon from him during his ministry there, but that made a profound impression on me. The text I have forgotten, and the theme; and I only remember that the crucifixion was so vividly painted, that I — a lad then — felt as though I had actually seen it.

Many years after that, in 1848, I accepted a call to the pastorate of the same church in Portsmouth to which he had ministered. Sixteen years had passed since he had finished his labors there, and during those years the church had had a succession of good and able pastors; but, as I became acquainted with the people, I found it was *his* ministry that was most vividly and affectionately remembered, and that not by his own people alone, but by the whole community, he was held in the highest esteem. It was in 1827 that Baron Stow received and accepted the invitation to settle in Portsmouth. There was little there to attract an aspiring man in the condition or prospects of the church. It had been but recently constituted; its members were few, and its resources were limited. What there was to draw a young man of brilliant talents and of good education in the little handful of Baptists who then constituted the church, we may not be able to see. But Portsmouth was in his native state, and was the seaport of the state. Its population was but a little rising eight thousand; yet it was, as it ever since has been, distinguished for the general refinement and culture of its citizens. The

learned professions at that time embraced some who were just rising into distinction, and who afterwards became eminent. In the law were such men as Jeremiah Mason, Ichabod Bartlett, Levi Woodbury, Estwicke Evans, and W. H. T. Hackett. In the ministry were Charles Burroughs, Israel W. Putnam, and Nathan Parker, and others. Perhaps there was no town in New England, of its size, where the standard of general culture was higher, or in which there were more men of eminent intellectual power. And then the town was finely located at the mouth of a noble river, and abounded in historic associations. These attractions, added to the hope of seeing the little obscure band of Baptists grow in strength and prominence, decided the young and eloquent preacher to accept the call. At that time the church numbered but thirty, and only eight male members. The old "Pitts Street Chapel," as it was called, was the place of worship. Through the courtesy of the proprietors of the "South Meeting-house," Baron Stow was ordained to the Christian ministry in that more spacious edifice, and installed as pastor of the Baptist Church. The little church gave him their affection, their sympathy, and their coöperation, and he thrilled and delighted them every Sabbath by his earnest and eloquent sermons. There were no men of large resources among them, but there were some of large hearts and strong faith. Led and stimulated by their pastor, this little band conceived and executed the bold project of building one of the most beautiful churches in the state, in perhaps the most eligible lot in the town. The house was erected in 1828. And now the young preacher had a fit place in which to deliver his messages. At his Sabbath evening services the house was thronged, and among his hearers were many of the most cultivated and intellectual from all the congregations. His popularity as a man and a preacher steadily increased. He became an active member of a forensic club, and made his mark there. He was made welcome in many homes beyond the limits of his own parish. Without compromising one iota of his denominational views, he was the cheerful companion and the agreeable guest of those who, theologically, differed widely from him. Attracted to hear him by his fervor and eloquence, they were certain to listen to the most evangelical doctrines and the most pungent appeals.

But his ministry was not merely popular — it was, in the best sense, effective. The church grew in spiritual strength, in Christian zeal, and in numbers to the very close of his labors among them. It was a bright and happy period in the history of the church, when, with their almost idolized preacher, they entered their new place of worship. The struggle was over. They had a home. The question was settled. They were to live. They seemed just about to receive the reward of their anxieties, and toils, and sacrifices. But after a short season of this enjoyment

and hope, the blow came which almost crushed them. The Baldwin Place pulpit, Boston, was vacant. The church was nearly a century old, and had been ministered to by Baldwin and Knowles as its latest pastors. It was *the* Baptist church in the state. In looking over the whole denomination, their eye could rest on no one but the popular preacher of Portsmouth. It was hard for the little church, then staggering under a heavy debt, exhausted by the mighty effort they had made, and resting all their hopes, under God, in their pastor, to be deprived of him. It was felt to be so. Baldwin Place acknowledged it. But, then, Boston was the centre. It was the place for the best gifts. Mr. Stow's influence would be increased many fold. The call was unanimous and imperative. It was accepted, and the little flock in Portsmouth, bereft of their shepherd, mourned as one that mourneth for an only son.

It has been said that Baldwin Place is where Baron Stow did his great work, and exhibited his great power. And it was there that the largest crowds of "admiring, tearful, penitent, converted hearers hung upon his lips." He was in the prime of his manhood. He knew his strength. Preaching was no longer an experiment. He was at home in the pulpit. Measured by popularity, by the number who attended his ministry, or by immediate results, Baldwin Place was the theatre of his noblest exploits. But it may be doubted if he was ever more beloved, or ever happier, than during the brief period that he ministered to his little Portsmouth flock.

In just five years his ministry there closed. Ordained October 24, 1827, he took leave of them October 24, 1832. The fruits of his ministry remain to this day. No subsequent pastor has been able to *fill* the place which he filled in the hearts of the older members of that church. The house built for him still stands, reconstructed and made more beautiful, and is filled each Sabbath with an earnest and vigorous congregation. Scattered among this congregation are a few, a little remnant, of those who, forty years ago, saw the "electric flash of his eye," and listened to the tones of his magic voice. But by far the greater number preceded him to the spirit world, and these will soon follow.

WILLIAM LAMSON.

BROOKLINE, October, 1870.

CHAPTER VII.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE BALDWIN PLACE CHURCH. — PERSONAL REMINISCENCES. — INSTALLATION. — SUCCESS IN HIS WORK. — JOURNAL.

1832–1834.

A BRIEF glance at the history of the Baldwin Place Church, to which Mr. Stow had been called, and to which he gave the best energies of his ministerial life, will not be deemed out of place. The occasion of its formation was the dissatisfaction of quite a number of the members of the First Baptist Church with the preaching of the pastor, Rev. Jeremiah Condy, whom they regarded as not "sound in the faith." The church was organized July 27, 1743, and was known as the Second Baptist Church of Boston. Its first pastors were Rev. Ephraim Bownd, Rev. John Davis, Rev. Isaac Skillman, D. D., and Rev. Thomas Gair. The death of Mr. Gair, a young man of great promise, was a sad blow to the church. A few months after his decease, the church invited Rev. Thomas Baldwin, D. D., to become his successor. During his pastorate of thirty-five years, eight hundred and twenty-six persons united with the church. The ministry of Dr. Baldwin was an eminently successful one, and the influence of his preaching, and his holy example, still remain in the venerable church over which, for so many years, he presided. He was succeeded in the pastoral office by Rev. James D. Knowles, who retired, at the end of seven years, to enter upon the duties of professor in the Newton Theological Institution, where he remained until removed by death, May 9, 1838.

The church, being once more destitute of a minister, began to think about a successor to Professor Knowles. The success which had followed Mr. Stow in Portsmonth, and his marked ability as a preacher, were well known to them. While they believed that a wider, and perhaps more fruitful field would be opened to him in Boston than he was now occupying, yet many of the church conscientiously held the opinion that it is wrong to call a pastor from another church, where his relations are all pleasant, and they were opposed to taking any action which might sever the tie which bound the Portsmouth pastor to his church and society. There was, however, one man among the members of the Baldwin Place Church, of great force of character and strength of will, who was attached to his church, and who was inclined to adopt the more modern theory that a good minister, wherever found, is a lawful prize. This was Deacon Ezra Chamberlain. In company with one or two brethren, he visited Portsmouth, and had a frank, fraternal conversation with Mr. Stow, and discovered what the state of his feelings was, as it has been revealed in the extracts which we have already laid before the reader. The church of which he was the pastor, with all the spiritual prosperity which had attended it, was crippled in its resources, and it seemed exceedingly difficult to get out of the straits in which they found themselves. Calling together a few of the prominent men of the church, Deacon Chamberlain asked them in a plain, business-like way, what it would cost to remove their debt, and put their meeting-house in repair. He then, in an equally frank way, stated the great importance of securing at once a pastor for the Baldwin Place Church; that he had no doubt Mr. Stow would receive a unanimous vote, if he would consent to be a candidate; that he would be more comfortably provided for than he could be in Portsmouth; and he pleaded with them to release him from his pastoral connection, pledging himself, at the same time, to endeavor to raise a sufficient sum to pay off all their liabilities, and put their place of worship in perfect repair.

Returning to Boston, Deacon Chamberlain called together some of his brethren, and related to them the circumstances connected with his visit to Portsmouth. "Now," said he, "brethren, we must open our purses, and raise what is required to pay the debt of the Portsmouth church, and repair the meeting-house." There was a cheerful response to this demand, and the sum needed — which, as we shall hereafter see, was one thousand dollars, and which, in those days, was no inconsiderable sum — was in due time subscribed, and the church at Portsmouth, not without the severest pang of regret, consented to relinquish their claim on their pastor. The sorrow at parting was mutual, and there never ceased to be the warmest affection, the one for the other.

A letter written by Dr. Stow, and read at a large gathering of the members, past and present, of the Baldwin Place Church, Feb. 13, 1865, is full of pleasant reminiscences of the early days of his ministry in Boston. The church were about to abandon the old sanctuary, around which clustered so many holy associations, and the letter, of which we quote a part, was prepared by him as his contribution to the memorial services.

Coming direct from my New Hampshire home, one hundred miles away, I first entered Boston June 19, 1822, and stopped with Dr. Baldwin, then residing in the large wooden house at the north-west corner of Portland and Hanover Streets. To see that godly veteran had long been my desire. When he resided in Canaan, N. H., he had often preached in my native town; and I had heard the older people speak warmly of his sermons in private dwellings, in barns, and in orchards, and of his baptizing the converted in streams, which had to me, on that account, a special sacredness. I had read everything from his pen that came in my way, and especially the quarterly numbers of the Massachusetts Baptist Missionary Magazine, of which, for many years, he was sole editor. One of his printed sermons, read by my father to his family on a Sabbath evening, made a deep impression upon my mind, and was never forgotten.

The man of God, upon whose hospitality I had no claim, gave me a cordial welcome, and assigned me what he pleasantly called "the prophet's chamber." To him, and the late Ensign Lincoln, both of precious memory, I was indebted for means to defray the expense of

my passage in the schooner Reaper, Captain Percival, to Baltimore, on my way to enter Columbian College, at Washington. Brother Lewis E. Caswell, then keeping a shoe store in Union Street, interested himself for me, and, besides other favors, gave me a book, — Jones on the Trinity, — which I still have, and cherish as a memento of appreciated kindness. The Rev. Joseph Elliot, whom I had known in the country, was then pastor of the Dudley Street Church, in Roxbury, and I walked out to see him, and acknowledge some tokens of his generosity. The long road, now Washington Street, was then called, in different sections, by different names — as Cornhill, Marlborough Street, Newbury Street, Orange Street, &c. The bookstores of Samuel T. Armstrong, Lincoln & Edmands, Manning & Loring, were to me objects of interest, for I had read many a book with their imprint. I looked long at the Old South Church, for I knew its history in connection with the American revolution. As I passed onward, I was interested in the signs on shops and stores, and noted especially the frequency of one, "Licensed to keep and sell gunpowder." Beyond Boylston Market the buildings were mostly of wood, and scattered. Much of the space was devoted to vegetable and flower gardens, with shrubbery and fruit-trees. In what is now ward eleven, a city in itself, there was but one street, and the dwellings were very few. The South Cove, on the one side, and Back Bay on the other, were visible for a long distance. There was the isthmus, and I thought of Charles Wesley's hymn, —

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land;"

but, as I could see across the waters on either side, I could not exactly add, —

"'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand."

As it was then high tide, I noticed at one point that the water on each side came nearly up to the rude fence. In the pastures were masses of conglomerate rock, or pudding-stone, and clumps of barberry bushes, and other shrubs. Little did I then dream that "the Neck" would, in two scores of years, receive such a dilatation, and have lavished upon it such an outlay for the homes of a swarming population. Roxbury was then too far off for "annexation;" now she is too near for her long to avoid that result. As I looked over the expanse of Back Bay, and marked the long line of beach, there was no prophecy indicating that the Second Baptist Church, nestled at the foot of Copp's Hill, would ever be transferred to a point then far out from the shore, and deeply buried in tide-water.

I had heard of Dr. Baldwin's theory that "the way to learn to preach is to preach," but did not suppose he would call for a specimen of my proficiency. That thing, however, he did in his own peculiar way. On

Friday morning he inquired if I had ever preached. My answer was, "I have *tried* a few times." "Well," said he, "did you not succeed? This evening will be our weekly lecture, and I wish you to give them a plain New Hampshire talk, such as I used to give the folks up among your native hills. We are a plain people, and you need not be afraid." I had then more confidence in my ability to preach than I now have, and required not much urging in that direction. As the vestry on the south side of the narrow court, since widened into Baldwin Place, was small and inconvenient, the service was held in the house which you are now vacating, and I stood at the communion table. My text was Matt. xvi. 26: "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul"? Like some other beginners, I was not dismayed at the greatness of my subject. I was favored with "liberty," and had good attention; but it did not once occur to me how presumptuous I was in venturing to stand in the place of the great Baptist apostle of New England. Those who remember him will understand me when I say that in two days I had seen enough of his meek gentleness and paternal cordiality to make me unembarrassed by his presence. At the close of the service he put his hand upon my head, and blandly said, "My young brother, you have a good voice. Go to Washington, and let Dr. Staughton tutor it a while, and I guess you will make a preacher."

My college room-mate, James D. Knowles, and myself were guests at Dr. Baldwin's in August, 1825. On the Sabbath, August 21, Mr. Knowles preached in the morning, and Dr. Baldwin in the afternoon — his last sermon in Boston. That evening Dr. Baldwin bade us good night, and retired early, saying he must meet Deacon Bacheller and wife, of Lynn, at the steamboat wharf by half past three the next morning. We heard the carriage at the door before daylight, and soon it bore away the good man and his wife, to return the following week under greatly changed conditions. The next Friday evening I preached the lecture in the Second Church, and was introduced to several members, who, seven years afterwards, welcomed me as pastor. I was stopping with Deacon Heman Lincoln, then residing in Lynde Street, when, at the hour of breakfast, news came of the sudden decease, on the 29th, of Dr. Baldwin, at Waterville, Me. As the steamer bearing his remains came up the bay, the bells of the city were tolled, and the crowd on the wharf was immense. The impression of that scene is deep and ineffaceable in my memory. Boston has since paid funeral honors to many a great man departed, but over no one have so many tears of affectionate grief been shed. Goodness commands a deeper heart-homage than greatness.

During the ministry of Mr. Knowles as your pastor I was often in Boston, and preached for him many a sermon. From our earliest

acquaintance we had been intimate. Few knew him as well as myself. Hundreds admired him for his superior talent, his pure taste, his literary culture, and his refinement of manners, but only those whom he admitted to his confidence understood the warmth of his heart. With the appearance of cold reserve and self-satisfaction he was really one of the most simple-hearted and child-like of men. Luther Rice once said of him in my hearing, "I could never get beneath his jacket." That was probably the feeling of many, but it was not true of all. He was far from demonstrative with his affections; but he was kind in spirit, and remarkably lenient in his judgment of others. I have never known the man whom I loved more, or who proved himself, on long acquaintance, worthy of greater respect.

In February, 1832, I assisted him a whole week in a protracted meeting. The streets were almost impassable from the depth of the snow, but the attendance was good. The meetings were held principally in the vestry, and, as the pastor was not in good health, were chiefly under my direction. Prayer was heard, and good was done, but the apparent results were not large.

Early in the following autumn, soon after the resignation of Mr. Knowles, I was invited by a committee to preach a few weeks in Baldwin Place, apparently as a supply, but, as I well understood, with reference to something further. I was then pastor of the Middle Street Church, in Portsmouth, N. H., and my sense of justice to that dear people forbade my compliance with *such* a request, and I simply declined it. A few weeks afterwards an invitation came from both the church and society to become their pastor. That I could honorably accept, and my affirmative answer was promptly given. My first sermon was the weekly lecture in the vestry, November 2, 1832, from Psalms lxxxv. 6: "Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee?" The sermon was intended as a key-note of my ministry in that place, as it had been in my previous pastorate, and many of you are aware how conformable to it were my labors. My first residence was at 39 Charter Street, in a house owned and long occupied by Deacon Joseph Woodcock. My first funeral was of a child of Lewis Smith, in Prince Street. The first couple I married were Samuel Parks and Eliza S. Fuller, in Portland Street.

At the time of my settlement, the northern part of the city contained very few foreigners. The nearest Roman Catholic place of worship was in Franklin Street. The population was dense; and, though not of the wealthier classes, they were of the kind most easily reached by evangelical influences. The congregation was remarkably homogeneous. There were no aristocratic families. None were above attending a vestry meeting. It was refreshing to see how general and how

cordial was the feeling of social equality. To the prevalence of that feeling I attribute, under God, much of my success in that field. I had no temptation to cater to the taste of any particular class; all were about on a level, and every sermon, like the scythe of a mower, might shave to the ground.

Very few of my hearers resided south of a line running from Long Wharf through State, Court, and Cambridge Streets, to Cambridge Bridge. When the house was fullest, from 1834 to 1845, the great body of my people resided north of Elm and Portland Streets. I probably had then more Americans every Sabbath than can now be found in the first ward.

We shall have occasion hereafter to quote other portions of this letter. Resuming our sketch from the time when he commenced his labors in Boston, we find the same distrust of himself, and the same looking up to God for help, that we have noticed in other crisis periods of his life. "The charge I now assume is immense. I am inadequate to its duties. I would take hold of God's arm." The services of installation occurred on November 15, 1832. Rev. Professor Knowles, as was most fitting, preached the sermon. Rev. Dr. Sharp offered the installing prayer, and Rev. Dr. Hague gave the right hand of fellowship.

Passing over the record of the next few weeks, we turn to his journal, commencing with the following date:—

1833.

January 1, 1833. Another year forever gone. How eventful it has been to me! How full of anxious care, hopes, and disappointments! My mercies have been numerous, and so have my sins. Have labored much, and apparently effected little. To-day I would bow down in gratitude and penitence before my Maker, Benefactor, and Preserver. O that my heart may love him and adore!

March 30. Cheering intelligence. The Rev. Luther Crawford has accepted the invitation of the Portsmouth church to become their pastor. I feel grateful to God for providing them so good and able a man. May he prove a blessing to that dear people. A heavy burden of care and responsibility is now removed from me. I can give myself more fully to my duties in Boston. Yet God forbid I should cease to pray for dear Portsmouth.

April 19. Returned from Portsmouth. Preached there last evening, at the installation of Rev. L. Crawford, as pastor of the Middle Street Baptist Church. Enjoyed a refreshing scene among old friends. Lord, bless both people and pastor.

May 11. Called upon Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, arrived recently from Calcutta. Mr. Sutton is a missionary of the English Baptists; has long been laboring in Hindoostan. Mrs. Sutton went from this city as the wife of Brother Colman, who died at Cox Bazaar, Arracan. They came home in the Fenelon, together with Brother and Sister Wade, and a Burman and a Karen, both converts.

August 4. Baptized four this morning in our new baptistery. The season was truly a pleasant one, the congregation large and attentive.

October 8. We have now *eleven* candidates for baptism. Should my health permit, I shall baptize them next Lord's day. Five are recent converts; two are members of a Congregational church; the others have had hope in Jesus for some time, but the Lord has now brought them out not only to *see*, but to *feel*, the claims of duty. We trust we are beginning to see good days. The church are more awake than I have seen them since my removal to the city. Lord, arouse them still more. O, shed forth the vivifying influences of the Holy Spirit, and excite all our powers to more vigorous action. Let us see thy glory in the sanctuary, and rejoice in thy salvation. Thanks, everlasting thanks for what I now enjoy. Bring me forth as gold from the furnace, seven times purified, and more fit for the Master's use.

October 6. Though feeble, performed some service in the sanctuary. Baptized two in the morning, in the afternoon gave them the right hand of fellowship. In the forenoon my dear Brother John N. Brown preached, "on the nature and importance of positive divine institutions." It was an excellent discourse. In the afternoon my equally dear Brother Rufus Babcock, Jr. preached upon the "adaptedness of the divine goodness to lead sinners to repentance." It was truly refreshing to hear him. This has been a good day. Many of the saints have richly enjoyed it, and I trust the services may be rendered useful to the whole congregation.

October 9. Returned from Salem, where, last evening, I assisted in setting apart Mr. John B. Cook and wife as missionaries to Siam. Professor Ripley addressed the people. Dr. Bolles gave them instructions, and I gave them the right hand of fellowship.

Lord's day, December 15, 1833. Preached this morning from Psalms xlvi. 10, "Be still and know that I am God," with reference to the death of two young men, S. W. L. and W. C. Had some clear and soul-humbling views of the divine sovereignty — contemplated God as above all, managing with perfect ease and rectitude the whole machinery, material and spiritual, of his universe. How great is God! How perfect!

December 31. This year is closing. Let me review, before God, its scenes — its cares, sins, blessings, and joys. Much have I to be thankful for, much to repent of. I have preached one hundred and fifty-five sermons, married forty couples, attended thirty-nine funerals, and baptized forty-three.

To God I commend my labors, my family, my people, my whole self. I am a sinner, with no hope of heaven except through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The year just ended had been a memorable one in the life of Mr. Stow. He had begun to learn how pressing and without cessation are the cares which devolve on the pastor of a large city church. With his usual zeal, and earnest longings for the spiritual welfare of those intrusted to his care, he had thrown himself into his work. Dissatisfied unless he saw positive and visible fruits of his ministry, he taxed mind and heart in the preparation and delivery of his sermons. Those who remember the early days of his ministry in Baldwin Place recall with great vividness his personal appearance in the pulpit; how his eye would light up with a sacred fire, his countenance beam with unwonted emotion, and his whole form become dilated into an appearance of dignity and solemnity which both captivated and awed his hearers. Very rarely does the eloquence of the pulpit send forth a purer lustre than it shed from that holy spot where he stood who was "a burning and a shining light." And if his ministerial greatness showed itself in the sacred desk, not less did it appear in his pastoral work. It can be said of him, as Professor Park has said of William Bradford Homer, "He visited the sick chamber with literal sickness of heart, and, when called to attend a funeral, he felt as one personally bereaved." "He was desirous of seeing an immediate influence from every sermon, and was grieved if he did not see it. The truths which he uttered from the pulpit so absorbed his attention, that they often awaked him by night." All through the year, to the record of which we have briefly adverted, his journal indicates the intensity of his desires for the religious welfare of his people. Every hopeful sign of the coming of a revived state of religion was watched with most lively

interest. His whole being seemed to be pervaded with unutterable joy and gratitude, if he saw anything like the tokens of the presence of the Holy Spirit. How often, in reading these outgushings of his heart's longings, we have been reminded of the words of the Psalmist, "I wait for the Lord; my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning; I say, more than they that watch for the morning." A minister of less sensitive temperament would have dismissed these anxieties with the feeling that he had no right to indulge in them, if he had a reasonable conviction that he had done his duty. But Mr. Stow was ever placing the standard of duty higher and higher. Any approximation to what might once have been his ideal seemed to raise that ideal to a loftier plane, and in proportion as he struggled to reach it, it was ever eluding his grasp. No wonder that the laboring spirit made such great drafts on the depressed and often physically prostrated body. No wonder that the nerves, stretched to such a tension for days and weeks, felt the strain, and that, in the reaction, there came a gloom sometimes as great as the exultation he had felt in the service of his Master. Again we lift the veil, and once more look on the record of his daily life, both inner and outer.

1834.

January 1, 1834. "The goodness of God endureth continually," whereof the preservation of my life, and the numerous blessings that encompass my path, are witnesses. Now entering upon a new year, I would devote myself afresh to God — would take the Lord anew as my portion, all my hope. May my growth in grace be more and more rapid.

January 6. A day of general fasting and prayer among the churches. May the prayers to-day be fervent, believing, and effectual, so God may be glorified and his churches benefited. For fourteen evenings in succession the church under my charge have met to confess, exhort, and praise, and pray. The effect has evidently been good. Backsliders have been reclaimed; some sinners seem touched with a sense of their guilt. I trust they are not mere appearances, yet I hardly dare confide in them, so deceitful is the heart, and so easy is it to produce excitement, when there is *no depth of principle.*

January 24. This morning had some enlargement in prayer — some sweet sense of the divine presence. A portion only of the church seem awake and earnest in prayer; but God has heard them, and given some tokens of good. "My heart breaketh for the longing it hath" unto the salvation of God. Lord, enable me to confide wholly in Thee — vain is man.

February 17th. O Lord, my Lord, one thing I desire of thee — that thou wilt convert sinners, *and give me souls for my hire.* Even if I am not permitted to see the fruit of my labors, let *this be* the fruitage, that "I may rejoice in the day of Christ Jesus." Thou seest the multitudes that come to hear: shall they *hear in vain?* Into thy care I commit my dear people, my labors for their good, and myself. Wilt thou sanctify me, and qualify me more fully for my work? Wilt thou not give effect to my labors here? Is anything too hard for thee?

March 31. "Truly God is good to Israel." My people continue to be blessed with the life-giving influences of the Spirit. Since the meeting of the Boston Baptist Association, in September last, I have baptized forty, some of them the fruits of the venerable Baldwin's labors, others of the labors of my immediate predecessor, and not a few recent converts. Yesterday I baptized eight; others give evidence of a change of heart and life. Surely we have occasion to bless God, and magnify his name. Two young men have been very active in procuring an organ for the church at an expense of two thousand dollars, which was used yesterday for the first time.

May 9. Just returned from New York, where I have been for the last two weeks, attending the anniversaries of various religious societies. Preached three times, made two public addresses, saw much and heard much, enjoyed seeing many friends. Delighted again to recommence my labors. Regular pastoral duty I prefer to all things else.

Lord's Day, June 29. This morning Brother Knowles preached for me, — an excellent discourse, — and I baptized three interesting candidates. Evening services were held; eleven new missionaries were set apart to their work in Burmah and Siam, at the Baldwin Place Church. The throng was immense.

July 2. This morning the missionaries sailed for Burmah. They were Messrs. Wade, Dean, Howard, Vinton, Osgood, and Comstock, with their wives. The crowd on the wharf was large, and the services truly solemn. At half past nine "the gallant ship was sheeted home," and she moved down the harbor with a mild but favoring breeze, while the brethren and sisters on board sang, "Yes, my native land, I love thee," &c. God speed them on their way. "Thy kingdom come."

August 8. Left home on the 7th ult., with my dear E. Journeyed by a circuitous route to Windsor, Vt., Newport, N. H., &c., &c. Re-

turned last evening after a delightful visit to our numerous connections. Preached ten times; delivered one temperance address. Walked and rode very much. Enjoyed good health, and revived in memory a thousand scenes of our childhood; lived over again the joyous days of youth.

October 29. This evening had but half a congregation, owing to heavy rain. Preached from 2 Cor. v. 19 — "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." Had labored hard Saturday to *get hold* of the glory of the declaration, but accomplished little. While preaching, the subject opened upon my mind with fresh splendor, but, cramped by my plan, I was utterly unable to present my views to the people. So deeply was my mind impressed with this grand theme, I wanted to preach it over again. Is God in Christ? Then let me be *in Christ* also. There the two extremes can meet. *There* the hostile parties can be reconciled, *and there only*. God was of old in the tabernacle, and in the holy place of his temple, ready to hold intercourse with men — those were *shadows* of this great truth, *God in Christ*. Am I in Christ? Then am I a new creature. Then am I not condemned. (Rom. viii. 1.) Then have I peace with God. (Rom. v. 1.) Glorious, glorious plan! Thus God retains his dignity, and shows his abhorrence of our rebellion and depravity. Thus he condescends without impairing his integrity, or conniving at our guilt, or jeopardizing the interests of holiness. I wonder not the proud, the pharisaical, the vicious, hate the doctrine of Christ in God. I wonder not that the humble, the broken-hearted, the holy admire and love it.

We might have made more copious extracts from the journal of Mr. Stow during this year; but those given present us with good illustrations of the general tone of his feelings, and the character of the work in which he was engaged. With great conscientiousness and untiring industry he devoted himself to his ministerial and pastoral work, and God set the seal of his approbation upon these labors. His congregations were uniformly large and attentive, and already his church had increased so much in numbers, that the question of colonizing began to be agitated. The opening of a new year finds him at his post, and he begins it with imploring anew the divine blessing upon his work.

CHAPTER VIII.

ELECTED SECRETARY OF THE TRIENNIAL CONVENTION. — DECLINES. — JOURNAL. — CORRESPONDENCE. — LETTER TO THE BALDWIN PLACE CHURCH. — JOURNAL.

1835–1836.

THE beginning of a new year found Mr. Stow cherishing the hope that the special favor of Heaven would be vouchsafed to him in the discharge of his duties. His service of a little more than a year had made him acquainted with his people, and his ready sympathy had brought him in close contact with their hearts. We know how strong were the ties of affection which bound the pastor and his church in the bonds of a union which only grew closer and dearer with the lapse of time. From the commencement of his ministry, the church felt that God had highly favored them in granting them so choice a ministerial gift. As his reputation extended and his influence widened, they felt a new pride in him, and were not backward in showing their appreciation of him. We shall observe, from the extracts which we continue to give from his journal, that he was growing in the estimation of the churches and the community. The interest which he took in the cause of foreign missions led the board of managers of the Triennial Convention to turn their attention to him as a suitable person to fill the responsible position of secretary; and we shall find that, at the meeting held this year in Richmond, Va., he was elected to this office. He declined it, however, not because his heart was not in the work, but because his attachment to his people was so strong that he would not leave them for any other position to which

his brethren might invite him, unless the call of God was too clear to be resisted. No man ever placed a higher estimate on the pastorate, or gave stronger evidence of his sincere love for ministerial work, than Baron Stow.

1835.

January 1, 1835. In the grace of God I am preserved to see the opening of a new year. Should my life be prolonged another year, may it be more completely devoted to God, and filled up with useful service.

May 10. Returned, after an absence of four weeks, to Richmond, Va., where I attended the session of the Baptist General Convention. Services were delightfully refreshing.

May 16. The Convention saw fit to elect me as one of their corresponding secretaries. My duty seems clear not to accept. I cannot leave the dear people over whom the Lord has manifestly placed me, and in whose eyes he has given me undeserved favor. I wish no higher honor than to be pastor of the Second Baptist Church.

August 21. This afternoon a large meeting has been held at Faneuil Hall, to denounce, and *if possible put down*, the friends of the crushed slave. There seems to be a fixed determination that they shall be deprived of the freedom of speech and of the press. All the churches, and almost every hall are closed against the discussion of the subject of slavery. The cause of the oppressed is shut out, and with it *the God* of the oppressed. The number of names to the call of the above meeting is over fifteen hundred. Who will like to read his name there one hundred years hence?

September 22. This day twenty missionaries, accompanied by Mr. Malcom, as agent of the board, sailed for the East. The scene was delightful. O God, preserve thou them, and render them all extensively useful.

Painful news from Lowell. Brother Enoch W. Freeman, pastor of the First Baptist Church in that town, died this morning, of cholera morbus.

For a week past I have felt unusual solicitude for the conversion of sinners. All seem thoughtless; but God has given me desires such as I have seldom had. O that *the church* were more deeply impressed with a conviction of their responsibility upon this subject!

September 24. Attended the funeral of Brother Freeman. Preached from Num. xxiii. 10. It was as solemnly impressive a scene as I ever witnessed. Thousands in tears. He was tenderly beloved by his people, and his labors have been greatly useful. May we all be profited by this admonitory dispensation.

October 19. Preached three times yesterday. Endeavored, in two

sermons, to persuade my dear people to be in earnest in the pursuit of heaven. Evening, preached the annual sermon before the Fatherless and Widows' Society. Full house, but meagre collection.

October 22. The Female Anti-Slavery Society met to-day, and were dispersed by a mob! Mr. Garrison was seized, and, but for the interference of the mayor, would have been roughly handled, if not murdered. All this for what? For being the friend of the crushed slave. Put this and the meeting at Faneuil Hall (August 21) together! This mob seems the fruit of that respectable gathering. O God, hast thou not favor in store for two millions and a half of thine oppressed creatures?

November 3. Overwhelmed with a sense of responsibility touching the souls committed to my charge. Many of the church give *no* evidence of piety. Very few are really *living* Christians. What shall I say of the congregation? Hundreds senseless and immovable as the dead. For them I watch as one that must give account of my stewardship. How shall I acquit myself of their blood? How discharge my duty to them? Canst thou not grant *me* thy Holy Spirit, to enable me to declare the whole counsel of God? Beget in the church a spirit of prayer. May they awake, and live for God.

November 21. Nineteen years has my dear father been in heaven, and *I* so much nearer the time when I shall meet him.

December 13. God has come near to me in the death of my dear Brother Alonzo King, pastor of the Baptist Church in Westboro', Mass. We joined the church in Newport, within a few months of each other, in the year 1818; entered the ministry about the same time; have always loved each other, and, though very dissimilar in temperaments, have always agreed in feeling, principle, and action. His leading moral characteristic was humility. He thought little of himself, and of himself always spoke ill, though uniformly well, if at all, of others. He was a very holy man, and to me is "not lost, but gone before."

December 16. Went to Westboro', and preached a sermon with a view to improve the divine dispensation in the removal of dear Brother King. It was his request that no sermon should be preached at his funeral, and that, if his family and people should desire, I should preach a discourse to them for their good *after* his burial. I endeavored to exhibit to the afflicted friends the consolation to be derived from the fact of the Saviour's resurrection as confirming the divinity of our religion, as signifying the divine acceptance of Christ's mediation, as containing a pledge that the entire plan of redemption should be executed, and as rendering certain the resurrection of all believers. To-day has been intensely cold, and while I was preaching the mercury out of doors stood twelve degrees below zero. My ride of thirty-two miles home

was bitterly cold. The day, I trust, has been profitable. As I looked upon the afflicted widow and children, my heart melted in view of God's goodness to me and mine.

The journals of Mr. Stow abound in the most touching references to his mother. Her toils and sacrifices for himself, his brother, and his sister, are often gratefully recorded. But what most impressed him, and left its savor longest on his heart, was the deep piety evinced in the careful training of her children in the way of personal purity and holiness. The first of the following letters was written to his mother after her recovery from a severe illness, which it was feared would terminate her life:—

BOSTON, March 12, 1834.

MY VERY DEAR MOTHER: I feel that we all have occasion to be grateful to God for his goodness in restoring you to health, and permitting you to continue still longer for the benefit of your children. We doubt not but you are prepared for a better world, and that for *yourself* it might be better to depart and be with Christ, but for the sake of those who need your society and counsel it is every way desirable that you should live many years. The Lord is good and wise, and blessed be his holy name forever and ever. Our prayer is that your affliction may be sanctified to your benefit, so that your holiness and comfort may be thereby promoted.

At present we are enjoying a precious revival, and my labors are more numerous and severe than ever. Since October 1, I have baptized thirty-two, and many more are rejoicing in hope. God is mercifully blessing my labors far beyond my highest anticipations.

Many of the churches in this region are now blessed with encouraging revivals, and the prospect is that this will be a year of great increase to our Zion. O that the Lord's people would all awake and live not unto themselves, but for the glory of Him who died to redeem them!

To his brother-in-law, W. L. Beal, whom the following letter was expected to reach in Paris:—

October 28, 1835.

One week has passed since we gave you the parting hand, and while we are quietly housed at No. 11, you are doubtless tossing on the bounding billows. Our morning and evening prayer, as we bend around our domestic altar, is, that Heaven may give you a safe and a speedy passage, preserve you from *all* dangers, and soon return

you to the friends who love you, and whom you love. We cherish a strong confidence that it will be so.

We have nothing new among us. All things move on quietly (since the riot on the day you left, in which Mr. Garrison was endangered, but not injured), and I trust we shall be saved from evils which are disturbing and disgracing other cities. Several of the celebrated "ten hour men" have been apprehended as the "incendiaries" who have occasioned the late fires. Some have confessed, and against others the proof is clear.

I have just returned from Worcester, where yesterday I preached the installation sermon of Rev. Mr. Aldrich. To-morrow I go to perform the same service at Lowell for Mr. Porter. "Then," says E., peremptorily, "you must stay at home." Really, I hope all hands will let me alone, and allow me to labor on quietly in my own vineyard. The Federal Street Church and Society have invited Mr. Ide. Should he accept, he will bear a part of these burdens.

To the same:—

November 28, 1835.

We have "rumors of war" with France, and we sometimes feel apprehensive that President Jackson will, in his forthcoming message, apply the match to the train and create an explosion that will affect, not only *your* business, but the interests, temporal and eternal, of millions. You will do well not to plunge deeply into engagements for the future, until you know how this troublesome matter is to issue. Our treasury is to have a surplus of twenty-seven millions at the close of the year, and our politicians know not what to do with it, except to shoot it away at Louis Philippe and his refractory subjects. O, how pitiful is this war spirit! I loathe it from my inmost soul. So undignified, so unbefitting immortal, accountable beings, so opposed to the mild and benignant spirit of Christianity.

The correspondence thus given shows the warmth of his domestic affections, and indicates that he was becoming more widely known, and that his services as an acceptable preacher were in constant requisition on public occasions. Returning once more to his journal, we give a few extracts which have reference to his ministerial life during the year 1836.

1836.

January 16. Since the great prayer day (first Monday in the month), the Lord has revived his work in many places. A brother just

in has informed me of a gracious outpouring in Beverly. I rejoice, O Lord, that Thou art working anywhere; but may I not still plead for Baldwin Place? Last evening our prayer meeting was full, and more spirited than usual. Had I not so often seen such *appearances* vanish, I should be a little encouraged. I hope still in thy promises, thou God of mercy.

January 23. This evening received from this dear church a fresh token of their kindness — a donation of two hundred dollars in money. On the first ult., I received from two young men of the society, as a New Year's remembrance, fifty dollars. I am oppressed by such kindness, and cannot perceive *why* I am thus distinguished. God has a purpose in it. O that I may never cease to be grateful to God or my friends! I ought to labor with greater zeal and fresher courage.

February 15. Having received an invitation from the Middle Street Church and Society in Portsmouth to return and again become their pastor, have to-day sent them a negative reply. I truly love that dear people, and should be glad to render them any practicable service.

During the last seven days we have held a series of evening prayer meetings with special reference to the low state of religion among us. A few individuals in the church seem partially awakened, but the mass are still apparently unconcerned whether sinners be lost or saved.

April 5. A letter from Sister J. H. P. brings the tidings that my dear brother Peter is no more. He was our youngest, and around him our hearts clustered. Of a peculiarly delicate constitution, he has been an object of much solicitude. Loving and lovable in his character, he endeared himself to us all by a thousand ties. But now thou art in the society of the blessed. I cannot mourn for thee. Thou hast left a world of suffering, and found rest in heaven. I hope to meet thee, and rejoice with thee before the throne. May God support and comfort my dear mother. For more than twenty-two years she has watched over this son with tenderness and fidelity never surpassed.

I know her heart bleeds at the separation. O Thou who didst console the widow of Nain speak peace to *her* soul, and bid her rejoice in thee! What a favor to have had such a brother! to have him leave behind him not only an untarnished reputation, but the hope and prospect of a bright immortality beyond this vale, —

> "Where the loved and parted here below
> Meet ne'er to part again!"

April 14. I have been reflecting on the causes, in myself, of the unfruitfulness of my labors.

Is my preaching defective in doctrine, in illustration, in style, in spirit? Does my life contradict my preaching? Are the susceptibilities of my mind such that it would be unsuitable for me to *see* the effect of

my labors? Do I trust myself more than God? the means used more than the grace, which alone can make them effectual? Is my piety so defective that God cannot honor my efforts?

God forbid that I should murmur. God forbid that I should think too highly of self, or my efforts. I am unworthy. If I must labor on without seeing the good I do, my desire is to glorify God.

May 1. This morning baptized seven. House thronged. Rev. Basil Manly, of Charleston, S. C., occupied my pulpit. A good, sensible discourse.

May 24. Just returned from a most affecting scene — the funeral of Rev. Bela Jacobs, pastor of the East Cambridge church. On Sunday morning, as he drove to the church in his chaise, the ringing of the bell started the horse, and he ran furiously until the wheel struck a building, throwing him out with such violence as to shatter his head most shockingly. He lived but one hour after. His wife survives him. The event has thrown a deep gloom over the whole community. To-day we have paid him our last sad respects. By request of the bereaved family and flock, I preached the discourse from Luke xxiii. 28: "Weep not for me." The solemnity was overwhelming.

July 15. Returned after an absence of forty days. Visited my dear mother at Evans's Mills, N. Y. Found her much better in health than I expected. Went to the grave of my beloved brother Peter. He sleeps in Jesus. Passed a few days at Saratoga Springs, Windsor, and Newport. Health very much invigorated. "I will sing of the mercies of the Lord."

During this absence from home, he wrote to his church the following letter: —

EVANS'S MILLS, N. Y., June 15, 1836.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS: After a fatiguing journey of five hundred and fifty miles, we arrived safely at this place, and were cordially welcomed by friends whom we tenderly love, and from whom we have long been separated. The meeting was of that joyous kind which reminded me of the final meeting of pious kindred at the right hand of God in the kingdom of heaven. The pleasure, however, was embittered by one consideration. One member of the beloved circle was absent, and the breach was a wide one. From the window where I now sit I can see the little hillock that rises over the sleeping dust of a dear brother, whom I had not seen for seven years, and whom I shall never again see until I behold him in glory before the throne of God. But though he is gone, other friends, dear friends, are left, and among them a mother, to whom, for counsels, prayers, and examples, I owe

more than to any other earthly being. Truly God is good, and no one of his creatures has such occasion as I have to be grateful for his peculiar kindness. So unworthy, so vile am I, that, whenever I reflect at all, I am amazed that God should show me any favor. While I have breath I will praise him, and when my voice shall be lost in death, praise shall still employ my emancipated and purified powers while eternity rolls.

But, dear brethren and sisters, do not imagine that because I am in the society of endeared and affectionate kindred, I have forgotten the beloved flock "over whom the Holy Ghost hath made me overseer." No, no; I love the church with an affection too intense to be modified or diminished by any circumstances.

"For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end."

The ties that bind me to you are delicate and strong. Your interests are mine, your consolations and sorrows are mine, and my daily and hourly prayer is, that God will watch over you and keep you unto life eternal. Yesterday, while thinking of you and endeavoring to lift up my heart in prayer for your peace and prosperity, I had some sweet reflections upon the Saviour's language in the tenth chapter of John: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hands;" also upon the words of the apostle, "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." How precious are these assurances! God has opened to us the fountains of strong consolation. He will take care of his people. "His foundation standeth sure, having this seal — the Lord knoweth them that are his."

Allow me here, beloved, to make some suggestions upon some points touching your spiritual welfare.

1. The importance of careful and prayerful study of the Scriptures. I know that in a former epistle I brought this matter before you, and also that the Lord's day before I left, I exhorted you "to search the Scriptures." But such is the importance of the subject that I cannot forbear again to present it, and entreat you to take diligent heed to the "sure word of prophecy," with which our merciful Father has favored us. Three reasons urge upon us this duty: —

The Bible is the standard of truth.
The Bible is the rule of our duty.
The Bible is the source of spiritual nutriment.

Let us not neglect this blessed book, but study it with care and with sincere desires to be instructed in all wisdom and righteousness.

2. The importance of prayer in the closet, in the family, in the church. Do any of the members neglect private devotions? Do any that are heads of families omit morning and evening worship around the domestic altar? If so, your pastor would affectionately inquire if it is *right* to neglect so important a duty? Do any forsake the assembling themselves together for purposes of social devotion? Dear brethren, do not neglect the Friday evening prayer meeting. Last Friday evening we remembered you with not a little feeling, and though crowded with others into the cabin of a canal-boat, where we had no place for retirement, yet we conversed upon your state, and raised our silent desires to the "God of all grace," that he would meet with you and bless you abundantly. Again I entreat you not to lose your interest in the prayer meeting.

3. The importance of strict discipline. A church cannot prosper that connives at sin in its members, and that charity which shrinks from plain, faithful dealing with offenders is false charity, and deeply injurious. A straightforward course in discipline, in accordance with the rule laid down by the Saviour, is the only one that will insure his approbation. We have many delinquent members whose negligence requires attention. If the efforts required by the gospel to reclaim them are unsuccessful, it is decidedly wrong to retain them as members. May God help you to be faithful in this duty.

4. The importance of carefulness and tenderness in speaking of one another. I greatly fear that in this respect there is not sufficient caution. We ought not, indeed, to cloak sin; but when our brethren and sisters do wrong, our first duty is to go to them and *privately* reprove them in the spirit of meekness and love. The path of duty in such cases is prescribed by the Saviour himself, and unless it be carefully and conscientiously followed, we shall all incur his displeasure. Brethren, will you not reflect upon this duty? Let parents be prudent in speaking of the faults of church members before their children, and let all be careful how they speak of their brethren and sisters before the ungodly. The reasons I need not assign, for they must be obvious to every mind.

These few hints I send you, with the earnest prayer that God will render them useful in promoting your sanctification. My desire is for your perfect holiness.

In conclusion, let me solicit your prayers not only that we may be kept from dangers in our journeyings, but also that we may be preserved from sin, and rendered useful wherever we may go. Join with me, brethren and sisters, in seeking a blessing on the unconverted in the congregation. My soul groans over them with earnest longings for their conversion to God.

Your affectionate pastor,

BARON STOW.

Writing to Deacon Samuel Beal, from Saratoga Springs, he says,—

I am anxious to return, and shall not prolong my stay a moment beyond the necessities of the case. A wandering life I should never love. The life of a pastor is my desire and my highest pleasure. Where I have been the churches are exceedingly languid. The whole country has been overrun with the "new divinity," and the moral soil is burnt out so that no green thing will grow. In one place where there was last winter a protracted meeting of twenty days, and consequently a great excitement, called a *revival*, and where I expected to see *some* life, I found all dead and cold. I attended there a prayer meeting of a pleasant evening, and only seven were present! I longed to be transported to Baldwin Place. Indeed, I am often with you in spirit, and I long to be present bodily.

The record of his journal reveals to us with what earnestness he resumed his labors:—

September 9. On the 6th ult. went to Providence, and delivered the annual address before the Philermenian Society of Brown University. Did not satisfy myself, and very much doubt if I did others. My business is not to deliver orations, but to preach the gospel.

November 5, Saturday evening. The Sabbath is again at hand, and I have the prospect of pleading with sinners to be reconciled to God. Last Sabbath evening, as usual, I felt I could say no more. I had pleaded with Christians to labor for the conversion of sinners, and with sinners to forsake the service of sin, and become the disciples of Jesus. But *now* I feel Christ has given me more messages, and, by his grace, I will declare them. Will they do good? My preaching evidently hardens hundreds, and increases their condemnation. "Who is sufficient for these things?" Paul was not. Surely I am not. O God, I need thy grace to strengthen me. I cannot bear this mighty responsibility without thine aid. It is a comfort to lean on thee. In the pavilion of thy faithfulness I hide myself. O, put me not to shame.

November 10. Commenced last evening a course of lectures on Old Testament facts, beginning with the temptation in Eden. Lecture-room crowded. My heart's desire is, that good may be done.

November 12, Sabbath. Conversed half an hour this evening respecting *entire consecration to God*. What is it to be *thus* consecrated? *Wholly*, WHOLLY! My own deficiencies appeared before me in a new light. How little do I live for God! How much for other ends than his glory! If I were now called to exchange earth for heaven, I am sure I should not be prepared to engage in the *one* great employment of that

holy world with all my heart. A great work remains to be accomplished before I can say, "I am ready to be offered."

November 15. Visited a lady who is near the end of her course. Her soul is in a most heavenly frame. Her chamber seems a nook of heaven — its very atmosphere celestial. Would I could take my congregation into such a scene, and show them the believer's joy in prospect of death.

November 18. Visited the same lady again, and had another hour's sweet communion with her almost beatified spirit. Her husband has here found sweet peace in believing. The interview was truly refreshing. She says she can now die with increased felicity. Her companion she hopes to meet in glory.

November 19. Had some intense longings that the sermons I am preparing for to-morrow may be blessed. I have labored carefully to speak on *death in sin* and *Christ our life*. Wilt thou, O Lord, render them effectual? Help thou my unbelief.

November 21. Twenty years this day my dear father entered into rest. Blessed thought! rest — an eternity of rest — eternally with God. Who would not labor and suffer here a few years *patiently*, with the prospect before him of *eternal* joy! Feel exhilaration to-day. However, it is not spiritual — it is owing to the society of endeared friends. The pleasures of religious company are great, exquisite. They will be perfect in heaven.

November 28. Was told that a lady inquired of one of my family if I am as much devoted *at home* as in *the pulpit*. Important question. Does my life correspond with my preaching? Am I a consistent minister? a consistent Christian? Lord, forgive my failures.

December 24. Had some enjoyment to-day in preparing a sermon to be addressed to the children of pious parents. Feelings of peculiar tenderness have been awakened by a recollection of the instructions, the examples, and prayers of my own dear parents. I could not forbear bowing more than once before God in gratitude for such parents. How much, under God, do I owe them for their fidelity to me when young! *Under other circumstances* what should I have been? My heart is full. Bless, O God, my dear mother. Let her days be many, and her joys as numerous as her days. May she and my beloved father meet *all* their children in the mansions of eternal rest. Whether I shall be able to preach this sermon with affection and faith is yet to be seen. I pray for grace to honor God, and do good.

A few individuals have recently professed to be the subjects of grace, who refer to my sermons as having awakened or comforted them. The fact is encouraging; but I am ashamed of myself when I think how ungrateful I am for such favors. I pray God to give me souls for my

hire, and when he gives them I fail to realize his goodness, or acknowledge the benefit. Wretch that I am, I overlook answers to prayer because the persons converted are not those for whose salvation I have special desires. They are converted one by one, and not scores, as my pride desires. How humbled ought I to be before God! When I look at the evils of my own heart, the imperfection of my motives, my prayers, my preaching, my whole efforts, I cannot wonder God withholds large blessings. Yet, after all deductions for selfishness, I trust I have some sincere, disinterested desires for the salvation of my dear people. I have had some enlargement to-day, and this evening, in prayer for them. I long to see the arm of the Lord made bare, and stretched out for the destruction of Satan's dominion. I long to see this church roused and quickened. I long for a descent of the Holy Spirit, producing a spirit of repentance, of confession, of forgiveness, brotherly love, prayer, faith, zealous individual effort. When shall this thing be?

CHAPTER IX.

THE EARNEST WORKER. — LONGINGS FOR A REVIVAL. — A USEFUL SERMON. — THE GREAT REVIVAL OF 1838. — GATHERING IN THE HARVEST. — MISSIONARY DISCOURSE. — DEATH OF PROFESSOR KNOWLES.

1837.

THE year upon which we now enter presents but little variety in the outward life of Mr. Stow. We shall find that there is no diminution of interest on his part in the spiritual welfare of his church and congregation. Habit does not blunt his sensibilities, neither does it lead him to go through with his duties in a sort of perfunctory way, satisfied if he performs them to the general satisfaction of his congregation. Every year his ideal of the true minister of Christ becomes more lofty, and he groans in spirit because he falls so far short of reaching it. And, too, his conception of what a church of Christ ought to be, and, as he thinks, might be if it is properly trained, becomes more intelligent and spiritual; and, in his view, there is on earth no such society as a church of the Lord Jesus, formed after the model in his mind, such as he believes the New Testament, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, holds up to our view. With these high ideals of ministerial and church life, we do not wonder if sometimes his heart is pained as he reaches the conclusions to which he is brought by self-examination, and his observation of the church as he finds it in his actual contact with it. If his own soul burns with the fire of earnest longings for the reviving of God's work, he is grieved if the flame does not spread until the hearts of his church are all aglow with a zeal like

his own. If anxiety for the conversion of men follows him to a sleepless couch, and he cannot shake off the burden, he wonders that they, for whom he bears these heavy burdens, are apparently so careless about their own condition and prospects. Men of cooler temperament and less ardent susceptibilities may be disposed to chide him, that he took on his heart the load which he carried, and to say, that with a firmer trust in the providence and spirit of God, he ought to have done his duty, and left results with a higher power. But he was so constituted that this was an impossibility. He never was satisfied that he had done all the duty which devolved on him, and which was in some sense the established condition of success in his work. "When Zion *travails*, she shall bring forth sons." Anxious as he was to see those "new births," without which our Lord declared there could be no entrance into the kingdom of God, he saw, oftentimes, very little in the spiritual condition of the church that warranted him to expect any of these "new births." That his ministry was a very successful one, no one can deny. Can it be doubted that one secret of this success is to be found in his quick sympathies, his tender solicitude, and his unwearied endeavors to raise the tone of religious feeling, both in his own heart and in the hearts of the members of his church?

January 6, 1837. Why do I desire the conversion of sinners? There are three motives, either of which may influence me: —

1. Love of approbation. A successful minister gains credit, at least among religious people. He has the name of being "very pious," "very faithful," &c., and this becomes as much a snare to him as if he had the name of being "very learned" or "very eloquent." If his labors are blessed, he is in reputation with his people, and throughout the religious community generally, and his aid is sought abroad on important occasions. It is one mode of becoming popular.

2. Benevolence — a desire for the happiness of others. Religion makes men happy. A benevolent heart, even though not itself religious, may desire others to possess piety as the means of happiness.

3. Love to God — a desire that God may be glorified in the repentance and return of his rebellious creatures to himself.

Now, which of these motives is mine? *I am sure* I desire the conversion of sinners. Why do I?

I see a mixture of motives. After the most careful examination, I can say that I desire the glory of God; I desire to see his Son honored with a rich triumph. *Whatever becomes of me, let God be glorified.* I also desire the happiness of my fellow-men, and I fear the other motive too often intrudes itself. I fear I am selfish in many of my efforts. Yet I think I rejoice in the conversion of sinners, even though my own instrumentality be not acknowledged, and the converts join other churches. I have a vile heart, but my prayer is, that it may be sanctified. "Father, glorify thyself."

February 2. Finished reading the Life of Samuel Kilpin, a Baptist minister, late of Exeter, England. He was a very holy and useful man. A man of much prayer and much action, he brought much to pass. How little am I like him in faith, self-denial, and industry! How few there are that exhibit such piety! I look about upon the ministers of my acquaintance, and see but few who can be called spiritually-minded. I hear very little *spiritual* praying or preaching, and still less spiritual conversation. Truly there is something wrong in ministers, and we must ourselves repent and *turn to God* before we can expect to see refreshing works of grace among our people. "*He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed,*" &c. We do not *weep* as we sow the seed. Our *hearts* are not enough in the work. I fear we are too much seeking our own things rather than those of Jesus Christ. I am satisfied the ministry is not what it should be. I am far from being "*a good minister of Jesus Christ.*" I ought to be immensely better.

February 19, Sabbath day. Preached this morning on an exchange with Mr. Taylor at the Bethel, North Square. Made wretched work; my soul was dry and senseless. In the afternoon God smote the rock, and the waters gushed forth. My subject, founded on Proverbs vi. 6, was, "The importance of providing in season for future necessities." I could hardly realize I was the same being who had labored so hard to preach in the morning. My desire was intense for the conversion of my dear people. I fear I do not cultivate enough *tenderness* as essential to an effective manner. How altered are my views of preaching! I once thought the severe, denunciatory, dare-devil style and manner were those which would do the most good. I had a preference for the awful, and dwelt thereon too much. Possibly I may still have too much of it in my sermons, but my feelings and views are certainly changed. Now I see a man may be faithful, and yet affectionate. Everything should be baptized in love. O that I might conform my preaching to this truth!

February 24. Heard of a member of the church — one baptized by myself — who had left the meeting because of my "close preaching." Now and then I hear that my preaching is too close; but I can learn

from no one definitively what is meant by *too close*. Do I not preach the truth? Do I exaggerate the truth? Is the fault in my manner? I do not understand the complaint. O God, thou knowest that my conscience smites me every day for unfaithfulness. I do not perform either my duty to the church or the world, and I suffer constantly under a sense of my deficiencies. Yet I fear there may be a want of tenderness in my manner. O that I may never forget I am a sinner, dependent on the grace I recommend to others! May I never forget love is the grand solvent of hard hearts. May I ever keep before me the touching scene on Olivet — Jesus weeping over lost souls. Yes, my dear people, *I love you.*

March 15. Visited a worthy brother who is near his end. Found him in a delightful frame of mind — dwelling mostly upon that glorious idea, *Christ is all.* His charge to me as we parted was, "Preach Christ, preach him *more and more.*" O that I may remember and profit by it! Unless I preach Christ more, I shall fail in my duty.

April 5. Am told I have too much perplexing anxiety about matters which should be left to God. I am told it is my business to preach to the people, and visit them, leaving the results to my heavenly Master. Is it nothing to me whether my labors are a savor of life or of death? Shall I cultivate a spirit of indifference? My heart bleeds to see professors of religion so intensely pursuing the world, forgetful of their own vows and the condition of men about them.

Returned from a trip south. Left on the 20th ult. Attended the Convention in Philadelphia for the formation of a Bible Society; was one of the secretaries of the Convention, and witnessed the organization of the American and Foreign Bible Society. Visited College Hill (Washington); recalled days and scenes gone by. God has kindly returned me with health greatly invigorated.

June 17, Saturday evening. Just returned from a scene of affliction and mourning. Mrs. M., one of my congregation, wife of Mr. N. M., about an hour since breathed her last. During her illness of several months I have visited her often — for the past four weeks nearly every day. I believe her to be a Christian, though her excessive timidity and distrust of herself made her diffident in the expression of her views and feelings. She died very tranquilly, assuring me that she rested wholly on Jesus for acceptance, and was ready to depart. The scene was solemn and impressive.

June 19. Fifteen years ago to-day I first set foot in Boston. Little did I then apprehend the scenes that were before me! Through what changes have I since passed!

June 24 — Evening. Wrote a letter to a member of my congregation whose wife has recently died, endeavoring to direct his attention to

Christ as a friend. His wife was an amiable Christian. Afterwards I reviewed my own life, and found abundant occasion for humility and repentance. Reading a few pages in the Life of Dr. Payson, I was struck and affected by a remark of his, that "he was never happy until he relinquished all desire to be distinguished." My ambition to be great has cost me many hours of sorrow, has prompted me to do and say many things of which I have afterwards repented, and has made me abhorrent to myself. O that, like my Master, I "*was meek and lowly in heart*," making myself of "*no reputation!*" I wonder God does not hate me; I am so hateful, it amazes me how he can love me. But for the depth of the riches "both of his goodness and loving-kindness to usward," I should despair.

June 25. Preached this morning for the First Church. Their pastor, Rev. William Hague, has, the past week, left them to become the pastor of the First Church in Providence. I feel his removal to be a personal affliction, for I had become much attached to him, and hoped long to labor by his side.

This afternoon preached on *Conversion;* warned and entreated my dear people as faithfully and affectionately as I knew how. I know not how I could say more in so short a time, or say it more kindly.

July 19. A review of my life, especially since I commenced preaching the gospel, has filled me with mortification. How little have I cultivated personal holiness! How much have I been actuated by selfish motives! How imperfect my services as an ambassador of the heavenly King! I wonder often I am still allowed to preach the gospel, still kept alive. I should despair at once were it not for the perfect righteousness of Christ. He is *all in all.* O that I *may* "*win him*," and "*be found in him.*"

"Jesus, I throw mine arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest."

July 22. Some pleasant reflections while meditating on the offices of the Comforter, and was almost disposed to throw aside my preparation for the morrow morning, and give these views to my people. There is *a way* in which he comforts; there are *reasons why* he comforts. Lord, fix thou this subject in my mind. Enable me to understand, feel, and illustrate it.

October 5.

"Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer."

Within a few days I have been subjected to unwonted trials. I doubtless need them. The correction is administered by a Father. O

that I may have grace to endure them, and not sin against God, and to improve them so that they may subserve my sanctification! Lord, purify me by whatever means thou choosest. Unless I am holy I cannot see thee.

October 12. A ray has pierced the darkness. A young lady called to-day, desiring instruction, and expressing some hope, recently obtained, in the pardoning mercy of God. Her perceptions are dim, and her impressions rather indefinite. Her case is encouraging. This afternoon I visited one of the loveliest young men of my flock (S. O. S.), who is ill of typhus fever, and, I fear, must soon die. *He has no hope in Christ.* He has been a very attentive hearer, and a member of the Bible Class. More than once have I conversed with him respecting the interests of his soul. He has known his duty. He has had time, yea, a favored season; but now his reason is gone, and his probation seems ended. God gave me a spirit of prayer for him, and I had some glimpses of hope that prayer might be answered in his restoration to life. How ought I to live, preach, and pray! My people are hurrying off to the bar of God unprepared to meet him. May not the guilt of unfaithfulness attach to me.

October 13. This morning at five o'clock my young friend mentioned above ceased to breathe. The family, and a large circle of friends to whom he was peculiarly dear, are deeply afflicted. May I feel the force of this admonition not only to be ready, but to use all means to get others ready also.

October 21. Prepared a sketch of a discourse from Matt. xxiii. 27 — "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem." Have felt somewhat as I imagined Jesus felt when from his full soul he uttered that moving lamentation. My heart yearns over my people, and longs for their salvation. How precious are their souls! How have they been warned and entreated to fly to Christ for protection! and how have they refused! Lord, show thou me what more I can do to persuade them to come to thee. How different should I preach as to doctrine and manner? Wouldst thou have me do more by private effort with individuals? Is there no way that these souls can be addressed, so God will render the truth effectual to their conversion? I can tell my brethren what *they* ought to do. Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do? Am I doing my full duty? "All my help must come from thee."

October 24. Ten years ago to-day I was ordained to the work of the ministry, and took upon me those vows which I have thus far so imperfectly fulfilled. Five years ago this evening I resigned the pastoral charge of the church in Portsmouth for the purpose of removing to this city. I was to-day asked by one of my family if I had never regretted the step. I could unhesitatingly reply in the negative. I have never

doubted that I was required by God to remove. The trial was a sore one, such as I hope never again to suffer. I do not think I shall ever love a people as I did them.

December 31. Nineteen years to-day I was baptized. This morning I baptized seven interesting young people. The house was crowded, and the season a solemn one. This evening I preached from the words, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow." Felt deeply, and had some enlargement. O that my dear people were wise; that they understood this; that they would consider their latter end!

Few sermons in the course of the ministry of Mr. Stow were followed by such results as attended the preaching of the one here referred to. Some years after its delivery, he wrote a little sketch of the circumstances under which it was prepared, and the effects which followed the preaching of it. The sketch was entitled A Useful Sermon.

"In the summer of —— a church in one of our Atlantic cities was in a very languid condition. The attendance on public worship was large, but meetings for social devotion were thinly attended, and the services were heavy and spiritless. The little life of the church seemed to be concentrated in a few who continued to walk by faith, though nearly dispirited, while the great majority were cold and worldly. The pastor had for months been oppressed at heart by the unpromising state of things, and at times had felt that he must retire from a field where severe labor had been productive of so little fruit.

"After earnest prayer for divine direction, he called together six of the more prayerful and active brethren, stated to them his feelings, and proposed that they should hold weekly a private meeting for conference and prayer, with special reference to a revival of piety in the church. The proposition was cordially received, and the whole seven, upon their knees, gave themselves to the work. It was then agreed to invite two more to join them at the next meeting. They came, and two were added at every successive meeting. In this way the number slowly increased through a period of four months.

The meetings were held in private dwellings; few, except those personally invited, knew of their existence. The pastor was encouraged, especially as he found the weekly prayer meeting more fully attended, and better sustained in its devotional services. Towards the close of the year, these private meetings were marked with a peculiar tenderness and the spirit of wrestling prayer.

"On Saturday, December 30, the pastor rose at a very early hour, and commenced the preparation of a discourse for Sabbath evening, from the words, 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.' As it was to be the last day of the year, he wished to make a solemn appeal to the unconverted upon the danger of presuming on the future. Scarcely had he written the introduction, when he was called to visit an estimable young man, a friend of his earlier years, who was regarded as near his end. It was not yet daylight, but he hastened to the chamber of the sufferer, and passed two hours with him, endeavoring to direct his attention to the Saviour, whom he specially needed. There he heard from the lips of the dying, words of apparent contrition and agonizing desire, which made upon his mind an ineffaceable impression. He returned to his sermon with a practical commentary upon his text which was better than any reasoning of his own. As yet, however, he knew not the purpose of God in thus burdening his mind with a painful fact. In a few hours he learned that the young man was dead.

"The next morning he preached from the words of Christ to the cured lunatic, 'Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee,' showing the obligation of the Christian to labor for the spiritual good of his kindred. After service he was summoned to a scene of unutterable sorrow. A young lady of his congregation, without any apparent cause, had terminated her own life. How dreadful was that place! There was anguish indeed. His burden before was nearly insupportable. There his heart was crushed. What did God mean by this?

"In the evening, with such emotions as he had never previously known, he preached the sermon, prepared under a mountain pressure. The house was densely filled; an unusual solemnity pervaded the congregation; but it was not known that in all the crowd there was a single anxious inquirer. The discourse was one of the simplest in both method and style; but somehow it secured unwonted attention. While the preacher was describing and illustrating the uncertainty of life, a lady, overcome by the strength of her emotions, was borne insensible from the house. A silence unbroken by an audible breath reigned, and paleness came over many a face. At the close of the service a minister present said to the pastor, 'You will hear from that sermon.'

"The next day, the first Monday in the year, according to its custom, the church met for special prayer. The lecture-room was filled; there was a general melting down before God; prayer was offered with many tears. In the evening more came than could find admittance. It was then evident that the Holy Spirit was acting with power upon the minds of the unconverted. Meetings were multiplied, and constantly thronged. There was excitement, but it was deep, still, and effective. Every sermon, every exhortation, seemed to have unusual power, and do unwonted execution. The revival spread to other churches, and large accessions were made to the churches. The number added to that one church during the year, by profession, was one hundred and seventy-seven, and in five years, from the commencement of the revival, five hundred and two.

"The pastor did hear from that sermon, and often to his amazement. He had the pleasure of welcoming into the church more than *one hundred* who referred to that discourse as the means of their awakening and conversion. Several others, who professed their faith elsewhere, made the same reference. The hand of God was perceptible in the whole matter. To him belongs the glory."

1838

We now enter upon one of the most eventful years in the ministry of Mr. Stow. The intensity of his longings for the outpouring of the Spirit upon his people has been apparent in the record which he has left us of his inner life during the past year. Such desires as he felt, and such prayers as, for so many months, he had been offering, were clear proofs that a higher power had been exerting its influence in his soul. We are not surprised to learn that the blessing so eagerly sought, so patiently waited for, is at last bestowed. As we have already learned, the last Sabbath of the year, which was also the last day of the year, was one of great solemnity. Never, probably, had Mr. Stow preached a sermon which was more manifestly attended with a special "unction from the Holy One" than this sermon at the close of the year 1837. In a record of what he knew to be the actual results which followed its delivery, he has told us, in 1857, that "more than one hundred subsequently professed Christ, who were awakened under that sermon." In the historical sermon, also, which he preached, September 11, 1861, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the Boston Baptist Association, he says, "In 1831 and 1838, several of the churches (and prominent among them was the Baldwin Place Church) were richly refreshed and augmented in strength, both revivals furnishing an unusual number of candidates for the ministry." His own words convey to us a better idea of this "time of refreshing," which the Baldwin Place Church enjoyed, than any we can select.

January 1, 1838. God has mercifully permitted me and my family to see the opening of a new year. With him I would "renew covenant." To him I would dedicate myself — my all. To him I would look for grace to carry me forward in every duty, serving him with all my powers. I wish to live wholly for him, to spend every day and every hour in advancing his glory.

January 7, Lord's day. A most impressive day. House exceedingly full, and the hearers unusually attentive. My dear Brother Knowles preached this morning from the words, "Behold, now is the accepted

time," &c. The discourse was very pertinent, pointed, and impressive. Afternoon I preached from Luke x. 11. Evening prayer meeting was held in the church, which was filled to overflowing. The oldest brethren say, they "never saw the like before." Probably a thousand persons were present. Many excellent things were said, and very many fervent prayers were offered. The indications are encouraging. May we all do duty judiciously and faithfully. My soul longs especially for the conversion of the young.

January 15. Truly "God is good to Israel." My dear people are now sharing in the tokens of his special goodness. Many of the members have an unusual spirit of prayer. A considerable number have repented and turned to God. Many others — I know not how many — are inquirers. Verily God is in our midst by his Holy Spirit. To him be all the glory. May the good work go through the congregation.

February 10. Of all God's servants I have most occasion to be humble and thankful. The past week has been distinguished by special displays of God's power and grace. The good work is spreading all over the city, and God is multiplying on all sides the trophies of his power.

February 25. Baptized twenty, three of whom are men advanced in life. The church was thronged as I have never seen on a Sabbath.

March 3. Read my journal for the past three months. One feeling has been very uniform — a desire for the conversion of my dear people. More than one hundred tell me they have been converted, and my soul would praise the Lord for his goodness. But how many still remain!

March 18, Lord's day. Baptized twenty. A good day.

March 25. Still more additions. Baptized twenty, making seventy-one since the meeting of the association in September. God is indeed gracious. The work is still in progress.

April 8. Baptized twenty-four. Many more are waiting to follow. For the last three months my labors have been severe, but God has strengthened and upheld me beyond my expectations. If any minister on the footstool has occasion to be humbled and grateful, I am he.

April 15. Twenty-two were baptized. A most interesting group. "*Not unto us, not unto us*," &c.

April 22. Baptized twenty-one.

In the midst of all these delightful but exhausting labors, Mr. Stow found time to prepare his able sermon on the Efficiency of Primitive Missions, which he preached before the General Convention of the Baptist Denomination in the United States, April 25, 1838, in the Oliver Street Baptist Church, New York. The effect of the scenes through which

for many weeks he had been passing, and of the baptism of the Holy Spirit which himself and so many of his beloved flock had experienced is everywhere traceable in this discourse. The theme which he proposed to discuss was this: "What were the causes which produced the marvellous results which attended primitive missions?" If one would see how differently men reason on this subject, according to the standpoint which they take, and according to the bias of the moral character, which always has so much to do in reaching our conclusions, let him read the famous chapters fifteen and sixteen of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, and this sermon of Baron Stow's. We select a few passages from the discourse, which indicate the fervor of his spirit, and the glow of enthusiasm with which his soul was fired.

Yet, notwithstanding circumstances are so much in our favor, they made advances in the production of effect such as we have never witnessed. Without the world's favorite instrumentality — learning, eloquence, wealth, arms — nay, with all these leagued against them, and in the face of them all, the primitive church expanded, and achieved triumph after triumph — all the triumphs of truth and holiness. All the apparatus of torture and death was brought out, and arrayed in her path to arrest her progress; but heedless of its terrors, she moved forward to the consummation of her lofty purpose. Some of her most malignant foes became her devoted champions, and even martyrs, and every day new territories were added to her growing empire. Persecution often kindled her fires, and with her blood she as often extinguished them. Her progress from place to place was marked by the dethronement of idol deities, and the fall of idol temples. On the high places of idolatry she planted her banners, and in all lands known to the merchant, the traveller, the warrior, the trophies of her power were multiplied. "So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed."

Hereafter we shall see that Mr. Stow was a sincere mourner over the almost innumerable divisions of the Christian church. He fondly looked forward to the coming of the day when the prayer of our Lord would be answered, "that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they may be one in us, that the world may believe that

thou hast sent me." It is thus that he speaks of the early Christians: —

There were no clashing creeds, no sectarian bickerings, no rival interests, no party plottings and counter-plottings, no wasteful expenditure of time, and feeling, and moral energy, in attempts to maintain and fortify party positions. "By one Spirit" they were "all baptized into *one* body," and they regarded themselves, and were regarded by all around them, as members of *one* harmonious and devoted brotherhood. Christ was the centre of attraction, around which they rallied and united, and, like the radii of a circle, the nearer they drew to the centre, the nearer they were to each other. Assimilated by the grace of God, and fused and welded by the fires of persecution, their affinity and cohesion rendered them the admiration of the world that hated them, and gave them a moral power which the modern church does not possess, and never will possess, until brotherly love shall resume its ancient influence, and become, as it then was, a "bond of perfectness," — until "the multitude of them that believe" shall be "of one heart and one way," keeping "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." O, when will the "whole family" of Christ become one, and, with "hearts knit together in love," discontinue their petty controversies among themselves, and, following their one Leader, converge and direct their whole energies towards the one point — the salvation of the human soul? We may speculate as we please about the incidental advantages of our division into sects or denominations, comparing them poetically to the prismatic hues of the rainbow, and from the pulpit and the platform shouting in ecstasy, "*E pluribus unum!*" but the practical man will tell us that if we would dissolve the intractable substances of earth, we must have the colorless ray of virgin light.

Another extract, which we give, furnishes additional evidence that he was living amid revival scenes when he wrote it, and that his own soul was enjoying those visitations of the Holy Spirit which he so devoutly prayed might be granted to the whole church of God.

It has been remarked respecting a modern preacher, whose labors, while living, were eminently blessed in the conversion of his hearers, and who, "being dead, yet speaketh," that the secret of his success lay in his devotional habits. He dwelt on the sides of eternity, and carried with him into his pulpit, and into all his intercourse with his people, the very atmosphere that circulates around the throne. Hence a member

of his congregation once declared, "When our pastor prays, it is right into the heart of God. When he preaches, it is right into the heart of the sinner." This description, true perhaps of a few moderns, is truer still of the great body of the ancient preachers. They had peculiar access to the hearts of men, because they had peculiar access to the ear and heart of God. With him and the glories around him they were familiar, and ever as they came forth from his presence, they brought to the people, fresh from the tree of life, the leaves that are for the healing of the nations, — sparkling from the river of life, the waters "clear as crystal," that purify the unholy, and refresh the way-worn and weary.

Another pastor, whose success was proverbially great, when asked how it happened that under his ministry "the word of God" so "grew and multiplied," returned the significant answer, "I have a praying church." The early church was eminently a praying church. The sin of indevotion could not be laid to her charge. The oft-repeated and unanimous request of the apostles, "Pray for us," "Pray for us that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified," was never made in vain. Indeed, the request scarcely needed to be made. The Christians of those days waited not for a specified season, but at all times and everywhere they remembered before God the cause of missions, and the self-denying missionary laborers. In the closet, in the family, in the church, the burden of their prayer was, "Thy kingdom come." Every prayer meeting was a concert of prayer for the universal spread of the gospel of Christ. And theirs were the effectual, fervent prayers that avail much. They knew how to touch that delicate chain which Jesus has passed over the throne, and by which the faintest spark of holy desire may be easily transmitted; and through it they sent a continual stream of invisible but powerful influence away into the deepest recesses of heathenism.

The whole discourse, from beginning to end, glows with the ardent love and the burning zeal which are kindled in the soul when it is "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire." It is not difficult for the imagination to reproduce the scenes through which its author was passing when he was penning these eloquent passages. The study in which they were written was his closet of prayer. Many a poor sinner, burdened with the weight of transgression, had found his way into that consecrated room, and in the great sorrow of his troubled heart had cried out, "Sir, what must I do to be saved?" What the preacher had gleaned out of the word

of God, as evidences of the operation of the divine Spirit, he now saw, in actual demonstration, with his own eyes. It was reducing theory to practice. Here were the rough materials which the heavenly Architect was moulding, shaping, and polishing, that they might be introduced as "lively stones" into the temple of God which he was rearing; or, to change the figure, he who "commanded the light to shine out of darkness" was bringing these precious souls "out of darkness into God's marvellous light." He who gazed upon the transformation could but stand still, and admire the wonder-working power of Him "who spake and it was done," saying, "Let there be light, and there was light." Blessed is the minister of Christ, who, in the earlier years of his professional life, is permitted to witness such scenes. He feels the sacred impulse which comes from them so long as he continues to preach the gospel. His commission seems clothed with new authority, and the credentials which he bears from the eternal throne have enstamped upon them the seal of a divine authority.

If we mistake not, Mr. Stow always regarded the revival of 1838 as the purest, the freest from the admixture of those human imperfections which so often mar the beauty even of a work of the Spirit of God, that he was ever engaged in. His own heart was thoroughly interested in the work, and he had the indescribable satisfaction of seeing a large number of the members of his church coöperating with him. The ears of men were open to hear the truth, and their hearts to receive it in the love of it. The congregation gave to their pastor their sincere respect and their warm affection. Their confidence in his piety, and their belief that he was in earnest in seeking their spiritual welfare, were entire. As a preacher, there was everything about him that arrested their attention. His pulpit services were full of "unction," and the hundreds of admiring listeners who gathered within the walls of his church, Sabbath after Sabbath, were constrained to acknowledge that a power higher than human had taken possession of that consecrated soul, and that those lips had been touched with a

coal from off the altar of God. We doubt not that very many who recall these hallowed services will say that, for solemnity, and power, and permanent effect, they have never seen them surpassed, perhaps never equalled.

At the meeting of the Triennial Convention, when the sermon on the Efficiency of Primitive Missions was preached, his honored and cherished friend, Professor J. D. Knowles, was present. Without doubt he had listened to this discourse of his successor in the pastoral office. No one could have rejoiced more sincerely than he over the fervid eloquence and the earnest spirit of the preacher. Their acquaintance and friendship dated back many years. They had been fellow-students in college. Both had been editors of the Columbian Star, the organ of the General Convention. The fortunes and successes of each had been dear to his brother. Long they hoped to labor, side by side, although in different departments of their Master's work. But when Mr. Stow returned to his home, and again girded himself afresh for ministerial toil, he received the mournful intelligence that his predecessor, and the friend of so many years, had been suddenly stricken down by a mortal disease.

May 9. Sad, sad news. A messenger has just arrived from Newton announcing the death of my dear Brother Knowles. O God, can it be? For nearly sixteen years we have been as brothers, we have had each other's love and confidence. Now he is cut down; and why am I spared? The better man is taken, the worse left. "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour." I heard on Monday (the 7th) he was not well; threatened with varioloid or small pox, the physician could not determine which. The next intelligence is of his death. How sudden! how unexpected! Lord, pity his poor wife; sustain her, and comfort her. He was a good man. Surely he has found rest in the bosom of God. The admonition to me is emphatic. "Set thy house in order."

May 13, Lord's day. Preached in the morning from 2 Cor. iv. 18 — on "the eternity of things that are not seen." Afternoon, preached a funeral discourse for my dearly beloved brother, James D. Knowles, from the words, "That disciple whom Jesus loved" — John xxi. 7. It was a difficult service, not because there was little to be said, but because I was disqualified, by oppression of feeling, to say it. I have

intended to do him justice. If I have failed, may some abler hand be brought to the effort. I never thought to be called to render *this* service. Often has it occurred to me that he would preach my funeral discourse. On earth I shall never find another such friend. He was to me more than friend — a brother "*born for adversity.*" My counsellor is taken from me. My God, I come to thee. I have leaned too much on him, and thou hast cut him away with one fell stroke. Henceforth let me lean more fully on God.

May 24. Visited Newton. O, how desolate! Stood over the grave of my brother, *my dear* brother, and thought of the resurrection. We shall meet again. Prepare me for that meeting, and eternal glory, O God, my God.

CHAPTER X.

REACTION. — LETTER TO DEACON S. BEAL. — PHYSICIAN PRESCRIBES REST. — CONTINUED LABOR. — COLONY SENT TO BOWDOIN SQUARE. — EFFECT ON HIS MIND. — TRIP TO EUROPE PROPOSED. — EMBARKATION. — CORRESPONDENCE. — JOURNAL.

1838–1841.

IT is not strange that, after a season crowded with so many exciting incidents, and the constant strain made upon him by the vast amount of work which the revival made absolutely necessary, Mr. Stow should feel a craving for rest and recreation. It is not, moreover, strange that the nature upon which he had made such continuous and long-protracted drafts should become exhausted, and the overtasked brain should succumb for a season, on account of the burden it had been carrying for so many months. We follow him to the homes of beloved friends in New York and Vermont. How joyfully is he welcomed to the circles so dear to him! With what fond pride his partial friends receive him whose fame has reached their ears. They behold in him one of the most eloquent and successful pastors in the favored metropolis of New England. Dark days, however, and sad hours were appointed to him, and he must go down into the valley of sorrow before he can again stand upon what to him was a more glorious spot than any earthly throne — the platform of the Baldwin Place pulpit. We may say that he has violated the laws of his physical being, and he must pay the penalty of such violation. But how little is accomplished in this world by men who never overwork themselves! The toilers in all the fields where brain and heart are sometimes so severely tasked, must expect

that days and weeks of reaction will come. But meanwhile the seeds which they have sown are germinating, and ere long will spring up in a ripe harvest. All that friendship could dictate, and skill could do, was done for the sufferer's relief. Those who were his nearest of kin were by his side, and, in the warmth of his gratitude and love, he does not fail to pay a touching tribute of affection to her who, in all times of sorrow as well as of joy, stood by him.

August 10. On the 2d July, with Mrs. Stow, left home for a visit to dear friends in New York and Vermont. On Wednesday, the 8th August, we reached our loved and longed-for home. God has been good to us in every place and every hour.

August 26. Immediately after writing the above, I was obliged to call a physician, who pronounced me ill with nervous fever, with symptoms of inflammation of the brain. For several days I was a sufferer, and doubted whether I should ever recover. But God heard the prayers of a praying church, and I am now recovering. My flesh and strength are much reduced. Still God has not forsaken me. He has chastened me like an affectionate Father, and I would be grateful for the correction. This is the eighth Sabbath I have been absent from my dear people. I long to meet them. The Great Shepherd has taken me off from the work, and he is able to take care of the flock.

September 2. By the great goodness of God, have been allowed to go into his house, and *hear* his word, and assist in administering the Lord's Supper.

September 7. Twelve years ago to-day, God gave me the woman of my choice for a companion, a help-meet along the rough journey of life. During this period we have lived together in love, and I have never seen the hour when I had not occasion to bless God for the union. Together we have shared in the divine goodness; together we have passed through trials; in sickness and health, at home and abroad, she has been a faithful wife; all I could ask; better than I have deserved. May the Lord in mercy spare her for many years to be the partner of one of his unworthiest servants.

At length, restored to his flock, the pastor addresses himself, with his wonted zeal, to his labors. But it is evident that he does not at once recover the elevated tone of religious feeling which had marked the experience of the earlier months of the year. He often writes bitter things against himself; but we will bear in mind that, in the violation of the laws of

his physical being, he has done his work, and we must not be surprised if his depression corresponds with his elevation.

September 27. Returned from a meeting of the Salem Baptist Association, held at Beverly. Preached yesterday afternoon from Eph. iii. 15. In the evening addressed the meeting of the Salem Bible Translation and Foreign Missionary Society. Lost my self-control, and became unduly excited. The consequence has been a wakeful night and headache. The cause of foreign missions has a strong hold on my sympathies, and I cannot speak in its behalf without emotion.

"Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come."

If I was a fit person for a missionary, I would offer myself without delay.

October 14. Last evening I made an effort to preach from Matt. xxi. 37. At first it was really a great effort, owing to the darkness and sluggishness of my mind. After about fifteen minutes, the subject began to open, the clouds cleared away, and I had unusual enlargement. My discourse was nearly one hour long, and I could easily have extended it another hour. It is delightful work to preach when the Holy Spirit is present, giving light and life to the mind. I am never happier, except in private devotion, than when preaching the gospel and recommending the Lord Jesus as the only, all-sufficient Saviour.

Lord's day evening, December 30. Preached twice to-day. The tide of feeling is manifestly rising in the church and congregation.

December 31. This year is closing: how much better, how much holier, am I than when it commenced? Lord, forgive the sins of the whole year; accept my thanks for its mercies to myself, family, and this dear people. Since the year commenced I have had the pleasure of baptizing one hundred and seventy-seven.

1839.

The record of the year 1839 contains nothing of special interest to the general reader. Ministerial work is performed with fidelity, and the results of this labor are thus summed up: "During this year I have preached one hundred and six sermons, baptized thirty-four persons, married forty-five couples, attended thirty-eight funerals, and made nine hundred and sixty-four parochial calls." How much is comprehended in these brief statistics it is not easy to measure! They imply constant, hard toil. Brain, and heart, and body

must all have been pressed into the service, and each have done its work well.

We find but one letter written this year worthy of special note. It was composed at Windsor, Vt., where he was spending a few days of vacation, and addressed to Deacon Samuel Beal:—

WINDSOR, October 19, 1839.

MY DEAR BROTHER: We arrived here in safety on Tuesday evening, and found our friends well. Our mother is much better than we expected to find her. She is now past eighty, and her faculties are much enfeebled, but she is happy in Christ, and has no desire to remain another day. O, it is delightful to see an aged Christian, *just ready* to enter heaven. How sweet to such, after the toils and trials of a long life, to come into the enjoyment of the promised rest!

We hope to reach Boston on Thursday evening. I wish I could be with you on Tuesday evening. The Lord pour out his Holy Spirit upon the dear church, and bring them near to himself in prayer and praise. I feel anxious respecting our special fast, and hope the beloved brethren and sisters will all enter into the spirit of it, and be prepared to renew covenant with God and with one another.

I find that the churches in this region are in a most wretched condition. Under the new mode of converting people, without conviction by the law, they are filled up with unconverted members, and consequently not only devoid of spirituality, but overrun with errors and heresies. Blessed be God for his abounding goodness to the dear flock in Baldwin Place. I know not how happily I am situated until I leave home, and become acquainted with the circumstances of other pastors. I would not exchange my dear people for any that I know on the continent. Pray for me that I may prove myself worthy of such a people by laboring with them and for them as a faithful, persevering pastor. Pray for me that my labors may be blessed. I long for the salvation of my *whole people*, and towards that point I intend to direct my efforts with all the wisdom and energy that God may give me. May I not hope for the powerful coöperation of the church?

1840.

The 13th of January, 1840, will long be remembered as the day on which the ill-fated steamer Lexington was burned on Long Island Sound. We well recall the shudder of horror which ran over all this section of the country as the sad

tidings reached our ears. Mr. Stow thus alludes to the event: —

January 14. Awful tidings! the steamer Lexington burnt on Long Island Sound on the evening of the 13th! More than one hundred souls on board, and only four saved! Among the lost is one of my neighbors and hearers, Mr. C. W. W., a most estimable man and a Christian. Have spent some hours to-day with his afflicted wife and children. My heart bleeds for them. Lord, support and comfort them. They need thy succor.

Mr. Stow had never entirely recovered from the attack, which, as we have already seen, had so completely prostrated him a few months before this date. He returned, it is true, to his labors, but the burden of care pressed upon a spirit, which, in a measure, had lost its elasticity. His anxiety for the continuance of the good work among his people had not abated. He preached, he prayed, he toiled with his customary fervor and zeal. With the deepest solicitude he watched for every token that the blessing was about to return. "The indications for good," he tells us, early in the year, "seem encouraging among us; the brethren are looking for another revival. God grant it may be so." His heart is gladdened by hearing of the workings of the Holy Spirit in his old church in Portsmouth. He alludes to meetings held every evening in the week, in the lecture-room of his own church. The vestry is crowded. Souls are anxious, or finding "peace in believing;" and as Saturday comes, his prayer is, "Lord, assist me on the morrow, that I may give the trumpet a certain sound." He goes through with the duties of the day, in the evening attends the ordination of Rev. William Howe, to whom he gives the charge, and is weary and worn when he returns to his home in Sheafe Street. We are not surprised to hear him say, a few days after this, that he went with his physician to consult with Dr. J. Jackson about his case. Dr. Jackson advises him to give up all professional labor, at least for a season. "How can I at this present time," he exclaims, "how can I retire, when the services of two men are constantly needed!" The advice

of the physician is not followed, but some relief is found from the assistance of a young man from the Theological Institution at Newton. The next extracts will show the reader how little real relaxation he found.

April 5. Preached once, and baptized nineteen, eleven of whom are young men. The house was crowded in every part, and I must hope good will appear as the result of this day's services. Afternoon I gave the right hand of fellowship to twenty-five, and administered the blessed sacrament.

April 9. At six o'clock this morning public services were held at the laying of the corner-stone of the new church to be erected in Bowdoin Square. I delivered the address. Dr. Sharp and Brother R. H. Neale offered prayers. The concourse was large and attentive.

April 26. To-day have preached twice, and baptized twenty-four. Had a good season.

May 2. Returned from New York. The anniversaries were very interesting. The brethren seemed to be under a divine influence. The meetings of the Foreign Missionary Board were distinguished by fraternal harmony and brotherly love, realizing David's description in Psalm cxxxiii.

May 31. Baptized twenty-six. The oldest candidate was nearly eighty-five, the youngest was fourteen. The season was one of peculiar solemnity.

June 7. Preached twice, gave the right hand of fellowship to thirty-three, and administered the Lord's Supper. Enjoyed myself more than usual in preaching this afternoon, from Phil. iii. 10 — "*Being made conformable to his death.*" The Spirit let me into the meaning somewhat of that expression, and also showed me there were still depths I could not yet fathom. Lord, may I have more of this blessed conformity; then shall I be better able to explain it.

June 21. Preached in the morning from the words "*To die is gain.*" Had unusual freedom and sweet enjoyment. In the afternoon went to Chelsea, baptized six, gave the hand of fellowship to them after preaching, and then we together enjoyed the "breaking of bread." Attended a funeral, and prayed with another afflicted family. I am wearied in body, but the spirit is still willing. It has been a good day to my soul — "man did eat angels' food."

September 17. This evening I have aided in the organization of a new church in Bowdoin Square — a very solemn occasion.

Seventy-six of the number were dismissed on Tuesday evening by the dear church of which I am pastor. The deduction from our strength is large, and I have some fears whether, after this removal of so many

tried and faithful helpers, I shall be able to sustain the labors and responsibilities of my office. I submit this question to the "Head of the church." If I *can* remain here, I *shall*. I know of no spot this side of heaven which I should prefer to Baldwin Place.

October 15. At times I am nearly decided to remain, and give this people the last remnant of my strength. A voyage to Europe is sometimes a vision. An absence of one whole year for physical rest and improvement!

October 17. Still undetermined and perplexed. My dear people are endeavoring to devise means of relief; but, though I love them for their kind intentions, yet I have little faith in their success. The evil lies beyond the reach of the few who sympathize with me in my sufferings. As they are sanguine in their hopes, I may think it duty to repeat the experiment once more, and to lay myself again, perhaps for the last time, upon the altar.

And thus the weeks and months had been crowded with unremitting labors. The departure of so many of his old friends, and among the band some to whom he was warmly attached, to form the new church, saddened his spirits. Other trials, from which the servant of Christ must not expect to escape, had oppressed him. He needed absolute rest and a complete change of employment. The church saw the condition of their pastor, and they were ready to devise generous things in his behalf. What their proposal was we shall see.

October 30. It is nearly decided that my wife and myself shall make the tour of Europe, and be absent some six or eight months. This is the order of my physicians, and the expressed wish of my beloved people. I ought not to hesitate. The Hon. Nathan Gurney and wife propose to accompany us, much, very much to our gratification. The Lord be praised for such mercies.

November 5. This evening the new house in Bowdoin Square was dedicated, and the new church publicly recognized. I addressed the church, and gave them the right hand of fellowship. Lord, bless that church, build them up, make them united, useful, and happy. Eighty of the members went from Baldwin Place, fifty of whom were baptized by my own hands.

November 29, Lord's day. Preached twice. Gave the hand of fellowship to fifteen, and administered the sacrament. Solemn season. Shall I ever preach to this dear people again?

We are now to follow Mr. Stow as he enters upon new scenes. As he leaves his native shores our prayers go with him, and we beseech Him whom he so often addressed as the "Father of mercies and God of all grace" to watch over him in all his wanderings, and bring him safely back to the church of his love and the field of his toils. Everywhere he bears his people on his heart, and sends them his friendly Christian greetings. On Tuesday, December 1, he embarks on board the steamship Britannia, and, having reached Halifax, he sends to his church the following communication: —

HALIFAX, December 3, 1840.

DEAR FLOCK OF CHRIST: Having been safely brought thus far on our wintry voyage, let me request you to join me in thanksgiving to God for his tender mercies which have been over us, shielding us from danger and preserving us from suffering.

The separation from you, though designed to be temporary, cost me severe and unaccustomed pangs, and I pray I may be spared a repetition of the painful process. Now that I am away, my heart still turns towards you, and towards the place of your assembling, afflicted that I cannot be with you, "joying and beholding your order." Nothing but the clearest conviction that duty demanded the sacrifice I am making could ever have induced me to take this step, or reconciled me to the prospect of so long an absence from the people I love, and whom I delight to serve in the gospel of the grace of God. If there are any who doubt my unwavering attachment to the church, or who suppose that in leaving them I am seeking my own ends, I only wish they knew the struggles of my bosom during the last two months; nay, that they could at this hour look into my heart, and see the emotions which rush up at the recollection of the dear flock of my pastoral care. No, dearly beloved, I have not thus retired from my post for a season because I love you less, but because I love you more. Had I not done this I should have been obliged to resign my charge, and request you to procure a successor, who might render you a more efficient and more constant service. The choice was your own that I should go abroad at your expense, for your own sake and for the sake of the cause. I am acting in accordance with your own wishes, solemnly expressed; and if any of your number differ in opinion from the great body, deeply as I may regret it, I have not felt it right for me to yield to the wishes of the few rather than of the many. The Lord be praised for the union that prevails among you, and may it never, never be disturbed.

The Lord be with you, precious disciples of my Master, and give you evermore the spirit of faith and the spirit of prayer. O, remember my last text; drink in its spirit, exemplify its principles. Be faithful to the unconverted, be faithful to one another. Hold together in love, work together in love. Be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

Your affectionate pastor,

BARON STOW.

St. Paul prayed to be delivered from "unreasonable men." From the foregoing epistle we infer that in even so loving and considerate a church as the Baldwin Place Church has always had the reputation of being, there may possibly have been a few such. Had there been but one, the peculiarly sensitive spirit of the jaded, worn pastor would have felt it.

His next letter to his church bears the following date:—

6 QUEEN STREET PLACE, LONDON, 19 Dec., 1840.

MY VERY DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS OF THE BALDWIN PLACE CHURCH: Grace, mercy, and peace from God, even our Father, be multiplied to you all, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

I wrote you a few lines from Halifax, not because I had anything new to communicate, but as expressive of my fervent affection and of my tender solicitude for your welfare. Since the date of that letter we have passed over a long distance, been exposed to some dangers, and experienced much of the goodness of God. Our passage was thirteen and a half days, and was quite as favorable as could be expected at this inclement season. From all on board we received the kindest possible attention. We passed two Sabbaths on the ocean, and though prayers were read in the saloon, we were quite too unwell to attend. I was in both instances requested to preach, but really I was not in preaching mood. The ship was quite too unsteady for my weak nerves. The blessed pulpit in Baldwin Place would have been far preferable. We thought of you during the hours of service, and wondered who might be dispensing to you the word of life. Our prayer was, and still is, and shall continue to be, that the Spirit of the Lord may be with you, and keep you affectionately united, and revive your graces, and make you active and useful in promoting the interests of Christ's kingdom.

The next day after our arrival at Liverpool, we left for London by the way of Birmingham. We have now been in London two days, during which time we have been engaged in preparations for our tour upon the continent. Of course we have not been able to become acquainted with

many of the excellent Christians with which this city abounds. It is now Saturday evening, a time when I have been accustomed to prepare for preaching on the holy Sabbath. Instead of preparing sermons I am doing the best thing I can as a substitute. Accept this, dearly beloved, as a token of my affectionate remembrance, and of my readiness to serve you, even though separated from you by thousands of miles.

I long anxiously to hear from you, and to learn how you are prospering in the Lord. I doubt not that you have good preaching. May you profit by it, and grow in both grace and knowledge. Are your prayer meetings well attended? Are they deeply spiritual? Do you agree as touching what you shall ask of a prayer-hearing God? Are you anxious for the conversion of souls? O, my dear, dear brethren and sisters, fail not to keep your skirts clear of the blood of souls. Let them not perish through your neglect.

No essential change has yet occurred in my health. I expect no improvement until I reach milder climes. I need not say, "Pray for us." Your very affectionate pastor,

BARON STOW.

In the correspondence which was thus begun by the absent pastor, we notice the warmth of affection which was so prominent a feature in his character. A few of the letters which were sent to him as replies we have found among his papers. They are full of expressions of attachment on the part of his church, and earnest prayers that their minister may recover his health, and be restored to them again. We resume the thread of our narrative in the words of Mr. Stow.

London, December 20. At half past six went to St. John Chapel, Bedford Row, to hear the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel. The chapel is very spacious, containing seats for twenty-two hundred. The service was well read by an aged clergyman with a strong, clear voice. Mr. Noel preached from 1 Peter i. 18, 19. The discourse was decidedly evangelical in sentiment, chaste and simple in style. He is represented as one of the most laborious and useful ministers in the Establishment. God give the Church of England many more such.

Paris, December 28. Several Americans called, and showed much kind sympathy. It is good to find friends who know how to show kindness without charging five francs for it.

Paris, December 29. Still feeble and inefficient. Kind friends still overwhelm us with attentions. Walked around the garden of the Palais Royal with Mrs. S. The shops are magnificent. The French

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not how I could account to Christ for time and money thus employed, if my own gratification were the primary object.

January 6, evening. Called on Rev. Mr. Baird, 16 Rue de la Ferme des Mathurins, and conversed upon professional subjects. His piety is of the gentle, sweet, attractive kind. O that Paris had a thousand such, as salt in the midst of her impurity, as lights in the midst of her darkness.

Paris, January 7. Our party were invited to the soirée of General and Mrs. Cass, at nine and a half this evening — a kind of business that ill accords with my health and feelings. My fear in attending is, that I shall do something inconsistent with my profession as a Christian and a minister. Lord, keep me in the path of purity. I would not be squeamish or over-careful, but I would "*magnify* mine office," and *please* my Master.

January 8. Dined with a company of sixteen gentlemen. Among them were Monsieur Julienne de Paris, secretary of Robespierre, also of Napoleon Bonaparte, and Monsieur Champollion, brother of the celebrated Monsieur Champollion, whose investigations in Egyptian hieroglyphics have so much interested the learned world. General Cass is much interested in the same subject, and has written two articles in the North American Review. Two of the South American ministers were present, one from Chili, the other from Montevideo.

January 11. Mr. Buckingham called. We conversed upon the propriety of clergymen doing in Paris what they would not do in America. His remarks were somewhat piquant, and showed his views of Christian consistency. It seems public opinion does not make it a question of right and wrong, but of consistency. *I feel* it would be wrong in me, "to go everywhere." Theatres, operas, balls, and all amusements of that class, I regard as wrong in themselves. They are unbefitting moral, accountable beings; they minister to depravity. They who follow them "live after the flesh." I therefore avoid them, not only as a Christian and a Christian minister, but as a man, a being whom God has made "*a little lower than the angels;*" a being destined to an immortal life.

Paris, January 12. Here, as elsewhere, the purest gospel is preached in the humblest places. It would add nothing to the *effectiveness* of the evangelical message to have it proclaimed in the Madeleine, or St. Sulpice, or Notre Dame, or even in St. Paul's and St. Peter's. Plain and convenient places of worship are decidedly the best.

Walked through the Place de la Concorde, into Champs Elysées. In the evening read aloud in Oliver Twist. Dickens is truly a powerful writer; his sketches of character are exceedingly graphic and vivid; he makes each distinctly visible, inside and out.

The following letter, which he wrote to his church and congregation may properly be introduced here:—

PARIS, January 14, 1841.

MY DEAR PEOPLE: Before I left America I was earnestly entreated by many of you to throw off *all* care and anxiety, and surrender myself to mental as well as bodily relaxation. This I have endeavored to do as far as possible; but God, who knows my heart, can best tell how difficult it is for me to detach my thoughts and solicitudes from the people whom I have reason to love, and whom I shall ever love, so long as this heart continues its throbbings. As the Sabbath comes round, how can I forget Baldwin Place, and the people and the scenes associated with that hallowed spot? I could not if I would, I would not if I could. Every Sabbath since I left you I have in spirit been present in that temple where with an aching heart I bade you adieu. The assembly has been before me, and I have anxiously looked round to see if any were missing, desirous to be assured that all had principle enough regularly to fill their places, and to know that whoever might stand as my substitute, he had a full attendance of devout and attentive worshippers. I have had before me, also, the whole choir, not one absent, and as heretofore, lifted my heart to God, that he would inspire their hearts to feel, as well as their lips to pronounce, the praises which they sing. I have sympathized with the preacher, and joined the longings of my heart with his, that the message of love might reach your hearts, and be made, by the Holy Spirit, the power of God unto your salvation. O my people, how has my heart yearned over you, and poured its petitions into the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth, that you might be profited by the hearing of the gospel! Much as I should rejoice to be employed by God as the subordinate agent in your conversion, yet I should be delighted to know that, even through the labors of others, you had come to the saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. You and I may not meet again on earth, but we must meet at the bar of the Son of Man. O that our meeting there may not be a painful one!

As the evenings consecrated by you to social prayer recur one after another, I am also with you in spirit, beholding the familiar faces, and joining in the devotions — such devotions as the angels love to observe, and the Saviour honors with his promised presence. These precious seasons have a deep hold on my heart, and wherever I may rove or rest, they will not, they cannot, be forgotten. If anything associated with them detracts from my comfort, it is the thought that so many of my dear people love not the place of prayer, and habitually stay away from those sacred scenes where true piety finds its congenial home. How happens it, my dear hearers, that you have such an aversion to the

prayer-room, such dislike of praying society? Can you, in such a state of mind, have one qualification for heaven? I beseech you, lay this subject deeply to heart, and be neither too worldly nor too proud to meet with the people of God, and there lift up your hearts with theirs in supplication for the promised influences of the Holy Spirit.

Since I left America I have seen six Sabbaths, but I have not preached a single sermon, and, owing to the state of my health, have attended public worship only twice. We have endeavored to maintain family worship, and in this I have found much comfort. Last Sabbath Dr. Wayland called at our lodgings, and prayed with us, and expounded the eighth chapter of Romans, and we conversed together upon the things of the kingdom of God. But the service, refreshing as it was, painfully reminded me of the privileges from which I am for several long months to be exiled.

We are in the midst of a people who pay no religious regard to the holy Sabbath, and who, though they are decorated with crosses, are "*the enemies of the cross of Christ.*" "*God is not in all their thoughts.*" They "*live after the flesh.*" O, when shall the gospel be preached here in its purity and power, and this wicked city be distinguished by revivals of religion?

All that I have seen here and in England only makes me love my country the more. I love the land of my birth, not for her buildings, piles of brick, and wood, and stone, not for her armies, her navies, her military schools, her painting, her statuary, but for her constitution, her laws, her churches, her schools, her liberty, her religion, her thousand, thousand excellences and privileges, of which the old world knows nothing, and under her present system can know nothing. I love my country because she is the best spot on the earth in which to recover the lost image of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. If I get no other good by this temporary absence, I shall certainly obtain this — the deeply-wrought conviction that Americans have occasion to be grateful and contented. No consideration but the one which tore me from my loved home and my loved duties would induce me to remain in Europe longer than I could find a safe and swift conveyance away from her polluted shores. He who preaches "total depravity," without having seen it as here developed, knows it only in theory. I have come to the conclusion that the millennium is somewhat farther off than I formerly supposed. Christianity has much to do before even France, with her thirty-five millions, shall be prepared for the reign of the Son of Man.

For particulars respecting my health, I must refer you to my friend and brother, Dr. E. W. Leach, to whom I have, some days since, forwarded a letter containing a detail of facts. Many of you know that I was never very sanguine as to the result of this tour. I submitted to

the judgment of others, because I had not confidence in my own, and because it appeared in the circumstances to be the only course which I could take, and yet retain my place as your pastor. The best wisdom that God gave was used, and nothing has occurred to change my opinion that the step taken was, on the whole, the best. My medical adviser here — and he has, perhaps, no superior — says that I have followed right counsel; and if I stay away two or three years, I may be able to resume my parochial duties with some prospect of safety. Such an absence, however, I do not think of for a moment. I shall carefully obey the instructions of my Boston physician, and follow out your wishes, and then, by God's permission, return, and hope to be able, not only to resume, but long continue, these labors, which, by a strange paradox, are my life, though they have well nigh been my death. I know of no other way than to do present duty, and leave the future to Him whose purposes are as wise as they are inscrutable.

I remain, dear friends, as ever,

Your affectionate and devoted pastor,

BARON STOW.

What a warm, affectionate heart is spread out before our gaze in this loving communication to the church and society, of whose welfare he never lost sight! He was not insensible to the charms of the beautiful capital of France. There were many objects of interest, which, as a tourist, he desired to see. In the diversion which was given to his thoughts, and the necessary physical exercise which he was obliged to take, who can doubt that he found the best medicine for the restoration of his prostrated nervous system? We will look through his eyes as he passes from place to place, and with him will visit spots so memorable.

Paris, January 15. At eleven we four took a fiacre, and went first to the Palace of the Luxembourg. The paintings there surpass everything we have yet seen. Went into the Chamber of Peers, also Chambre à Coucher de Marie de Medicis, a splendid apartment decorated in the most sumptuous style for those times. Went next to St. Sulpice, and there witnessed a Catholic funeral.

Visited Notre Dame. Stood on the spot where Napoleon was crowned. Saw the robes worn by the archbishop and by Napoleon at the coronation. Splendid trifles.

In the evening took tea at Mr. Baird's, where I met a pleasant company of French and American Christians; among them were Messrs. Audebez, Lutterwoth, and Roussel.

Monsieur Roussel is a preacher, but not a pastor. Is editor of a religio-political paper, called L'Espérance. He is below the medium size, with a face that indicates mind and severe study. He is said to be a truly pious man, a lover of the truth. As an editor he is often severely sarcastic, especially on the Catholics, thus pleasing his infidel readers, who care little for his orthodoxy, provided he will "cut hard" upon "the hypocrites."

We passed the evening pleasantly. It was good to find Frenchmen who could talk about "the grace of God," and "justification by faith alone," as if they understood and loved what they said.

Paris, January 17. Another, and the fourth Sabbath in Paris. Went to the Church St. Roch, in Rue St. Honoré. Heard a discourse from Monsieur ——, the priest who went out to St. Helena with the Prince de Joinville after the remains of Napoleon. His manner was spirited and every way impressive. The queen was present, and appeared very devout. She is spoken of by all as a very good woman. She is distinguished for her simplicity of manners and dress, her industry and benevolence.

Weather soft and balmy. Walked through the garden of the Tuileries, and saw thousands of people; all civil and orderly.

Paris, January 18. Went to the Foundling Hospital. Rode next to the Triumphal Arch L'Etoile, a huge and splendid structure, commemorative of military events. From the summit we had a fine view of Paris and its environs. Height one hundred and fifty-two feet.

Lyons, January 24. Left Paris January 21. We took the whole of the Interieur, and provided ourselves with as many comforts as we could afford. The air was uncommonly clear as we emerged from Paris. It was delightful to look abroad upon earth and sky, and breathe the healthful atmosphere. We took our route par Chalons sur Saone. We were sixty-five hours on the road, a distance of one hundred nineteen and a half French leagues, or three hundred English miles. We reached Lyons this (Sunday) morning at seven o'clock. Pleased enough to arrive without trespassing more on holy time. The ride has been a very tedious one, but we have suffered no more than we anticipated. Some parts of the country were lightly covered with snow; others were quite bare. In some places the ground was soft; in others, hard frozen. The frightful stories told us in Paris of the state of the roads were happily untrue. The road was all the way exceedingly good. It is a macadamized road, and along the whole length were heaps of broken stone, ready to be thrown in when the road at any point becomes soft or yielding.

Thousands, nay, millions, of acres we have seen covered with vines, especially in Burgundy. It must be a most beautiful route in summer.

As in other parts of France, we saw more of the women than the men, as they were out with their donkeys bearing various articles, such as vegetables, wood, &c., to the nearest markets. The houses are clustered compactly in villages, with no appearance of cleanliness or of comfort. Some of the cafés where we took our meals were disgustingly dirty. The coffee, with boiled milk, has everywhere in France been a luxury, and the bread excellent, though baked in shapes that appear ludicrous.

Lyons, January 25. Went up and down the Rhone; viewed the quays and bridges. Ascended the hill west of the Saone, on which stood the ancient city Lugdunum; prospect was extensive. Visited the manufactories of silk tapestry.

River Rhone, January 26. So we are here in a French steamer, upon the ancient Rhodanus, hastening rapidly towards the Mediterranean. The whole region through which we are passing is classic ground, containing remains of Roman antiquities, such as aqueducts, bridges, &c. No place has so much interested me as Vienne, a short distance below Lyons. Here the Christians of early times were furiously persecuted. The gospel was preached through all this part of France very soon after the ascension of our blessed Saviour. Query, if Paul visited England, did he pass up the Rhone? What route did he take into Spain?

Avignon, January 27. In three hours from St. Esprit we reached this ancient and famous city. Went into the Chapelle du St. Office, where the popes perform their devotions. Next was the Chapelle de l'Inquisition, where those who were condemned "pour crime d'hérésie" to suffer punishment, came to make the "amende honorable." Then we entered the Salle des Tortures, where the heretics were dealt with after the manner of St. Dominic. A part of the oven remains into which they were thrust to be roasted into confession.

Next came the "Tribunal de l'Inquisition," where the heretics were tried. After this we saw the "Tour de Taurias," a prison designed for criminals. Thence we went upon the rock, the highest part of the city, where the prospect up and down the Rhone is very fine; also the famous country of Languedoc.

Avignon, January 29. Yesterday afternoon we took a calèche and visited the tomb of Laura — "Tombeau de la belle Laure." She was interred in the church of the Cordeliers, which was demolished fifty years ago, during the French revolution. Parts of the walls are still standing, and the ruins lie in heaps on all sides. The site of the church is now a garden, of a very ordinary character. The spot upon which strangers have gazed with so much interest is marked by a small, rude monument, erected in 1823 by Charles Kelsall, a travelling Englishman. It is encompassed by a row of small cypresses, thirty in

number, set in elliptical form; four small weeping willows bend over the spot hallowed to so many minds by deeply interesting associations.

Avignon, January 30. At eleven o'clock took a calèche, and went out to Vaucluse, fifteen English miles. The road lay through a pleasant, well-cultivated country, which in summer must be most delightful to the eye. We passed several villages where the inhabitants were mostly out of doors, upon the southern sides of their houses, saving fuel by warming themselves in the sun. We saw several women spinning flax upon small, awkwardly constructed foot-wheels, bearing some resemblance to those which my grandmother used. A greater portion of the ground was ploughed, and planted with madder and teasles, the principal products of this neighborhood. We saw on the way beautiful hedges of cypress, also rows of the plane tree, in our country the "sycamore," or "button-wood." Upon a ridge, rocky and gravelly, we saw, the first time, the olive, of which there are extensive orchards. The plain lands were planted with the white mulberry.

At L'Isle our coachman was obliged to stop to get a shoe set on one of the horses. Mr. G. and myself walked until we came to the "Hotel de Petrarque et de Laure," "which," Madame Starke says "is celebrated by travellers for its dinners, consisting of excellent trout and other fish." We were met by the landlord, a bluff, blowzy man, importuning us, in his peculiar patois, to take dinner at his house. As we had determined to do so, we ordered it, hoping for once to get a dinner that would relish "at trois francs" per head. Our calèche came up soon after, and in half an hour more we were at Vaucluse, a little village of eighty inhabitants. The road wound along the stream, which dashed limpidly and rapidly over the rocks. On our right, as we ascended, was the torrent; on our left, as also on our right across the stream, were high, precipitous rocks, which became higher and bolder as we advanced. Occasionally, between the path and the water, there was a small patch of earth, containing a cypress, or an olive, and a few garden vegetables. The bed of the stream was in many places covered with a vegetable most luxuriantly green, and manifestly a lover of pure cold water. I pulled some, finding it, from its appearance and odor, to be a species of parsnip.

Half way from the village to the fountain, on the bank opposite to the path, are the ruins said to be of the house of Petrarch, occupied by him some five hundred years ago. It must have been about one hundred feet above the bed of the torrent, and had but one way of access — by a steep ascent on the west side.

At the distance of about one quarter or one third of a mile from the village, we arrived at the termination of the path. It was the

fountain of Vaucluse! We stood in silent admiration, hardly able to believe that we were upon the spot of which we had read much, and of which we had heard many speak in terms bordering upon enthusiasm. We felt an interest in the associations of the place; besides, there was grandeur in the scene. We stood where the sun is seldom seen, so enclosed is the spot by high, overhanging rocks, which we could not contemplate without awe approaching to terror. At our feet was a quiet, limpid pool, some fifteen or twenty yards in diameter, supplied copiously from hidden sources known only to the Creator, and unruffled either by the wind from above or the rushing waters from beneath. The rock is calcareous, and the stones around covered with tufa. I have seen some of the sublime scenes of nature, but none whose sublimity resembles that of the scene before me. It was peculiar, and led me to think not of Petrarch, but of Him who made all these things, and before whom Petrarch and his contemporaries must stand in judgment.

The sun was declining, and we turned reluctantly away, bearing with us some memorials of the spot. The whole of this chasm in the calcareous rock, varying in depth from two hundred to three hundred feet, exhibits proof of having been worn down by the action of the current. At the height of one hundred and fifty and even two hundred feet from the present bed of the stream, are large excavations in the sides of the rock, evidently produced by attrition of water. When was all this done? How long has this fountain been flowing? Was it ever more copious than now? What do geologists say of these striking phenomena?

The quantity of water poured from this fountain is immense. At L'Isle the stream is divided into several canals, in each of which there is water sufficient to turn heavy, cumbrous water-wheels.

At eight we reached our lodgings, and, what is unusual for us, called for tea. Since we have entered France, we have breakfasted from nine to ten, and dined from four to six. So we have dispensed with suppers, and of course with tea. At ten o'clock read John xvii., and found it good to draw near to God in prayer. Precious privilege.

Avignon, February 1. Engaged our places for Marseilles — took the whole interieur "for thirty-six francs, or six francs apiece for us four."

Marseilles, February 2. Left Avignon at six o'clock last evening, had a cheerful ride, reached Aix at five this morning, then took refreshments. At daylight we found ourselves approaching a better country, and appearances improved as we advanced. The houses, gardens, vineyards, and olive-yards all indicated more neatness, thrift, and comfort than we *had seen* or expected to see in France. At nine, instead of

set down in Marseilles, in the Hotel de
arranged and apparently better kept than
rope, — not even excepting Dee's Royal

y to the banking-house, and to my great
n home; all well and prosperous up to
ised. Deacon B. gives a most encoura-
church and congregation — no death, no
vival. The Lord in mercy pour out his
word, and hear the prayers of his people.
Rev. Mr. Johnston, a native of Scotland,
burn, N. Y., to preach until my return.
at good.

in the steamer Pharamond, which leaves
Naples, via Genoa, Leghorn, and Civita
the harbor in a boat to examine the
motions, occasioned by the thought that I
ean; these emotions, mingling with those
ome and the thoughts of home produced
l nigh overwhelming.

4. When I rose this morning it rained,
ay, and disclosed on our left the Italian
apped with snow; the Sardinian towns
gorges of the hills, and close down by the
ides, gave to the scene an air highly pic-
the wind, north-east, increased to a gale,
by the motion of the vessel. At six we
of Genoa, where we hope to-morrow to go
us indeed; and we feel that we have occa-
God that we are safe in port.

noa. It lies in a semicircle around the
s of the Apennines, in the form of an
m the outer harbor is particularly charm-
narrow and crooked, are tolerably clean.
and orderly. We saw very few beggars.

Left Genoa in due French time, that is, two
ised. At five this morning we reached Leg-
omised not to leave till four P. M., saying he
hat hour, we took carriages, seven persons in
some twelve or fourteen miles north of Leg-
htful, winding through a level country, well
ther hand with the white mulberry, and vines

trained from tree to tree in a manner that must be beautiful indeed when in full foliage. We were often accosted by beggars, that would come hobbling up to the carriage windows as if very decrepit; but when our coachman quickened the pace of his beasts, they would quit their hobbling, and run with a speed which we could scarcely outstrip. In two hours and a quarter we were set down at the "Hotel des Trois Demoiselles," in Pisa, facing the Arno, now swollen and turbid. Engaging a cicerone, we set off at once to see the most important lions. On our way we stopped to take a passing look at the Church of St. Stephen; soon we were at the foot of the "Leaning Tower," the admiration of the world; next came the Cathedral, the most splendid church we have yet seen; next the Baptistery, once used for the immersion of both adults and infants, now only for the sprinkling of infants. Madame Starke says, "The practice of immersion was discontinued in the thirteenth century." Why? we ask, why? The building is spacious, with some very handsome bassi-relievi. We reached Leghorn at three. After slight refreshment at a damp, dark restaurant, hurried on board, the boatmen quarrelling who should take us off, and thus make a few sous of the job. We were punctual, as required. The steamer got under way at five and a half. We were grieved that we could not have had this time on shore, for we much desired to see the cemetery and the synagogue.

Civita Vecchia, February 7. Reached this place at eleven and a half this morning; had a very boisterous passage, with head wind, and heavy, rolling sea. Confined to my berth all the way. It is the Lord's day. E. and myself went by ourselves on deck, and read several of the Psalms of David — "sweeter than honey and the honey-comb," especially the sixty-first and sixty-second, with the eighty-fourth. The rest of our company went on shore; but as it was the Sabbath, we preferred to spend the few hours while in port in the most devotional way possible. We had no retired place for joint prayer, but still found it good to lift our hearts on high, to praise and pray "in secret silence of the mind."

Naples, February 8. Had another boisterous, uncomfortable night. At ten and a half this morning we entered the grand mole of Naples. The sea was so heavy, and the ship rolled so badly, I could not go on deck as she passed up the bay; so I lost that beautiful view of the city, of which travellers speak with such raptures. We had so many ceremonies to go through on shipboard, and at the custom-house, we did not reach our hotel until three P. M. We have found a home for a day or two in the "Hotel de Russie," directly on the beach, and facing the bay, in Strada di San Lucia.

Naples, February 9. We walked to the Ville Reale, a most beautiful promenade along the beach of the bay, for a mile or more elegantly

set out with trees and shrubbery, and liberally interspersed with statues and fountains. It was full of gay company. Vesuvius is in full view from our windows, but ever since our arrival has been capped with clouds. The day has been charming, and we have realized what is meant by "the silken climate" of Italy. An Italian said to us at Marseilles, "O, you will find a *sweet* climate at Naples;" and so we have found. Surely every day cannot be like this.

CHAPTER XI.

IMPROVED HEALTH. — LETTER TO THE BALDWIN PLACE CHURCH. — NAPLES. — ROME. — NORTHERN ITALY.

1841.

IT is evident from the journal of Mr. Stow, that the decision to which he came, to break away from the cares of the ministry, was a wise one. It is easy to see that the tone of his animal spirits is very much raised, that he derives sincere pleasure from sight-seeing, and that he exercises his wonted discrimination in observing the objects which pass under the notice of his eye. We rejoice to see this improvement in his feelings, and predict that in due time he will return to his duties with new strength.

The following communication, addressed to the Baldwin Place Church, indicates the warm affection of the absent pastor for his beloved flock: —

NAPLES, February 10, 1841.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN AND SISTERS: My last communication to you was dated at London, about twenty days after I bade you a painful and reluctant adieu. I now address you from this classic land, where, at almost every step, I am reminded of by-gone generations, of whose deeds I have all my life been reading, and among the ruins of whose greatness I have long desired to wander. I am writing before a window which faces the beautiful Bay of Naples, and from which I can distinctly see Mount Vesuvius, one of the chimneys of the globe, from whose crater the smoke is continually issuing. I can hardly realize that I am here, looking out upon the Mediterranean, that sea so famed in sacred and profane history — the sea that laves the shores of Greece, Egypt, Asia Minor, and Palestine — the very sea upon which Paul the

prisoner was tempest-tossed when on his way to Rome to sustain his appeal to Cæsar. Yet so it is. By the great goodness of God I *am* here, and within fifty yards of me the billows of that Mediterranean are breaking upon the beach. A thousand associations rush into my mind, and I am overwhelmed with emotion. Yet, amidst the multiplicity of thoughts and the gush of feelings, there is one prominent thought, there is one master feeling. It is the thought of home — it is the feeling occasioned by a recollection of the endeared objects in that far-off land from which I am a temporary exile. The needle does not more surely turn towards the north than does my heart towards the west. Many degrees of longitude separate us, but my affection for the people of my charge does not diminish as I recede. I am surrounded by objects of animating interest, which I find pleasure in contemplating; but they do not counteract the attractive force of home, nor will they detain us an hour beyond the time appointed for our return. Were our principal object accomplished, we would gladly turn our faces at once towards the western continent.

Our original purpose, you know, was to visit the Holy Land. We have all along hoped that the political difficulties would be settled in season to allow us to proceed without jeopardy or inconvenience. As yet the prospect is rather discouraging, and we fear that we shall be compelled to relinquish our purpose. At present we could not travel in that country without a military escort — a convenience which we did not bring with us, and which we could not easily command. The disappointment to us will be great, for we had anticipated our highest pleasure in visiting Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jordan, Capernaum, Bethany, Gethsemane, and Calvary. But as matters *now* are, the hazard attending such a visit is greater than we could prudently run. However pleasant to the Crusaders was the thought of laying their bones in the land of Judea, I confess there is nothing romantic to me in being robbed by a horde of Arabs, or of welcoming among my heart-strings the point of a Turkish sabre. Unless, therefore, we hear of something more favorable touching the condition of Syria, we shall hardly venture into the Levant. In that case Naples will be the utmost limit of our tour. We should be glad to visit Greece, but the attractions there are not of themselves sufficient to induce us to encounter the discomforts of another sea voyage.

We arrived in this city on the 8th instant. Why we did not reach here, as we intended, a month sooner, you will probably have learned from my letter to the congregation. I was detained at Paris by an illness, which, at one time, rendered it doubtful whether I should be able to proceed another league, but which God in mercy removed, so that, after twenty-six days, I resumed my journey. At Avignon, about five

hundred miles south of Paris, I had another attack, which delayed us, however, only a few days. From Marseilles we came to this place by a steam packet, which touched at Genoa, Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia. We were five days on the passage, which was rather uncomfortable, owing to a heavy, rolling sea, occasioned by southerly winds. We really do not fancy sea life, and shall have as little of it as possible. Our return route will be by land, through the pope's dominions, Tuscany, Lombardy, Sardinia, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, &c.

We have seen many interesting objects, from some of which we have gained instruction. I cannot in a single letter do anything at description, and therefore shall not attempt it. But I will just say that, *as a Baptist*, I was particularly interested in the "Baptistery," at Pisa. That is the name of a splendid circular edifice, which will contain three thousand persons. The architecture is magnificent, and the amount of money expended upon it must have been immense. It stands near the Grand Cathedral, and was erected for the administration of baptism, in those good old days when the ordinance was uncorrupted. The font is in the centre, elevated a little above the floor, with a fountain which supplied a continual stream of pure water. Since the thirteenth century this font has fallen into disuse, and now stands a silent but keen reprover of those who trifle with Christ's institutions. Upon the rim of this font a marble basin has been fitted, from which the little, unconscious candidates are sprinkled. O, if that font had a tongue, how would it speak out, and ask the innovators by what authority they have made the change, and so miserably perverted the significance of the holy rite!

We have visited many cathedrals and churches, and while we have admired the architecture and paintings, we have been displeased and grieved at the ignorance and superstition of both the priests and the people. O, brethren and sisters, bless the Lord that you were born in America! Fail not to appreciate your privileges and your responsibilities.

You will, of course, be gratified to know that I feel encouraged respecting my health. It has improved considerably since I reached a milder climate. Here the air is soft and balmy, and I think the effect will be favorable. The fields are green, farmers are planting their seeds, and roses and other flowers are blooming in the gardens. We have not all the comforts of home, but we have more than we expected.

While at Marseilles I received a precious letter from Deacon Beal, dated January 1, which gave a most satisfactory account of your condition and prospects. I rejoice to hear that you continue united. God forbid that any "root of bitterness" should spring up to trouble you, that any heresy should creep in to lead any astray, that any of you

should be driven about by winds of doctrine. Dearly beloved, I am persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though I thus speak. "Faithful is he that hath called you," and I am confident that he will keep you from schism, and error, and defection. I beseech you, keep the cords of discipline straight. Deal kindly with one another, and yet faithfully. Seek for the peace and purity of the body. *Hold together. Work together.* Be one in heart, one in action, and the God of love and peace will be with you.

The younger members of the flock, my own dear children in the Lord, I exhort to abide true and faithful to their profession. Cultivate acquaintance with the older members. Seek their society, follow their counsel. Ye "are my joy and the crown of my rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus."

I long to hear that sinners are converted among you, and hope, immediately on my return, to have many to bury in baptism. I have not preached a sermon since I left home, nor performed any other public service. Months will elapse before I shall be where a congregation could understand me.

Now, beloved, once more adieu. Pray, pray for us. You have our constant prayers. "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."

With unwavering attachment,

Your absent pastor,

BARON STOW.

Other and similar letters may have been written by the absent pastor to his church; but if so, they have been mislaid. Fortunately the record of his movements is so full, that we are able to supply every deficiency in this respect. We have read not a few books of travel, the scene of which was laid in the fair, classic land of Italy; but we think the record of the wanderings of our pilgrim friend will compare favorably with that of any other traveller. We are to keep in mind that he was an invalid; that excitement and fatigue affected his sensitive brain, and often prostrated his spirits. The life of a busy sight-seer is one which, while it is full of richest enjoyment, makes a peculiar draft on the vital energies. After a long, wearisome, and most active day of running about a great city, and viewing its objects of interest, it is not always easy to sit down at the late evening hours, and carefully and elegantly pen down the results of the day's work. Nowhere,

we think, does the great facility for writing, for which the subject of this Memoir was always distinguished, show itself more conspicuously than in the chaste and beautiful manner in which he has recorded the adventures of his life as a tourist. Cheerfully we let him act as the guide of our readers, as he takes them over spots of so much romantic interest as those which he visited in Southern Europe.

Naples, February 10. Went with our party to the Studii Publici, or Museo Borbonico Reale, and examined several of the galleries, especially the ancient sculpture and the antique remains, excavated from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

In one gallery we saw the famous Hercules of Glycon, found at Rome in the baths of Caracalla, and which is considered one of the finest statues extant. It represents Hercules previous to his deification. He is a giant of a fellow.

In much of the ancient sculpture I was deeply interested, especially in several of the busts of philosophers, consuls, and emperors. The female figures are some of them very fine, and all properly covered with drapery. Among these was Agrippina, the mother of Nero, seated. There was a magnificent porphyry basin, which is said to have been used as a lustral vase in the temple dedicated to Æsculapius. In one hall was a colossal statue of Flora, a grand production of the Grecian chisel. Atlas, supporting the globe, very properly bends beneath the burden. I felt that this figure, like the fable, was in bad taste. The statue of Aristides, found in Herculaneum, struck me as a masterpiece.

In one hall was a large painting, a copy of a celebrated one by Raphael, at Rome — the Transfiguration. Why should the Saviour be represented as elevated above the earth? Why that promiscuous, gazing group in the foreground? The perspective in this copy is not good. We saw a copy in Paris with the same faults, yet it is admired. Perhaps the original will strike me more favorably.

The streets of Naples are full of people. They must live out of doors by day; and who can blame them in such weather as this? About every tenth person appears to be a priest.

February 13. At eight and a half this morning we started for Pompeii, being seven in all. We hired two calèches, one with three horses, the other with two, for which we paid ten piastres, and one piastre to the coachman. We were two hours and three quarters in going the fourteen or fifteen miles. Passing out of Naples by a dirty street, crowded with dirty people, engaged in dirty work, we

crossed the Sebethus by the Ponte della Maddalena, between Naples and Portici. The country is beautiful, covered with luxuriant gardens and vineyards. At Portici is one of the king's palaces. Next is Torre del Greco, which was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, June 15, 1794. This eruption was not from the crater on the summit, but towards the middle of the mountain, on the western side. Torre del Greco was five horizontal miles from this new volcano, and contained eighteen hundred inhabitants. The stream of lava, which took this direction, was one mile in width, and was three hours in reaching the sea, into which it poured, driving back the water for one third of a square mile, and rising above it some twelve or fifteen feet. Every part of the country to which the lava ran became a desert, and its appearance now is awfully desolate. The next town is Torre della Monziata. Along this route we saw many villas, with groves or orchards of lemons and oranges, yellow with fruit. Arrived at Pompeii, we engaged a cicerone and commenced our rambles. I had been considerably excited in anticipation, but as I entered this wonderful place, which has lain buried since A. D. 79 under the ashes and cinders of Vesuvius, the excitement was more than doubled. My poor heart felt the bitter effects, and began to palpitate most uncomfortably. We went first into the Comic Theatre, then the Tragic Theatre, then, crossing to the northern side of the city, over the part which still lies buried, and upon which are luxuriant vineyards and fields of esculent vegetables, we came to the Amphitheatre. It is very spacious, and is capable of seating at least fifteen thousand persons. Its form is elliptical, and it has thirty-three rows of seats, with a row of boxes, for ladies, above the whole. Here were those bloody shows of which the ancients were so fond, but which, thanks to the humanizing influence of Christianity, have long since passed into disrepute. In this place the people of Pompeii and the surrounding country were assembled, when Vesuvius suddenly poured forth those volumes of ashes and pumice-stones which covered this devoted city, and hid it for centuries from the face of mortals. What an hour was that! Bulwer, in his Last Days of Pompeii, has very graphically described it.

We then proceeded to examine other wonders, among which were the public baking-house, the house of Sallust, a chemist's and druggist's shop, public baths, houses with large and small fountains, temples of Fortune, Isis, Hercules, Romulus, Æsculapius, and Venus, merchant shops, banking-houses, the Pantheon, the Forum Civile, the ancient aqueducts, and the Villa of Diomed, — of which Bulwer has made so much account, — Forum Nundinarium, tribunal of justice, &c., &c.

In several places we saw beautiful mosaics, shell-work, &c. One of the mosaics represented the battle of the Granicus.

Only about one third of the city has been disinterred, and that mostly by the French. We saw a few men excavating and sifting the earth; they are employed by the government; and all valuables which they find are removed to Naples, and placed in the Museo Borbonico Reale. We were narrowly watched, especially while examining the better class of mosaics, lest we should pocket something belonging to his majesty. We had no disposition to steal, but we would gladly have purchased a few interesting specimens.

While we were wandering among these ruins, and laboring hard to understand the poor Italian and poorer French of our cicerone, a man brought us two bottles of the wine of Pompeii, called "Lachrymæ Christi," for which we gladly paid four carlini, both because we were thirsty and because we wished to try the article of which we have heard so much. It is light, and rather palatable. Before our cicerone had finished his circuit I was so prostrated as to be compelled to desist, and seat myself for breath, and rest upon the front door-steps of Diomed's house. Having finished three hours and a half of hurried and excited sight-seeing, we took a lunch in our carriages, and started for home, driving much more rapidly than in the morning.

Naples, 14th February, Lord's day. Rose after a night of suffering, anxious to devote the day to the Lord in the holiest and most profitable manner. Read the last two chapters of Mark and fifteenth of John. Hearing there would be Episcopal worship near us, we went to the place at the hour appointed; but finding we should be exorbitantly taxed for a poor seat, we turned away, and resolved to worship God in our own apartments. Found some comfort in bowing at the foot of the throne, and acknowledging the mercy of God, in confessing our sins and in imploring continued favor. Descend, Holy Spirit, to-day, not only upon us, but upon the dear people in Baldwin Place. Clothe the gospel message with power, and refresh the hearts of thy chosen, and convert sinners from the errors of their ways.

This is now carnival time, and to-day there are exhibitions in one of the principal streets.

February 16. Disappointed. It storms furiously, and so we cannot, to-day, ascend Vesuvius — the chimney-top of Italy. We regret to lose so much time, but we would not murmur. God has some kind design in thus defeating our plans. How ought we to rejoice that there is One above us who is infinite in knowledge, wisdom, goodness, and power! How much is comprised in this short expression, "The Lord reigneth"! May I never, at any time, or in any place, forget it. Read this morning several chapters in Job, and was struck, as I have often been before, with his complaint in chapter nine, verses thirty-two and thirty-three — especially the latter.

The time which our travelling party proposed to give to Naples having expired, they set their faces towards Rome. We regret that we are compelled to give so brief an account of their visit to the Eternal City. The selections we have made from the journal of Mr. Stow are perhaps no more interesting than those which we have omitted; but we are forced to draw the line somewhere, and have endeavored to lead our readers to some of the places which may be regarded as most worthy of note.

Rome, February 20. Yesterday morning we were called at two. I had slept none, and felt quite overcome by the excitement and fatigue of the two preceding days. In descending to take our seats in carriages which had been engaged to convey us to the diligence office, we found that another imposition had been practised upon us. The carriages were not those which we had engaged, and for which we had agreed to pay a piastre each. But it was too late to complain, and we rolled away from the "Hotel de Génève, chez J. Mounier," without a tear or regret. At three we set off in the "rotonde" of a voiture which was none of the best, but which we were determined to like, for it was bearing us away from a land of despotism, beggary, and perfidy. We were not sure that we should find anything better in Rome; but we could conceive nothing worse. Naples is an unclean place, physically and morally.

At the gate of the city our passports were demanded and *viséd*. The first place of interest was Capua, where our passports were again called for and *viséd*. Here we saw prisoners chained two and two, and sweeping the streets. The chains were about their ankles and bodies. This city is older than Rome itself. Here Hannibal's army encamped, and was enervated by the luxurious habits of the place.

At San Germano we breakfasted and had our passports *viséd*. This town is built partly at the foot of Monte Casino and partly on the acclivity. A baronial castle of the middle ages overhangs the town, and the pinnacle of the mountain is crowned by a most spacious and splendid Benedictine convent. A little beyond the town, on the right, are the remains of an ancient Amphitheatre, which Mr. B. and myself visited. The hotel at San Germano is called "Grand Albergo del Marco Varsone." A short distance from our route (the Via Latina) we saw the ancient city of Aquinam, the birthplace of Juvenal.

At Arce our passports were again *viséd*, as also at Ceprano, the frontier town of the Ecclesiastical States, — making five times during the day. In each case we paid a little *buono mano* — a thing which every

Italian demands when he has done anything for one, even though paid a stipulated price.

On our arrival at Ceprano, we were driven into the custom-house, and the doors were closed and guarded by a soldier. Our luggage was then taken off and examined by a very quiet, civil young man. He made an apology for the trouble he occasioned us, but said he must do it "*pour formalité.*" We then went to the Hotel de l'Europe — a favorite name for inns on the Continent, — and found a good supper and a tolerable bed.

From nine till two we slept well, when we were again called — *à* Roma; and we rose, partly refreshed.

The road yesterday was remarkably fine, and led through a most beautiful country: what a pity that such a country had not an intelligent, industrious, enterprising population! Let New Englanders have this soil, and they would soon make much of it. Our route lay between the ridges of the Apennines, and was exceedingly level. To-day it has been more hilly. Near Frosinone the ascent is very steep, and though we had eight horses we were obliged to prefix a yoke of oxen.

At half past eleven we set our faces once more towards Rome. At two o'clock we saw, across the Campagna, the towering dome of St. Peter's, and at a little past four we entered the Porta Maggiore. In half an hour more we were in the custom-house, surrounded by soldiers, and our luggage was subjected to another examination. Having paid the conductor and some half a dozen others their "*buono mano,*" we started for our hotel. We had scarce entered the street, when we were met by the carnival procession — a nonsensical, farcical rabble — in carriages and on foot; and we had no small difficulty in picking our way. At length, between five and six, we reached the Hotel de Russie, near the Piazza del Popolo, and engaged apartments for a week.

Here we are in Rome, — the Eternal City, — once the mistress of the world. What has she been! What has she done! What people have lived here! What scenes have been enacted! How full of interest are the associations suggested by the history of this spot! Let me survey the ground and gain instruction.

February 21, Lord's day. First Sabbath in Rome. What did Paul do the first Sabbath he spent here? Mrs. G. and myself went to the place of English worship, and heard the Episcopal service, and a clever discourse well read. The preacher's text was Haggai i. 2–6. His principal topic was, "self-examination as a means of grace." I should think the assembly amounted in number to five hundred. It was interesting to attend so good a service in such a place. Protestant worship in Rome! O, how important that the true light should be held up in this dark place! I could not help thinking of Paul. Where was "his own

hired house," in which he preached, a prisoner? How did he preach? Acts xxviii. 17–31.

February 22. Called on Mr. Green, the American consul, who resides at the Four Fountains on the Quirinal, and on Tortonia & Co., Piazza di Venizia. Afterwards hired a window in one of the churches at the head of the Corso to witness the show of the carnival. To us it seemed a very silly affair. Many of the people, mostly young, were arrayed in fantastic costumes, with hideous masks, and "cut up" all kinds of "antics" and "capers." Thousands were in carriages, and tens of thousands on foot. Flowers, sugar-plums, and oranges were thrown in profusion. At five o'clock a gun was fired, and the centre of the Corso was cleared. Twelve horses, one for each apostle (?), were then brought out, arrayed somewhat like the people, and let loose. Off they started down the Corso. The one which arrived first at the foot of the Corso drew a prize. This is the seventh day of the carnival. To-morrow is the last and greatest. What is the origin of this fête? How long has it been celebrated? What does it mean? It is certainly conducted with great spirit, and without disorder. Tens of thousands passed before us, and acted foolishly enough; but we saw not one person intoxicated or angry, or guilty of any breach of decency or decorum.

February 23. The grand farce is over. There has been to-day a repetition of the scenes of yesterday, with an additional one more silly than all. After the horses had finished their race, the people in the carriages lighted their candles, and the sport consisted in efforts to keep them from being extinguished by those on foot. When the last candle was put out, then all retired from the field. To-morrow is Ash-Wednesday, the beginning of Lent. A fine preparation this for forty days of self-examination and self-mortification!

February 24. At nine this morning we were on our way to St. Peter's to witness the ceremonies of Ash-Wednesday. The services were in the Capella Sistina, where we had an opportunity to see the pope in function. He and his cardinals were gorgeously arrayed, and made quite a show. The services lasted about two hours, including music, prayers, bowing, genuflexion, crossing the heads of the cardinals with ashes, kissing the pope's toe and the hem of his robe, with a harangue in Latin by one of the ecclesiastics, which lasted about twelve minutes, and reminded me of the salutatory oration at a college commencement. The whole affair struck me very unfavorably. Can it be that the pope and his cardinals, all of whom appear to be men of years and intellect, consider this as Christian worship? What does it comprise that resembles either the spirit or the practice of New Testament Christianity? The pope has a large military establishment. What a combination,

the church and the military! Jesus said, "My kingdom is not of this world." The kingdom of the pope, then, is not the kingdom of Jesus. His soldiers are to be seen at all points throughout his dominions. They were employed in large numbers to-day at all the doors and avenues leading to the Sistine Chapel.

February 25. At nine this morning we took a carriage and a valet-de-place for the day, and set off with the intention of seeing as much as possible. We commenced at the Capitoline Hill. The modern Capitol contains galleries of works of art, some of which are interesting.

On the site of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus stands the church of the Ara Cœli, to which we ascended on the south side by steps that led to the ancient temple. Passing through the church, we heard persons at prayer behind the screen that concealed the high altar, who lifted up their voices as if they intended to be heard. Passing near a side altar, I took up a card which contained a prayer to the "Blessed Virgin," commencing, "O, Maria, dolce Rifugio de miseri peccatori," &c. Such prayers are offered by persons professing to know the true Refuge! Alas! Alas! Having passed through the church, we came to the long flight of ancient steps which led to the front of the temple, one hundred and twenty-four in number.

In the rear of the Palace of the Conservatore we saw the famous Tarpeian Rock, from which those declared guilty of treason to their country were hurled headlong. It was once very high, but the earth is now filled up at the base more than forty feet above its ancient level. From this rock Manlius was precipitated, and found an inglorious death.

We then descended into the Roman Forum, and endeavored, though with poor success, to trace the localities of the memorable spot. The rubbish of successive centuries has not been wholly removed, and the appearance of the place is very uninviting. There are the foundations of the several edifices, and we fixed upon the probable location of the ancient rostra whence the orators harangued the people. There are standing three pillars of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, and eight of the Temple of Fortune. There are some remains of the Temple of Concord. The Arch of Septimius Severus and the Column of Phocas are in a good state of preservation. Three columns of the Temple of Jupiter Stator are standing.

We descended into the Mamertine prison, where many distinguished personages found their death — Jugurtha by starvation, Lentulus Cethegus, Statilius, and others by strangulation. Here, *it is said*, Peter and Paul were imprisoned; and we were shown an indentation in the wall apparently produced by a man's head. Our guide said that a soldier struck St. Peter a hard box on the side of his head that drove him against the rock with such violence as to make this impression! Peter

must have had a very hard head, or this tufa rock would never have yielded in this manner. It was in the lower Tullian prison that these apostles were confined, and there stands the pillar to which they are said to have been chained. The chain is preserved in St. Peter's! At the bottom is a spring of water said to have been used at the baptism of Processus and Martinian, the keepers of the prison. Over this prison is the Church of St. Gieuseppe.

Passing the Temples of Vesta, of Antonius and Faustina, of Romulus and Remus, the Temple of Peace, or Basilica of Constantine, the Arch of Constantine, the Arch of Titus, the Temple of Venus and Rome, the Meta Sudans, and the pedestal of the Colossus of Nero, we came to the Colosseum, the proud relic of antiquity, the admiration of the world. Description of it is out of the question. Its dimensions and proportions are magnificent: circumference, one thousand six hundred and sixty-one feet; height, one hundred and fifty-seven feet; length, two hundred and eighty-five feet; breadth, one hundred and eighty-two feet. Vasi says it had room on the seats for eighty-seven thousand persons, and on the terrace for twenty thousand. There the beasts and the gladiators fought. There the people delighted themselves with scenes of suffering and blood. There, too, the meek and humble followers of Jesus were torn to pieces by tigers, lions, and leopards, while the people looked on and rejoiced in their agony. (Did it take its name from its immense size, or from the neighboring bronze colossal statue of Nero — one hundred and twenty feet?) Thence we went to the Basilic of St. John Lateran, the principal temple of Rome, and perhaps of the Catholic world. We passed through the Baptistery of Constantine, very inferior to the one at Pisa. In the church they pretend to show the table on which Christ instituted the Supper, as also in silver reliquaries the heads of the apostles Paul and Peter. We had not the curiosity to allow the priest to show us these relics. At St. Peter's they will offer to show us where the *bodies* of these apostles repose!

In the rear of the Lateran palace we entered a portico erected by Sixtus V., under which he placed the staircase "which," *it is said*, "existed in the palace of Pilate at Jerusalem, up which our Saviour passed several times. Having been thus sanctified, the faithful now ascend it on their knees, and descend it by the four lateral staircases." It consists of twenty-eight marble steps, so consumed by friction that it became necessary to cover them with wood. They are now called "Scala Santa." We then repaired to St. Peter's, and took a general view of the galleries of the Vatican. I can now say no more than merely that everything is splendid, altogether surpassing my conception. Our cicerone to-day pointed out the Tower of Nero, from which the tyrant looked out upon Rome burning by his orders. He said that

women who had bad husbands ascend on their knees the high steps leading to the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus "praying that the great one would change their *heads* and make them better."

We to-day visited the Golden House of Nero, and the Thermæ of Titus. The Forum Romanum and parts adjacent have been used as a cattle market; hence it is known among modern Romans by the very unclassic name of "Campo Vaccino." When at the Basilic of St. John Lateran, we saw the remains of the aqueduct of Nero. The aqueduct of Claudius we saw as we entered the city, on the 20th, by the Porta Maggiore.

February 26. Went out this morning alone, and walked round the Piazza del Popolo, and examined the various objects — the fountains, the statuary, the Porta del Popolo, the obelisk, and the church Gesu e Maria, where a priest was officiating — reading prayers with most irreverent rapidity and lightness of manner.

S. Carlo, one of the most magnificent churches in the city, is divided into three naves by pilasters of the Corinthian order. Over the principal entrance are the words, "Domine, dilexi decus domus tuæ;" over each of the six arcades of the central nave, and below the transept, is an inscription which I copied.

Over a fine picture of the Virgin, in a side chapel, are the words, "Tu sola universas hærises interemisti."

Next I went to the Piazza Colonna, which occupies part of the forum of Antoninus Pius, and where is a column raised by the senate to Marcus Aurelius, in commemoration of his victories in Germany. In front of the column is the general post office, and in the adjoining Piazza of Monte Citoria, which occupies the site of the ancient theatre of Statilius Taurus, is another obelisk, evidently Egyptian. In the immediate neighborhood are the remains of the Temple of Antoninus.

I passed the church S. Maria in Via Lata, said to be "built on the spot occupied by the centurion with whom St. Paul resided when sent to Rome by Festus." I thought that Paul "*dwelt* by *himself in his own hired house.*" Acts xxviii. 30. They show a fountain which they pretend sprang up to enable the apostle to baptize those who were converted under his ministry! I passed also the church of St. Silvestro in Capite, where they pretend to have the head of John the Baptist. These two churches I did not enter.

February 27. At half past ten, with our carriage and cicerone, we sallied out sight-seeing. Our first object was the Baths of Caracalla. These ruins are immense in extent. The form of the edifice was square, measuring ten hundred and fifty feet on each side. We passed over portions of the ancient roads Via Appia and Via Latina, and visited the Temple of Vesta, the Arch of Janus Quadrifrons, the Porta

Latina (now closed up), the ancient city walls, with rooms for the Pretorian Guards, the ancient fish market, and the Circus Maximus, now a vegetable garden.

The family tomb of Augustus, recently discovered, is deep — perhaps twenty-five feet — and square. We descended by the antique steps, and viewed the scenes below. In the wall are nine rows of niches, one above another. Each niche contains two urns, filled with ashes and calcined human bones. Over each niche is a small marble slab, on which are engraved the names of the persons whose ashes there repose. It was a solemn sight. We were looking upon the remains of persons who lived and died before the Christian era!

We descended also into the Columbarium of Augustus, where in urns are deposited the ashes of the slaves and freedmen of Augustus. We descended likewise into the tombs of the Scipios, where sleep the ashes of great men, who, in their time, astonished the world by their valor.

In the church of S. Stefano Rotondo, formerly the Temple of Claudius, we were horrified by paintings representing the modes by which the early Christians were tortured. The question came home with power, Have we piety that would endure such trials? Both there and at another church they pretend to have the body of Stephen.

We next went to the Palatine Hill, and wandered among the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. Almond trees were in bloom there, and a gardener was hoeing cauliflowers and artichokes. From the roof of the library we had a fine view of the six other hills of Rome — the Aventine on the west, the Cœlian on the south, Esquiline on the north and northwest. The Palatine once held all Rome. Afterwards it was not large enough for Rome's tyrant, Nero.

Returned to our new lodgings, and then went out to the Villa Borghese, perhaps the most splendid in Italy. The gallery contains a choice collection of frescoes and sculpture. The grounds are finely laid out, interspersed with serpentine, shady walks, fountains, Grecian temples, Egyptian obelisks, statuary, parks, gardens, &c., including also a church and a café.

The Borghese family have a palace within the walls of the city, distinguished for its richness and splendor. Rome abounds in palaces as well as churches, both of which are interesting to strangers on account of their rich collections of works of art. Vasi, in his New Guide to Rome, recommends eighty-eight churches as worthy of being visited, as also thirty-one palaces, fifteen gates, nine villas, fifteen galleries, and nine bridges.

Evening. Took a walk by moonlight, and in the clear blue sky, and the brilliant moon, and the starry constellations, saw God, and experienced, in communion with him, something of the blessedness promised

to such as have fellowship with the Father. It was good to turn away from man and all his works, and contemplate perfect Intelligence. It was good to hold converse with the Great, the Pure, the Good. O, how small did all around me appear, how insignificant, how shadowy and worthless! For a little while I felt swallowed up in God. A perpetuity of this feeling would be heaven. Lord, grant me this heaven, through Jesus Christ, thine own dear Son. Amen!

February 28. At daylight the bell of Monte Santo, a church very near us, commenced ringing, whose tone at once reminded us of the bell on the Middle Street Baptist Church, in Portsmouth. Thence followed a long train of associations, some pleasing, some painful. And the tears involuntarily started.

The history of the five years passed in Portsmouth is deeply engraven on my memory, and will never, never be effaced. They were to me important years, and the effect of the discipline which I there had is daily apparent.

At a quarter before eleven went to the place of Protestant worship, which was well filled with orderly people. The service was well read, but I should have enjoyed it more had it been less prolix. Not less than five times was the Lord's Prayer repeated. There was no music, and yet the service previous to the sermon occupied one hour and a half. The Scriptures read were Gen. xix., Ps. cxxxii.-cxxxiv., Luke xii., 1 Cor. vi., and Matt. iv. The sermon, founded on Lam. iii. 40, was a continuation of the subject of last Sabbath — self-examination. The preacher treated it with special reference to *repentance*, which he very properly defined to be "that godly mourning for sin which leads to godly reformation of life." In some parts of his discourse he was very plain and pointed, but in others he softened down the severity of truth in a way to injure the effect. At times I felt the power of his searching interrogations, and lifted my heart to God in prayer that the scrutiny might do me good; and I could not be otherwise than grieved when he began to explain and to apologize, as if he was afraid lest I should examine a little too deeply, or repent more than I ought. As I retired I felt that every one might say, "Well, we had a very good, faithful discourse, but it was not intended for *me;* the preacher made *me* an exception." That is preaching which God will hardly bless. O, why cannot those who profess to be "the messengers of truth, the legates of the skies," be willing, like their Master, to make themselves "of no reputation," and declare the whole truth, regardless of man's smile or frown, approval or censure. In my soul I honor the man who can say, with truth, "*I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.*" Lord, give me grace ever to be faithful to the souls of men.

It is now Lent, during which the people in Europe, and some in

America, profess to humble themselves before God, and to pray that by practising abstinence they may so subdue the flesh to the spirit, that they may be able to attend to the godly motions produced within them by the Holy Ghost. Mrs. Stow inquired of me to-day if I did not think the influence of Lent was salutary in checking the people and requiring them to give time to self-examination and devotion. Unquestionably some good may result from the practice of observing forty successive days in this manner. But it should be remembered that this service is not required by Christ or his apostles. It savors more of the old than of the new dispensation. If observed as required, it is burdensome. If otherwise, it is mockery and hypocrisy. Besides, it is a temptation to the people to confine their self-examination, and mortification, and repentance to this period, and live loosely the rest of the year.

One grand objectionable feature in the whole Papal system is, the making of religion to consist in the observance of certain days and seasons, while to other days and seasons extraordinary indulgence is allowed. The Church of England has too much of this radical fault. O, when will the nominally Christian world embrace the simple gospel, and regulate their whole conduct by its simple precepts? A great change is to be wrought before the millennium can commence.

March 3. We went this morning to the Wednesday market, in the Piazza Navona. There were all sorts of folks with all sorts of things for sale, and there were all sorts of noises by men, women, and children, dogs, horses, and donkeys. It was a grotesque but interesting spectacle.

At one o'clock we sallied forth by the ancient Porta Capena, afterwards Porta Appia. The first object in our route was the Church of St. Sebastian, through which we descended into the Catacombs, which are very extensive, in the form of corridors or galleries. The excavations were first made for the purpose of obtaining the sand, now called pozzolana, or Roman cement. In the times of the persecutions they were enlarged by the Christians, who here concealed themselves, maintained religious worship, and buried their dead. Many of the bones are now sacred relics.

Returning through the Appian Gate, we went to the Church of St. Pietro in Vincoli, where they pretend to have the chain with which the apostle Peter was bound when imprisoned by Herod at Jerusalem! The statue of Moses, from a design by Michael Angelo, is a masterpiece of modern sculpture. It is of colossal size, and is full of soul. In the tribune is a consular chair taken from the Thermæ of Titus.

March 4. The great roads of ancient Rome ran from the golden pillar in the Forum to the gates, and thence to the extremities of the em-

pire. The Via Appia extends to Brundusium, the port whence the Romans embarked for Greece. At Pompeii we saw portions of this Way with the cuts of the carriage-wheels in the stone pavement. The wheels of their carriages must have been a little less than four feet apart. Rogers, in his Italy, speaking of the Forum, says, —

"It was once
And long the centre of this universe,
The Forum; whence a mandate, eagle-winged,
Went to the ends of the earth."

Along the Appian Way, leading to Cecelia, Metilla, &c., we saw half dilapidated pyramids, which were probably sepulchral monuments. O, what millions have mingled with the dust we tread!

"The Appian, once an avenue
Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
Their doors sealed up, and silent as the night,
The dwellings of the illustrious dead."

March 6. At eight o'clock in the evening rode to the Colosseum, to see it by moonlight. Disappointed to find some fifty people there, all for the same purpose. I wished to enjoy the scene alone, but could hardly distinguish my own thoughts amidst the universal chattering of Italians, French, and English, and I know not what other languages. Yet the view fully answered my expectations. Every time I have seen the immense pile it has appeared grander than before. To-night it has been seen in a new light — shaded, sombre, and impressive. As the moon poured her silver beams among the broken arches and dilapidated corridors, my mind ran back through the hundreds of years since this pile was reared, and I thought of the thousands, perhaps millions, who had there assembled to be entertained, all of whom have long since gone to their account. O, what changes have these walls witnessed in the world around them! What scenes have been enacted within them! How many of my dear brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus have there been tortured and torn to pieces to gratify the worse than brutal passions of a blood-loving people! While musing thus, the bell of St. John Lateran struck nine, sending its heavy echoes among these ruins, and reminding me that my time is also running away, and soon will leave me and my works remotely in the past.

March 8. Walked with Mrs. Stow to the Forum Romanum and Colosseum. About that region my mind loves to linger. There are grandeur and solemnity in the associations.

We are now to bid adieu to Rome. The twenty-two days spent here have been days of intense and exciting interest, but never to be repeated.

The party left Rome on the 15th of March, and proceeding north, reached Florence on the 22d. Under date of March 24, he speaks of calling on Governor Everett, who soon after returned the call, and spent an hour in pleasant chat with his fellow-countrymen. "He forcibly reminded us of home." The chief places of attraction in Florence were visited. We should, did our limits allow, love to wander with our friends amid these interesting scenes. Several days were given to Florence and Turin. In the latter place Mr. Stow writes in his journal that more than five months have passed away since he had preached or offered a public prayer, and he longs to be again in the pulpit. In leaving Italy, after a two months' residence in that beautiful land, he says, "I have seen much, thought much, and felt much, and though I have been deeply interested, yet I have not one regret in turning my back upon the country and all it contains. America, America! my native land, the sphere of my labors — my home. Lord, speed my way to her loved shores, and let me soon resume my work in connection with thy redeemed people."

CHAPTER XII.

CROSSING MONT CENIS. — GENEVA. — LONDON. — VISIT TO BARLEY WOOD. — EMBARKATION FOR BOSTON. — HOME AGAIN. — CALLED AGAIN TO THE PRESIDENCY OF WATERVILLE COLLEGE. — ELECTED SECRETARY OF THE TRIENNIAL CONVENTION. — REVIVAL OF 1842. — ITS RESULTS. — PHYSICAL PROSTRATION.

1841–1844.

WE have followed Mr. Stow and his friends, as they have visited the principal cities, and travelled over a portion of sunny Italy. No one can read his journal and not feel that there was an unwonted elasticity to his spirits, and that he entered most heartily into the enjoyment of the scenes in which he found himself. He was now to pass from Italy to France. He took one of the most frequented routes of travel, crossing the famous Pass of Mont Cenis. He has given us a charming description of the passage, which was prepared by his own pen, for the columns of one of our denominational papers, after his return, which will be read with peculiar pleasure, since it is hardly probable that a similar sketch will be written again, as Mont Cenis has been tunnelled, and the travel hereafter will be *through* the mountain, and not *over* it. The sketch bears the title

CROSSING MONT CENIS.

We left Rome, four of us, with the addition of a courier, in a hired carriage, and travelled leisurely northward, visiting the most interesting places along our chosen route, as Sienna, Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma, and Milan. Our journey up the valley of the Po was every way interesting. On our left was the range of the Apennines. On our right were the Alps, rising in majestic peaks, encased in snow, and

glittering in the sunlight like burnished silver. I have seen them on the northern side all the way from Munich to Lyons, and thence down the western side to Nice; but the most picturesque view is from the plains of Venetia and Lombardy, where their continuity is less broken, and the eye can survey them in their extension stretching along hundreds of miles, like an impassable barrier reared by Omnipotence. It must have been of this southern aspect that Heinrich Stilling wrote, "When one looks at the whole Alpine range, as it lies along the horizon, it appears like a great saw, with which planets might be cut asunder."

It was late in the month of March, the weather was mild, vegetation was coming forward in luxuriance, the fruit trees were loaded with bloom. That valley is eminently fertile, and, were it cultivated by almost any people but Italians, might be the granary of Europe. It has been for twenty centuries the battle-ground of nations. Probably no territory on earth, of equal extent, has taken into its soil the blood and bones of so many slaughtered human beings. It is, on an enlarged scale, the Esdraelon of Europe. As I passed over its rich plains, the history of wars from the days of Julius Cæsar to the time of Napoleon the Great came up fresh from the depths of memory, and I felt as if traversing a cemetery of the ages.

We passed the first Sabbath in April in Turin, and the next day started for the Pass of Mont Cenis. Our course was due north. On our left were the Maritime and the High Alps, a range extending along the western border of Piedmont, and dividing the kingdom of Sardinia from Southern France. During this day's journey my mind was busy with the remembered history of the Waldenses, whose home in the days of their persecution was in the gorges and among the fastnesses of the snow-clad mountains near whose base we were travelling. I thought of the inimitable sonnet written by John Milton when he was Cromwell's secretary: —

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy Truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans,
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold,
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother and infant down the rocks. The moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant, that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learned the way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe!"

We reached Susa early in the evening. It had rained all the day on the plains; but as carriages came in from the mountains, the passengers

gave fearful accounts of the snow-storms above that had made journeying through the pass difficult and perilous. Such stories made us anxious for the morrow, and wakefulness that night was not diminished by misbehavior on the part of our coachman, or by a brawling torrent, the Doria Riparia, that came rushing down from Mont Genevre, and passed directly under our window. We were called at three in the morning of the 6th of April, and soon commenced the ascent with five horses and a postilion. In one hour we found snow, that deepened as we ascended.

The road of Mont Cenis was constructed by Napoleon I., in 1811, to facilitate his military movements. Giovanni Fabroni was the engineer, and three thousand men were employed five months upon the work. It connects the valley of the Arc in Savoy with that of the Doria Riparia in Piedmont. Its highest point is five thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight feet above the Mediterranean. Several galleries, zigzag or serpentine in their course, were cut through the solid rock, one of which is two thousand feet in length. On the most exposed parts of the route, Napoleon had caused to be erected twenty-six small inns, — *Ricoveri*, or refuges, — provided with bells to be rung in storms and fogs, and tenanted by *cantonniers*, persons employed to keep the roads passable, and render all needed assistance to travellers. To support these fifty men and families a tax is levied by fixed tariff on every horse, mule, and carriage passing over the road.

At the first stopping-place, Molaretto, we began to realize that we were among the Alps, first, because of the lofty peak of Rochemelon, that towered far up into the heavens, and second, by the appearance of the *cretins*, idiotic dwarfs, afflicted with the *goitre*. As several of that class, with heavy pouches hanging from their throats, came out and stared at us, one of the ladies of our company exclaimed, "Merciful Father! are these thy children?" Hardly did they seem human.

Our carriage moved heavily through the deep drifts, and was kept upright only by the aid of four men whom we employed for the purpose. The horses floundered, the wind blew furiously, the *voiturier* swore in both French and Italian, and reminded us that he should be entitled to large *buono mano*, and altogether our condition and prospects were anything but enviable. A little above the Pass of Gaigloine, the road is cut through rock, and we found it full of dangers. On the left was a high peak, with its masses of snow nearly overhanging us. At the right was a chasm of fearful depth, into which, notwithstanding the parapet wall, an avalanche might any moment plunge us. For several rods we held our breath and felt quite unromantic. Our guide-book told us of terri-
ble disasters at that point. A little farther on, after passing "Ricovero
way intere" we were stopped by a mass of snow, which had just come down
right were

from the precipitous side of the mountain — a real, though comparatively small, avalanche. We all left the carriage, and made our way through and over the snow to No. IV., fifty rods distant, the ladies being lifted over the worst heaps by the strong arms of our guides. We found a good fire, and though the place was not very inviting, it was a "Refuge," and we blessed the memory of Napoleon for so much comfort. The *cantonniers* were on hand, and in about an hour they had opened a way for the carriage. Soon we were moving along the wild and terrific plain of San Nicolo, which presented to us scenery of the grandest kind. O, what mountain peaks! We seemed shut it, with no way of egress but up, by winding galleries, the almost perpendicular sides of a mountain whose top was rendered invisible by clouds of snow driven by the wind. In some such place as this, though in another part of the great Alpine range, Byron must have written, —

"Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche — the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
Gathers around these summits as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below."

Up along those galleries we slowly rose, turning by very acute angles from one to another, which seemed to be almost parallel. Above us we could not see; below was that wild gorge through which we had come; away was that Italy we had left rejoicing in sun and shower, verdure and bloom. We looked, and bade adieu to a land rich in historic associations — a land of bright skies and beautiful scenery, but wofully cursed by the rule of the Man of Sin! Suddenly one of the guides appeared at the carriage window, and pointing up, exclaimed, "La Grande Croix! La Grande Croix!" There, indeed, was the desired summit, and on it a large red cross. In our circumstances, having gone through many dangers, the words of the guide were musical. How suggestive of something higher, raising the thoughts from the physical to the spiritual, turning them from Sinai to Calvary!

After dining at the "Hotel de la Grande Croix," our carriage was put upon a *traineau*, a kind of ill-shapen sled, and we set off for the point of descent. For six miles our route lay along what is called the plain of Mont Cenis, the road being so constructed as neither to ascend nor descend. The snow was deep, but the faithful *cantonniers* had excavated a path. On our left was the towering peak of Mont Cenis, reaching up many thousand feet, and glowing ever as the sunlight came through the rifts in the wild and angry clouds. Our progress was mod-

crate, owing to the constant drifting of the snow, and the rickety condition of our improvised vehicle. Near the lake, of which many strange stories are told, we came upon the Hospice, founded in the ninth century by Charlemagne for the accommodation of travellers, suppressed at the time of the French revolution, and restored by Napoleon. As then we were entering Savoy, a man came out in a dilapidated military uniform, with a greasy *chapeau à la Bonaparte*, and asked to see our passports. After looking them over and finding all right, he touched his cap, and then extended his hand, and in the tone of a mendicant said, "*Pour-boire, messieurs.*" I repeated his words, as if not understanding him. "*O, trink-geld,*" he replied; "*buono mano.*" He could beg in three languages, and so I gave him a small coin, that seemed to more than satisfy him, for he doffed his chapeau, and was profuse in thanks.

At about five in the afternoon we had passed so far through the snow-drifts as to be able to resume our wheels and proceed without post-horses and guides. The descent of the mountain was by six long galleries. From the top it seemed as if it would require but a few minutes to reach Lans-le-bourg, which lay far down in the valley of the Arc. But the descent, though rapid, was so circuitous as to take an hour and a half. The passage from Susa is generally made in eight hours. We were fifteen. That day will never be forgotten.

To the truthfulness and life-like accuracy of this description those who have crossed Mont Cenis can bear witness. The impression made upon the mind by the sublime scenery will never be erased from memory. At Geneva Mr. Stow lingered for a day or two. His description of a Sabbath spent in this beautiful city is worthy of record.

Geneva, April 11, Lord's day. A most beautiful morning. Mont Blanc is distinctly visible. The lake is perfectly placid, and reflects from its mirror-like surface the buildings and eminences upon its margin. The streets are quiet, and the few people who are moving to and fro seem, by their gait and expression, to recognize the sacredness of the day. O for the delicious comfort of a New England Sabbath! Shall I have anything like it to-day?

At ten o'clock we went in search of Rev. Cæsar Malan's place of worship. Passing out of the Porte de Rive, we found it outside of the ramparts, and were disappointed to learn that it would not be open for service until two o'clock. A woman, who seemed to be the porter, unlocked the door, and let us in. The place is small, and exceedingly plain. I then left Mrs. S. in the garden, and went to the house of Mr.

Malan, to whom I had brought a letter introductory from Mr. Edward J. Woolsey, of New York, one of his former pupils, and only brother of the late C. W. Woolsey, who was lost in the Lexington, and who was also a pupil of Mr. M. He is gone on a mission to the south of France, and will not return till the middle of May. One of his daughters, who speaks some English, received me, and answered my questions quite intelligently. Mr. M. suffers less from persecution than formerly, and has the pleasure of seeing evangelical sentiments on the increase in Geneva. Much truth is now preached by several clergymen, two or three of whom belong to the national church. We then went to the cathedral, called St. Pierre, and found the place crowded full. As we entered the congregation were singing a tune which I have often heard at home, accompanied by a noble organ. The officiating minister then rose, and offered an extemporaneous prayer in a manner that indicated devotional feeling. The sermon was upon the resurrection of Christ, and was delivered with deliberation, pathos, and energy. The tones of his voice were peculiarly rich and mellow. Twice during the discourse he desisted for a minute, and in each instance the whole congregation moved their feet, took out their pocket-handkerchiefs, &c. While he was speaking the silence and attention were perfect. The services were in French. In this church John Calvin preached.

From Paris, a few days after this date, he writes, "Boston is preferable to any place I have yet seen, and towards it I am glad to press my way. The Lord still be our guide and protector." Early in May he reaches London. It is the season of the great anniversaries, and so far as his health will permit, he is in constant attendance on the services. We can only express our regret that we cannot follow him to these great public gatherings, and give to our readers his comments and criticisms on what he saw and heard. With the scenery around Windsor Castle, which he visited during one of those charming May days, he expresses himself as highly delighted. Pleasant memories are called up at Eton. From the "Round Tower" he speaks of seeing, in the north, the church where Gray wrote his inimitable Elegy, also a mansion of one of the descendants of William Penn. We let him tell us how he passed one of his Sabbaths in London.

London, May 16.

"This is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own."

May I regard them and observe them as *his own*. Read a part of Psalm cxix., and in prayer found sweet refreshment of soul. God was pleased to allow me near access, and to lift upon me the light of his countenance. I lingered long at the throne, gazing upon uncreated beauty, and found more real enjoyment than all things human can possibly afford. My very soul was drawn out in petition for my dear people in Baldwin Place. "God be merciful unto them, and bless them, and cause his face to shine upon them," to-day, to-morrow, and forever. Went this morning to New Park Street. Heard a precious discourse from Rev. Mr. Miall, an independent minister. It wanted point and application to the conscience, but was full of good instruction, and breathed a charming spirit. My name was announced as the preacher for next Lord's day. I very reluctantly consented to this arrangement, and should gladly be excused. I have no ambition to preach in a London pulpit. Should I do so, however, I pray the Lord to purify my motives, and give me grace to do my duty. Several things in the public worship in London I much admire, and should be glad to see them imitated in Boston.

1. When the people enter the pews, they bow their heads in silent prayer for one or two minutes.

2. They have their pews well supplied with Bibles, as well as hymn-books.

3. When the benediction is pronounced, they stand for half a minute in silence.

4. They are exceedingly *moderate* in leaving the house, never crowding the aisles.

5. Gentlemen do not put on their hats until they have reached the door.

6. They have pew-openers, who not only open the pews for their proprietors or regular occupants, but conduct strangers to such seats as might not otherwise be occupied.

The next Sabbath, as announced, he preached at the New Park Street Chapel, and writes in his journal, "O that good may prove to have been done to precious souls!" On the 27th the party left London, and went to Bristol, parting with great affection from the many friends they had made during the nearly four weeks of their residence at No. 6 Queen's Street Place. While at Bristol, they rode out to Barley Wood, the residence of Hannah More. Mr. Stow has left on record an exceedingly interesting account of this visit, but we are obliged to omit it. The 1st of June he reached

Liverpool. The following is the last entry in the journal which he kept of his first European tour: —

Liverpool, June 1. Attended to business preparatory to embarkation. Was introduced to Mr. Samuel Stillman Gair, of the house of Baring Brothers, and son of Rev. Mr. Gair, the predecessor of Dr. Baldwin, as pastor of the church which I have the honor to serve. He made many kind inquiries respecting some of the aged people of whom he had heard his mother speak. Mr. G. appears to be quite a gentleman, and generously offered to serve me in any way practicable. In every instance during my tour I have found bankers attentive and obliging, whether I did business with them or not. Six months have now passed away since I bade adieu to home and country; during that period I have seen much, enjoyed much, and suffered as well. God has been God all the way of my wanderings, and I would ever speak well of his goodness.

One of the most discouraging circumstances in the prospects of the dissenters in England is, the strong propensity of the better sort to sympathize with the Establishment. "The third carriage goes to church." No sooner does a man become wealthy, or exhibit unusual talent, than he is noticed by Episcopalians; and poor human nature, too weak to withstand such influences, soon yields, and he is lost to the dissenting interest. The church has a power of patronage that draws off the superior minds; as one of the ministers said to me, "Sir, we are constantly skinned by the Establishment."

During all the public meetings in London, I did not hear of a single prayer meeting; even the monthly concert of prayer, for the first Monday in May was omitted. Very few of the great meetings were opened with prayer.

On the 4th he embarked on board the Columbia, and after the usual ocean experiences, reached Boston on the 16th. At the wharf a large company of his church and congregation met him, and gave him and his associates in travel a "most fervent and affecting welcome." The following Sabbath, with emotions which we can readily conceive, he stood once more in the spot so dear to him — the pulpit of the old Baldwin Place Church.

June 20, Lord's day. Preached this morning to my dear people, from Psalm cxix. 65, in which I endeavored to glorify God by recounting some acts of his providential kindness. The house was crowded, the

audience very attentive. The following hymn was sung as I entered the church: —

"Welcome, welcome, blessed pastor,
Messenger of Jesus' grace,
Herald of a free salvation,
Minister of gospel peace.
Welcome, welcome,
Man of God, thy people's joy.

"For a season, at God's bidding,
Called in pain to bid adieu,
By his care again now meeting,
We our songs of praise renew,
Joy and gladness
Filling, warming every heart.

"Heavenly Father, bless his message,
Give us hearts to hear thy word,
Speaking pardon, dearly purchased
By the sufferings of our Lord.
O, reveal it
In its wondrous saving power.

"Let thy favor crown thy servant,
Prosper all his work of love,
And at last, with us *all* ransomed,
May he take his place above.
Bless, O bless him
Now, henceforth, and evermore."

The objects which were contemplated by this tour abroad were in good part accomplished. Mr. Stow returned home greatly refreshed in spirit, and was prepared with new zeal to enter upon his ministerial labors. These labors he at once resumed with a joyous, elastic spirit. His heart was with his people, and he was ready to devote his recruited energies to any work by which their spiritual welfare might be promoted. He seemed, however, destined not to be left in peace. For the third time he received a pressing invitation to accept the presidency of Waterville College, which he declined, saying, in his own emphatic words, "So long as I can preach the gospel, and do the work of a pastor, I would ac-

cept no presidency on earth." His journal everywhere indicates the intense longings of his heart for the revival of religion. If "Brother Neale" calls at his house, the conversation turns on the best means of promoting the religious welfare of the churches of which they are pastors. If pleasant intelligence comes from different places of refreshing seasons enjoyed by the churches, the prayer is put up, "Lord, send down showers of divine influence upon us, and revive our dying graces." Every pastor, whose labors have been especially blessed to the conversion of men, understands what it is to have strong impressions that the tide of religious feeling and inquiry is about to rise, and to find afterwards that these impressions have been realized. Mr. Stow records such, and does it almost in a strain of exultation, as if he were sure that the blessed vision which had dawned upon his enraptured gaze would prove to be more substantial than an airy dream. Adhering to his cherished purpose to continue in the pastoral office, he declines the offer made to him to become one of the corresponding secretaries of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, to which position he had been unanimously elected. "The indications of Providence all assure me that I ought to remain where I am — the path of duty is plain." What these "indications" were, which in his mind were so strong, we learn when he tells us, under date of December 29, 1841, "The Lord is truly in our midst. Christians are melted down before God, and sinners are converted." With such proofs of answer to prayer, which, for so many months, had been ascending to heaven for a blessing, Baron Stow was not the man to leave the post of duty, no matter how urgent the invitations which called him elsewhere.

1842.

The year 1842 will long be remembered as having been a year of great spiritual blessing to the evangelical churches of Boston. Rev. Mr. Kirk, for so many years the honored and beloved pastor of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church,

had, for some months, been preaching with singular unction and success. We have already alluded to the strong impression which seems to have been made on the mind of the Baldwin Place pastor, that God was about to pour out his Spirit in copious measure. His own public and social religious services were marked by unwonted solemnity. Christians had been getting into a better state, and anxious sinners were inquiring the way of salvation. In the First Church, Rev. Jacob Knapp was preaching with great plainness and power. Everywhere the religious atmosphere seemed to be pervaded with divine influences. His engagement at the First Church being ended, Mr. Knapp preached a number of times at the Baldwin Place Church, and the most marked results attended his labors. Under date of February 6, Mr. Stow alludes to an inquiry meeting, held in his vestry, at which more than one hundred presented themselves as converts and inquirers, and a few days after he refers to a "prayer meeting of remarkable power; the Holy Spirit was manifestly present." He adds, "The revival is daily becoming more and more interesting. The Lord is adding daily to the churches such as, we trust, are truly converted, and shall be saved." As an evidence of the way in which his own heart is stirred, and how, while under the influence of the Holy Spirit, his soul was enlarged and expanded, he tells us of the longings he felt for a general revival of religion in the English Baptist churches. As the result of his own observation, he gives it as his impression that these churches do not pray and labor as they should for the conversion of souls. So full is his heart of desires for his brethren "over the water," that he thinks he would like to go to England and labor there as an evangelist, endeavoring to kindle up the revival spirit, and encourage them to the use of true revival measures. As the weeks pass away the religious interest increases. He estimates that, on the last Sabbath in February, one hundred persons were baptized in the Baptist churches of the city, of which number twenty-five received the rite at his hands. On the first Sabbath in March, he gave the hand of fellow-

ship to fifty-eight persons. On these occasions of receiving members into the church, he was always peculiarly happy, having some appropriate word to say to each candidate. A Sabbath or two after this solemn and impressive scene, he baptized twenty-one more, six of whom were aged persons; and the following Sabbath thirteen others were led down into the waters of baptism, and on the same day he gave the hand of fellowship to fifty-nine persons. In such scenes as these how did the heart of this loving, laborious pastor rejoice with holy delight! All that strength and new nervous energy which he had been accumulating for so many months, in his foreign tour, he cheerfully expended in the cause of his Master. It was matter of unutterable gladness to him that he could "spend and be spent" in the service of the Lord whom he so much loved. At length he thinks he notices the signs of an ebb in the tide of religious feeling which has risen so high. His heart is pained as he sees that some in the congregation, for whose conversion he has prayed and labored, have not yet become the subjects of the converting grace of God. "I have warned and entreated them with tears day and night. I can do no more than I have done. Lord, teach me duty, and give me the right spirit."

The spring and summer of 1842 passed away. The large accession to his church imposed on him a great burden of pastoral care. He felt too deep an interest in the spiritual welfare of the scores of converts who had been brought into his church to leave them as sheep without a shepherd. He was personally acquainted with them all, followed them to their homes and places of business, and exercised towards them all the watch-care of a tender friend.

Resuming his labors in the fall, after his summer vacation, we find his mind especially exercised on the subject of foreign missions. Alluding to a sermon an hour and three quarters in length, which he had preached, he says, "Never am I happier than when pleading the cause of the heathen. For several weeks my mind has been more deeply than ever interested in the cause of foreign missions, and I have given

it much time and thought. In preaching upon the subject six times, I have had unusual liberty and comfort, and I trust have, by the grace of God, done some good." At a special missionary meeting held in Worcester, which was suggested by himself, he preached the sermon. His whole heart had become so completely absorbed in the subject, that it becomes a question of personal duty, whether he ought not, in view of the wants of a perishing world, and the great lack of laborers, to lay himself on the altar of sacrifice, and devote himself to the work of preaching the gospel to those who are sitting "in darkness, and in the region and shadow of death." "If others wilt not go, I must. O, my Saviour, show me what thou will have me to do. I am not my own. I am thine. I submit myself to thy disposal. Place me where thou wilt, only make me useful to the largest possible extent."

1843–1844.

Extensive alterations and improvements having been made in their place of worship by the Baldwin Place Church, they took possession of the same on the 22d of January, 1843, when the pastor preached an appropriate sermon on his favorite theme, "The Moral Grandeur of the Death of Christ." Soon after this, he was prostrated by the disease from which he was to suffer so much, and which, so many times, laid him aside from his duties — a serious difficulty in his throat. It is an experience which tries his faith to the utmost, thus to be withdrawn again from his chosen work. He knows how disappointed his people are, after having made so many sacrifices to remodel their church, and confidently expecting the happiest results from what had been accomplished. How many anxious pastors, situated as he was, will sympathize with the almost agonizing outburst of his feelings, "Lord, must the winter pass away, and there be no reviving, no conversions? I would not complain of thy *ways*. I would not be unsubmissive to thy *will*; but, Lord, do, in mercy, show me where the evil is, that prevents the answer to prayer. Is it in me?

What can I do to remove it? Are there sins in the church, covered up, unrepented of, justified? O Lord, my heart breaketh with desire for the salvation of my people. Only two conversions in more than eight months. Let me pray."

Again there comes another pressing invitation to accept the presidency of Waterville College. Special stress is laid on the fact of his physical prostration, incapacitating him for the performance of his duties as a preacher, and the hope is expressed that, relieved from the work of a public speaker, he may be able to occupy a sphere of labor, in which he may be largely useful. To all the solicitations of the trustees of the college he feels that he must return a respectful negative, believing that God has still more for him to do in his chosen vocation as "an ambassador for Christ." A respite of a few weeks restored him to comparative health, and on the 27th of July we find him preaching the centennial anniversary of the founding of the Baldwin Place Church — an occasion, he tells us, of the deepest interest, especially to the aged members of the church. For several months he performs his duties with a good degree of regularity; but as the spring of 1844 returns, bringing with it, what Willis so significantly called the "salt and pepper" weather of the latitude of Boston, his old malady returned. Under date of May 19, he alludes to the sad forebodings which he has that his work may be done, and fervently prays that he may be able, with our Lord, to say, "If it be possible, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine, be done." A few days after, he writes that he has prepared a communication for the church, expressive of his feelings towards them, and stating the necessity of retiring for a season from all parochial labor, in order to give his voice absolute rest. With tender, grateful emotions he reviews his connection with the church. "Such a church I may, I must, love. May Heaven's smile ever rest on them." Cessation from ministerial labor for a brief period was again followed by favorable results. November 6th is the twelfth anniversary of his Baldwin Place pastorate. The statistics of these years he thus

gives. Two years of the twelve, sickness has laid him aside from the active duties of the ministry. He has preached one thousand two hundred and thirty-seven sermons, made eight thousand five hundred and thirty-two visits, solemnized four hundred and eighty-two marriages, attended five hundred and eighty-six funerals, baptized six hundred and forty-three, added by letter two hundred and sixty-one, dismissed three hundred and ninety-four, excluded seventy-one; one hundred and twenty-seven have died. What a picture of a busy, earnest, ministerial life is presented to us by these figures!

CHAPTER XIII.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN 1836 AND 1845.

WE commence a new chapter by giving our readers some of the correspondence which is embraced within the years 1836 and 1845, the letters being written by Mr. Stow, or friends with whom he was in communication.

To Dr. Cone.

WINDSOR, VT., September 1, 1837.

Allow me to assure you that many brethren in Boston and vicinity rejoice heartily at the prospect of seeing you among them, and hearing from your lips an exposition of the character and claims of the American and Foreign Bible Society.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of attending the anniversary of the Newport (N. H.) Baptist Association, which met at Cornish, about seven miles from this place. Resolutions were passed approving of the formation of the American and Foreign Bible Society, and recommending that it reserve to itself the right to print and circulate Bibles in any language, and any part of the world. You will receive a copy of the resolutions. They were passed unanimously. I trust that our brethren in New York and other places will yet learn that there is no "New England party" opposed to the great enterprise in which you are engaged. I presume every association in New Hampshire and Vermont will decide in favor of home distribution.

To the same.

April 2, 1838.

. . . God grant that at our anniversaries this year we may have nothing but charity for each other and zeal for God. I long to attend one meeting of our Triennial Convention, where love shall be the predominant feeling. Let us pray that our approaching session may be distinguished by the spirit of primitive Christianity.

Have you seen Brother Hinton's (J. H.) letter to Lord Bexley, presi-

dent of the British and Foreign Bible Society? Brother Murch, of Stepney College, writes me under date of February 1, and says, "He very powerfully demonstrates the injustice and inexpediency of the policy of the society in their treatment of the Baptist versions. It has enlightened many Pedo-Baptist ministers in the metropolis, who are free to acknowledge that the society is in error, though I believe there is not the slightest hope that the committee will retrace their steps."

To Dr. Cone.

March 9, 1840.

Would it be possible, some evening during our anniversary week this year, to have all the ministering brethren together to tea? Last year, during our May meetings in Boston, this was done two evenings in succession, with the happiest effect. The meetings were held, as usual, in the house of the Federal Street Church. After adjournment in the afternoon, the brethren were invited into the Sabbath school room in the basement, and partook of simple refreshments provided by the brethren and sisters in the different churches. After tea, which was taken standing, and in a truly social manner, the whole company was seated, and some of the aged ministers gave an account of their predecessors, such as Smith, Backus, Stillman, Baldwin, &c.; also of the times in which they lived — times that tried men's *principles* as well as *souls*. These seasons were peculiarly refreshing, and the results were of the happiest kind. Brethren became acquainted with each other, and had opportunity for a free interchange of thought and feeling. The practice is to be continued.

Now, why can we not have something of the kind in New York, at least for one evening? I should be glad to pay for a ticket to such an entertainment, and so would every other brother who loves Christian social enjoyment.

I have one other suggestion. After tea let us form a "North American Baptist Union," to consist of all Baptist ministers in North America who are in good standing in the associations to which they belong. Let the organization of the Union be simple; the principal officers, besides the president and treasurer, to be four secretaries, one in the Eastern, one in the Middle, one in the Southern, and one in the Western States, whose duty it shall be to collect, from year to year, as much as possible, the current history of the denomination, and through one of their number prepare a report. In this way a most interesting document would be every year prepared, embracing facts that ought to be brought together and preserved. Some day, during our anniversary week, let this report be read, and then let the Union take tea together, and endeavor to promote good fellowship.

How do these suggestions strike you? If favorably, will you do any-

thing to forward the object? You may possibly hear from Brother Babcock upon the same subjects. If they appear to you, as they do to me, both desirable and feasible, I cannot doubt your readiness to promote them.

You may be gratified to hear that the Lord is again pouring upon the dear people in Baldwin Place his Holy Spirit, and subduing to himself the hearts of his chosen.

To Miss Susan R. Jones.

DENMARK, LEWIS COUNTY, N. Y., July 17, 1840.

Well, Sister Susan, here you have, what you so tremulously and delicately solicited, a letter; but whether it will be found to be such a letter as you are desiring and expecting, I am not so certain. I know what kind of a communication is befitting both you and myself, but I feel unusually disqualified for so common a service. I left dear home on Monday afternoon, quite unwell, having exhausted myself by the duties of the preceding day, and having slept none the previous (Sunday) night, and therefore was ill-fitted for a journey of five hundred and fifty miles. After travelling day and night with no rest, no sleep, and with a constant headache, I reached this place at a little past eight on Thursday morning. The excitement occasioned by meeting loved friends, however delicious the pleasure, did not diminish the physical suffering, and I am still the victim of a most excruciating headache. How, then, can I write anything which will afford you either pleasure or profit? I would postpone the execution of my promise, but I know not when I shall feel better, or have the requisite leisure. So I give you the product of a suffering brain, not doubting but that you will make all the allowance that the largest charity can demand.

Here I am transferred — not by magic, for really there is no magic in travelling in the middle of July with the mercury at ninety degrees, and one's pulse at one hundred and ten per minute — but by steam and horse muscle, from the din, and dust, and villanous odors of a city into the pleasantest part of this "Black River country," where Nature is "beauty to the eye and music to the ear." It is a charming region, and though I cannot say, with Byron, of another, that it is

> "the land of the cedar and vine,
> Where the flowers ever blossom and the beams ever shine,"

yet I can adopt the remainder of his description, —

> "Where all, save the spirit of man, is divine."

The spot where I am is an elevated ridge in a high state of cultivation, and teeming with a profusion of products for the comfort of man and beast. At the foot of the eastern slope of this ridge runs Black

River — a stream "unknown to song," but not unknown to Yankee enterprise and the lovers of a fertile soil. Beyond the river, stretching away towards Lake Champlain, lies a dense forest, still the undisturbed haunt of the bear, the wolf, and the panther. From the window where I am now sitting, I can see at least thirty miles, and the appearance is much like that of the ocean — dark, hazy, undulating, and, in the dim distance, seeming to meet the blue heavens. The scenery is peculiarly enchanting, and, if I felt well, I know I should enjoy it richly. But, Susan, this delightful country is inhabited by sinners, who draw largely from the soil, the sun, the rain, the dew, for their comfort, and render not to God the gratitude and the service that are due. There are good people here, but really they seem not to be sensible of God's great goodness to them. It is painful to see how unmindful even the children are of their Father's bounty.

You ask, perhaps, how I enjoy absence from my flock and home. I answer by asking how you would feel were you on a visit of a few days to your mother after a separation of four years. Even you have not a better mother than I am blessed with, and did you know her you would admit she was second only to your own. O, how much is comprised in that one word, mother! And yet above all is a word infinitely more expressive and soul-ravishing: it is Jesus! At that word the heart of the Christian, be he as you are, or as I am, bounds with exultation and delight. The ties that bind us to our kindred are delicate, and often the medium of exquisite pleasure; but perhaps they vibrate notes of woe about as often as of joy. The relation between Jesus and his loved ones is the occasion of nothing but enjoyment, and that of the richest kind. Let us cultivate closer intimacy with him, and then we shall be less dependent for satisfaction on frail and dying creatures.

To his mother.

BOSTON, September 5, 1840.

I feel that I have occasion for gratitude to God that he has permitted me to visit you once more, and find you in such health, encouraging the fond hope that you may be spared for many years to your children, to whom your life is, indeed, desirable. May he allow us to meet yet again and again, and every time we meet may we find one another advanced in a life of holiness, and more fit for the heavenly rest.

We are now in a state of trial, and desire your prayers that we may have grace to endure it as Christians. We are about dismissing a colony of brethren and sisters to unite with others in forming a new church, for whom a new meeting-house is nearly finished. True, we have a large church, consisting of more than seven hundred and fifty members, and can spare a large number. Yet we are tenderly attached to our dear

flock, and find it afflicting to part with them. Many of our best members are going. We part in love. They go for Christ's sake, and we surrender them for Christ's sake, and yet the separation causes pain. O, how delightful the prospect of meeting in heaven, where parting will be unknown.

To the same.

BOSTON, October 31, 1840.

In consideration of the severity of my labors during the last eight years, and the general decline of my health, my dear people have requested me to take a voyage to Europe, and be absent from six to ten or twelve months, as the case may require, for the recruiting of my strength, and for my general improvement. They offer to continue my salary, and to supply the pulpit at their own expense. Also, that E. may accompany me, they offer an additional donation of one thousand dollars. This, you will say, is great kindness. We so regard it, and feel that never had a minister and wife more occasion for gratitude.

We have concluded to accept their generous proposition, and this morning I have engaged berths on board the steamship Britannia, which is to leave this port for Liverpool on Monday, November 16, at one o'clock P. M. I am thus particular that you may know the hour, and pray for us as we put off upon the heaving billows. With ordinary prosperity, we shall be about twelve or thirteen days on the ocean. We then purpose to proceed to London and Paris, and thence to Italy, and — if hostilities have ceased in the East and the Holy Land — we hope, by divine permission, to visit the scenes of our blessed Saviour's labors, sufferings, and death.

You will doubtless inquire whether my health is less firm than usual. Permit me to say, that the symptoms of a dangerous affection of the heart are such that my physicians (three in number) have directed me to quit my post and abstain from all mental labor for several months. They are not very confident that I shall ever be able to resume my charge in Baldwin Place; but they recommend this course as the only thing likely to restore me. I have proposed to my people to resign, and take a smaller charge; but they will not consent to it so long as anything can be done that gives the least promise of recovery.

We regard the undertaking as a serious one, and likely to subject us to many discomforts, and perhaps dangers. But we have felt that God has marked out our course, and we think he will be our Keeper, Provider, and Friend.

"We'll go and come,
Nor fear to die
Till from on high
He calls us home."

The Lord bless you forever.

To Miss S. R. Jones.

PARIS, January 8, 1841.

I avail myself of an hour to converse with you in your loneliness, and endeavor to cheer that saddened spirit which has long been borne down under providential burdens. You have still the sympathy of your pastor. Distance has not alienated this heart from any of my flock, much less from those who are the children of suffering and sorrow. Their griefs are still my griefs, and for their alleviation and support my daily supplications still ascend to Him who is "touched with a feeling of our infirmities," and who "bindeth up the broken-hearted."

God has been very good to us, and though I have suffered considerably from my trouble at heart, yet not more than I expected, and we have been subjected to as few privations and vexations as most travellers on the same route. I am remaining here a few days to recruit and obtain medical advice before proceeding to Italy. The winter here is much more severe than we anticipated. That extraordinary personage, "the oldest inhabitant," says this is the coldest winter he remembers to have seen in Paris. We have tolerably comfortable quarters here, although the houses are far more open than ours, and provided with fireplaces, very ill-constructed, for warming the apartments. As wood is very expensive, say forty dollars per cord, we cannot build large fires; so we obtain heat the best way we can. We find many Americans in Paris, some of them old acquaintances, among whom are Dr. Wayland, J. H. Buckingham, S. H. Walley, Martin T. Brimmer, Rev. Charles Brooks and lady, Jabez Howe and lady, &c.

After all, we infinitely prefer home to any place that we have yet seen or heard of. Had I not the hope of regaining lost health, I would gladly set my face this very day towards Boston. We never realized home blessings as we do now, and could I be heard to-day in Baldwin Place, I would say, "My dear people, appreciate and improve your privileges."

I trust, my good friend, that you are sustained in your affliction by the promises of a Saviour's love and faithfulness. "Having loved his own which are in the world, he loved them unto the end." His love never cools, never terminates. When he prayed for his disciples, as recorded in John xvii., he said to his Father, "These are in the world." He saw that they were exposed to temptations and subject to trials, and he sympathized with their condition, and prayed for their succor and protection. Thus he intercedes for us in heaven. He knows that we are in the world; and having himself been in the world, he knows what it is to be a sufferer. "He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." How precious the thought that we are interested in the

intercession of such an Intercessor! Let us not doubt his ability or his disposition to help in *every* time of need. Let us think more of him, and converse with him more, and confide in him with our whole hearts, and be ever ready to say, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem." The Lord be with you by day and by night, and multiply your comforts and relieve your sufferings.

To his brother-in-law, W. L. Beal.

ROME, March 2, 1841.

Our stay at Naples was shorter than we originally intended, owing partly to our delay, first at Paris and then at Avignon, occasioned by my illness, and partly by the fact that we did not find ourselves very comfortably situated. We liked the climate exceedingly, it was so soft and balmy; but the streets are narrow and dirty, the people unclean and perfidious, and living is very expensive. We were deceived and cheated more in Naples than we could well endure, and so we finished up our sight-seeing as rapidly as possible, and departed without a reluctant feeling.

Omitting what has already been so fully described in Mr. Stow's journal, we transcribe from this letter a few of his experiences in Rome:—

At Rome we found it very expensive living at a hotel, and so we have hired furnished apartments. Our courier, Henry, prepares our breakfasts; our dinners are sent to us from a Trattoria, or restaurant. We take but two meals a day. This has been our custom all the way on the continent — breakfast at eight, dinner at five, with a lunch between. In this way we have time to go out and employ the day to the best advantage in sight-seeing. We do not much admire Italian cooking or Italian beds, but we endeavor to take things as they are. We like Rome better than Naples. It is more quiet and cleanly, and we suffer less apprehension of mischief from the vicious habits of the people. While I now write in a huge saloon on the fourth floor of a prodigious house, No. 12 in the Corso, Elizabeth is near me reading Vasi's account of the objects we have visited to-day. Mr. G. is sitting with his feet over a few ignited coals, and Mrs. G. is writing a letter to Boston. It is the coldest evening we have had since we left Avignon. The sky is cloudless, and truly Italian. The moon is wading through the depths of ether, and casting down her silver light upon this ancient city, where so many millions have run the race of life and found its goal. The associations that follow in rapid succession are enough to make a dull head poetical.

I cannot even name the objects we have seen. We have been here ten days, and we have been by no means idle. We arrived in the midst of the carnival, which continued eight days. The last two days we saw, and it was quite enough for us grave old folks. More fun and nonsense could hardly be crowded into two days. If you see Mr. Hague, he will tell you how silly the multitude act. On Ash-Wednesday I stood two hours and a half in the Sistine Chapel gazing at the services, in which the pope, twenty of his cardinals, and many others participated. After the cardinals had kissed the pope's robe, and the others had kissed his toe, he sprinkled ashes on their heads. The whole affair was about as farcical as the scenes of the carnival, only it was more sober. The music by the pope's choir was very good. When you were in London, I suppose you regarded St. Paul's as a huge structure; and so it is. But, compared with St. Peter's, it is a baby-house. I had no conception of the majesty and grandeur of this incomparable basilic until I saw it. I shall hope in vain ever to give you any conception of its magnitude and splendor.

Yesterday we visited, by special permission, the Pope's Palace on the Quirinal Hill. It is spacious and richly furnished. His garden is extensive and admirably arranged. It has one hundred fountains, no two of which are alike. As we walked through the palace and the garden, which occupied two and a half hours, we could not forbear inquiring whether Peter, the fisherman of Galilee, the pope's boasted predecessor in the pontifical chair, ever had such a palace and such a garden, such a café, such a billiard-room, such galleries of sculpture and painting, such frescoes, arabesques, and mosaics, such thrones, and divans, and couches, such saloons, halls of audience, staircases, &c. Is the pope really a minister of Jesus, the successor of the apostles, who would pay tribute-money only by taking it from the mouth of a fish? Was Peter surrounded wherever he went, with a guard of soldiers?

To his mother.

BOSTON, July 19, 1841.

When we returned to our native shores, I did not suppose that I could allow more than four weeks to pass away without giving you the pleasure of hearing from me the particulars which a mother would wish to know respecting her children. But perhaps you can conceive that, having been absent from a large congregation for so long a period, I should find myself at once overwhelmed with care and duty, so as to find little time for the gratification of private feelings.

We were warmly welcomed by our dear flock, and have received from them many additional tokens of affection. Within an hour after our arrival, a committee of the young men waited upon me with a most

affectionate letter, enclosing a bank-note of five hundred dollars. A kinder people no pastor ever had. O that I may be able to serve them long and faithfully in the gospel of God's dear Son!

I wrote you from some place in Italy, — I believe from Rome, — and, as the letter reached Boston, I suppose you received it. From that place we had a long overland journey, of more than a thousand miles, to Paris, which, although it was considerably fatiguing, we enjoyed exceedingly. We crossed the Alps the 16th of April, and, as the snow was deep and the wind furious, we were several times in great danger. But God conveyed us safely over, through scenery as wild and terrific as can be imagined. At Geneva we rested a few days, and there worshipped on the Sabbath in the church where John Calvin used to preach.

In London we attended the anniversaries of the great religious societies. Our stay in England exceeded a month. Right glad were we to embark for home; and in twelve days and eight hours we traversed three thousand miles of ocean, and found ourselves once more at home. We have thus gone out and returned in safety. We have travelled more than ten thousand miles, and no accident has befallen us. We have had fewer comforts and more vexations than at home; but, on the whole, we have enjoyed the tour, and God has rendered it highly beneficial. I am now in better health than usual, and if I can avoid excessive labor, I hope not to sink so low again.

We have seen how frequently Mr. Stow was urged to leave the post which, for so many years, he had filled, to occupy other positions in the denomination, and how uniformly he declined all these calls. The urgency of some of these invitations will be seen from the following communication, informing him of his election as one of the corresponding secretaries of the Foreign Mission Board of the Baptist General Convention: —

BAPTIST MISSIONARY ROOMS, BOSTON, December 6, 1841.

REV. BARON STOW. Dear Brother: The Acting Board of Foreign Missions believing, on mature deliberation, that the interests confided to them demand the services of an additional corresponding secretary, who shall be specially charged with the duties of the financial department, they have this day elected you to the office by a unanimous vote, and have instructed the undersigned to communicate the same to you, and to the church and society under your pastoral charge.

The committee, in fulfilling this duty, refrain for the present from

stating the weighty considerations which have led the Board to tender to you an appointment the acceptance of which involves a dissolution of your particular connections with a people deservedly endeared to you, and a discontinuance, in great measure, of ministerial labors, for which, we are aware, you have cherished a peculiar predilection. We will merely say, that the Board have endeavored to give due weight to the objections against the course they have adopted, and we have only to request that, with like simplicity of motive, you will give to the subject, as we believe you will, all the consideration which its great importance claims; earnestly looking to the Great Head of the church to guide you in the way that *he* shall choose, and heartily submitting yourself to his disposal, to do and suffer for his sake, and for the salvation of those for whom he died, whatever he shall appoint to you.

In behalf of the Board,

Your brethren in Christ,

SOLOMON PECK,
HEMAN LINCOLN.

To his mother.

BOSTON, March 2, 1842.

The revival had commenced at the First Church and at Baldwin Place before Elder Knapp began his labors, which was the 23d of December. It has now become quite extensive in the city and vicinity, and is proceeding with astonishing power. I cannot tell you the number of converts, even in my own congregation, much less in the city. I have baptized seventy-six, and many more will follow in the same path of obedience. New converts are daily appearing, and my hands are full of labor. Brother Knapp has labored in most of the churches, and his services are in constant demand. Last Sabbath one hundred and nineteen were baptized in the several churches in the city. The converts may now be numbered by hundreds, and probably exceed two thousand. The opposition has been great, but many of the violent opposers have been converted, and are now laboring to promote the conversion of others. The ministers are nearly worn down, yet the Lord sustains them, and permits them to rejoice in the midst of severe labors and ponderous responsibilities. Brother Ely was with me nearly four weeks, and rendered me important service. My health has suffered considerably, and, without futher assistance, will suffer still more. I know I have the prayers of my dear mother, that I may be guided, sustained, and blessed.

The following is a specimen of scores of similar letters, which the faithful pastor wrote during his ministry:—

To Mr. Edward Chamberlin.

February 20, 1843.

Your father was so kind as to call this morning and show me the letter of your sister, Mrs. D., giving a most interesting account of the great and gracious change which has recently taken place in her views and feelings. Such intelligence is, to me, peculiarly refreshing. In this instance I have felt that there is special occasion for gratitude, and my heart has poured out its holiest thanksgivings at the mercy-seat. May I not ask you to join me in praises to that rich, free, sovereign grace which has so signally blest your family circle?

The letter contained an expression of tender solicitude for "brother Edward." O, how natural! Having seen her own guilt and peril, and found in Christ the Saviour she needed, your sister looks back across that "gulf" which she has safely passed, and longs for the rescue of the brother whom she loves, and whose feet she sees standing on "slippery places." Think it not strange that your pastor joins his entreaties with hers, and prays you in "Christ's stead to be reconciled to God." I have felt to-day that I could not let the opportunity pass without an effort, a special effort, for your soul's salvation. Shall it be in vain? Do you not feel that *now*, emphatically "NOW, is the accepted time and the day of salvation?"

My dear friend, you have tried the world, and it has deceived you. Why will you longer pursue its painted bubbles, and neglect the solid pleasures of the religion of Jesus? Death has often come into your circle, and admonished you that life is very uncertain, and that you ought to be continually prepared for your appearance at the tribunal of your Judge. How is it that you have been able to resist such appeals, and neglect so long this great salvation? You have, more than once, had seasons of tenderness, when the truth seemed to make some impression, and when your friends cherished fond hopes that you would yield your heart to the Saviour, and make sure of eternal life. By what process did you succeed in grieving away the Comforter, and dislodging serious thoughts, and disappointing the hopes of the pious? Are you aware of what you have done, how much you have displeased God and injured yourself? Now God, in mercy, has come near, very near to you, and uttered in your ear another compassionate call — "My son, give me thine heart." Shall it be ineffectual? May it not be the last? Will you turn a deaf ear to Heaven's gracious appeal, and thus treasure up additional "wrath against the day of wrath?" O, no! I feel a strong assurance that you will not, that you will now discontinue rebellion, and submit to Christ, the precious Saviour. The Lord enable you to decide for yourself, "I will, I will at once seek my soul's salvation."

To Rev. Elijah Hutchinson.

BOSTON, March 8, 1843.

A few days since Brother J. A. B. Stone called and left your letter of the 10th ult., from which, as well as from other sources, I learned with regret that you were laid aside again from the work you so dearly love, and in which God has made you so useful. For nearly four weeks, the inflammation in my throat has been of such a character as to render all conversation, except in a low whisper, impossible; and even that is exceedingly painful. I see no company except my physician and those who insist upon *looking at* me. The affliction is a severe one both to myself and to my people, especially at the present time, when we have so recently returned to our place of worship, and when the labors of the pastor are so much needed, apparently, to "set in order the things that are wanting." But I have found sweet consolation in the assurance that Christ is infinitely wise and good, and that he is doing all things well.

Yesterday Rev. —— —— called and insisted upon seeing me, as, he said, *God had sent him to me!* Of course I would not refuse to see *such* a man. I sat in silence for more than one hour, and heard his account of the wonderful exercises and impressions of which he has recently been the favored subject. I cannot doubt that he has undergone some spiritual changes which are for the better, and which, were they unmixed with extravagant enthusiasm, would render him a holier Christian and a more useful minister. According to his own statement, he has said and done much that I should call foolish and inconsistent with Christian sobriety. He professes to have peculiar intimacy with God, who gives him special revelations! He has embraced the whole system of Mahan's Perfectionism, and Wesley's too, for God has told him that the doctrine is true. Last week God revealed to him the certainty of the speedy coming of Christ, and last Sabbath he disclosed the whole revelation to his people! He has renounced all his books, and says he intends never to open one of them again! His direct converse with God supersedes the study of the Bible, and his preaching henceforth is to consist of the Spirit's immediate communications. "My wife and child," said he, with a snap of his fingers, "are now to me no more than that." He proposes now to become an itinerant lecturer, proclaiming the "midnight cry." Let us pray God that he will restore him to his right mind.

From Dr. B. T. Welch.

ALBANY, November 6, 1843.

Your truly acceptable present came to hand yesterday. Many thanks for your kindness in this matter — you have certainly done me a great favor. The head of Dr. Baldwin is a treasure. I was under his ministry

from infancy until I was seventeen, and so strong upon my mind was the impression of his benevolent features, that to this day his image is upon my memory as distinct as if I had yesterday listened to his faithful voice. The memory of that man is dear to me, and his portrait is regarded by me as a most valuable possession.

You are aware, or, in Yankee phrase, "ought to be," that I have ever entertained a high estimate of your head, and I assure you that it is not at all diminished by the opportunity of carefully examining its phrenological developments, faithfully portrayed. This is truly an admirable picture, the resemblance accurate, and beautifully executed. I regard it as one of the best, if not the very best work of the kind that I have seen. This must be gratifying to all your friends, and a little so to you, for when one's head goes upon paper, to have it murdered outright "by a botch at the burin" is one of the most provoking things imaginable. But the artist has done you justice, for which he has my sincere thanks in common with the gratitude of many who will know how to prize it. Permit me to say, that the favor is greatly enhanced by the accompanying "Centennial Discourse," your kindness not only presenting the head, but an interesting indication of its furniture, the "vraisemblance," outside and in, simultaneously. In giving this little volume to the public, you have certainly done good service, not only to the church in Baldwin Place, but to the entire denomination. The appendix, not less than the discourse as a record of interesting and important facts, is truly valuable. I sincerely wish for it — what it richly merits — an extensive circulation, and especially in our churches, and pray that the favor of the Great Head of the church may rest upon it and its author. How grateful should you be, my brother, for the ability to "wield the pen" with success! When dead you can yet speak, honor your Master, vindicate and advance his cause. But as for me, it is little good I can do while living; and "when this lisping, stammering tongue lies silent in the grave," there is an end of me and of all my influence and usefulness. Most bitterly do I lament the want of early discipline, and the mental poverty of which I am the subject, the utter and miserable blank in the first thirty years of my life. Regrets are now useless; time cannot be recalled; and moreover I am getting prosy and taxing your patience.

To Mrs. C. R. Emery.

BOSTON, June 15, 1844.

I had heard of your affliction, and determined to address you a line expressive of my heart's deep sympathy. I need not tell you where to go for consolation, for you have long known the fountain of true comfort, and the path to it has been often trod by your feet. But I may say,

that in your former pastor you have a friend and brother, who would gladly alleviate your sorrows by any means in his power. I rejoice to find that you entertain right views of the dispensation under which you suffer, and that you bow submissively under the chastening rod of your gracious and faithful Father. Let it be your concern, my dear sister, as it shall be my prayer, that this trial may contribute largely to your increased sanctification. Open your whole soul to its influence, and allow it to work out your more complete emancipation from sin, and your preparation for the glories of heaven.

CHAPTER XIV.

CALL TO THE PRESIDENCY OF GRANVILLE COLLEGE, OHIO. — DISCOURAGEMENTS AT BALDWIN PLACE. — CALL TO THE NINTH STREET CHURCH, CINCINNATI. — ADVICE OF DR. SHARP. — LETTER OF REV. JOHN STEVENS. — EMBARRASSMENTS OF THE FOREIGN MISSION BOARD. — CORRESPONDENCE.

1845–1846.

EARLY in the year 1845 Mr. Stow was again called upon to decide the question so often presented to him, whether he would continue his relation with the Baldwin Place Church, or enter upon another sphere of duty. According to the ordinary methods of deciding as to what are the plain indications of Providence, we see not how he could well resist the conviction that he was specially called to be the president of some seat of learning. We have seen that in the east, Waterville had again and again stretched out her hand and endeavored to draw him away from his beloved flock and home in Boston. Now, the west beckons him away from New England, and urges him to accept the presidency of Granville College, Ohio. While he felt honored by the nomination, and treated it respectfully, he decided, as in other similar cases, to decline it. He believed then, and cherished the belief to the day of his death, that for him, with his peculiar tastes and long-cherished associations, no situation anywhere would present such attractions as the pastorate of a church in Boston. To the last he continued to be warmly attached to the home of his adoption, and resisted every invitation which called him away from it. And so far as his personal residence was concerned, it continued to be his home

till God took him to "the house not made with hands, eternal, and in the heavens."

After what the readers of this Memoir have learned from its pages, it is needless to say that his most hearty sympathies were enlisted in the cause of foreign missions. The annual meeting of the Board in 1845 found the treasury sadly crippled on account of a heavy debt, which, in the prosecution of their legitimate work, the Convention had contracted. Dr. Sears and himself were appointed as special agents to endeavor to raise funds for the liquidation of this debt. Together they went to Hartford for this purpose, and he alludes, in grateful language, to the success which attended their joint effort. "In every application thus far we have been successful. Providence has favored us in a peculiar manner."

Amid all these varied labors, the conviction was constantly gaining hold of his mind that his work at Baldwin Place was drawing to a close. He was beginning to feel the influence of the tide of emigration which was drawing away the native, Protestant population from the north-east section of the city. As is well known, the final result was the change of the location of the place of worship, many years after he ceased to be the pastor, to its present site on Warren Avenue. Already very heavy drafts had been made upon the membership of the church by the formation of other churches. Some of the pastor's warmest and most reliable supporters had removed their church relations. There were, moreover, some trials through which he was called to pass, not unusual indeed, in the experience of almost every faithful minister, which weighed heavily on his sensitive spirit. Enough has been said in the preceding pages to show that his peculiarly delicate and refined nature led him to shrink from everything which came not up to his lofty ideal of the Christian character. Although he supposed he had made a final disposition of the call to Granville College, we find him still brooding over the matter, questioning whether, after all, it may not be the path which Providence is opening before him to lead him out of the difficulties which are depressing him so much.

On the 15th of October, Dr. Judson arrived in Boston with his three children, and for three weeks they were the guests of Mr. Stow; and he dwells upon the pleasure which he feels in contributing to the comfort of one who had been so honored of God in the work of giving the gospel to the heathen.

Again another call. Under date of November 9, he alludes to the reception of three letters from Cincinnati, one from a committee of the Ninth Street Baptist Church, inviting him to the pastoral office, and two from Baptist ministers, urging him to accept the call. It was an urgent plea which these brethren presented, and the invitation was extended with true western heartiness. The church occupied an important position, and it naturally felt that it had a right "to covet earnestly the best gifts." We give some extracts from a letter which was written by Dr. Sharp in reply to one addressed to him by Mr. Stow, who had sought counsel from one to whom he was tenderly attached, and in whose judgment he was accustomed to place so much confidence.

BOSTON, November 6, 1845.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I trust you will never hesitate for a moment to write to me, or to call on me personally on any subject which may affect your duty, your usefulness, or your happiness. I hope that I have yet left to me a heart to sympathize and a readiness to give the result of my own observation, experience, and reflection, when there is a probability that either will be acceptable, or do good.

I confess that you have set me a difficult task. Had you proposed one inquiry, instead of three, I should have experienced less hesitation in answering you. To have three places presented to your consideration for acceptance, and all so important, may well perplex you. It perplexes me to give you just such advice as it may be wise and best for you to take.

In regard to your own people, you have no just cause for despondency. So far as my own personal feelings are concerned, I could wish that you might live and die their pastor, as I intend to live and die the pastor of the church in Charles Street. Where can your people find a man who will fill your place? Still I do not see that it is your imperative duty to remain.

In regard to the west, I have not the least doubt that, in either of the stations which are offered you, were you to go, as Fishback once

said of himself, you would "do a heap of good." But the change from eastern to western society would be exceedingly great. I fear that at Granville you would be loaded with cares and perplexing responsibilities unfavorable to the heart disease, to which you are liable. I should rather see you connected with an institution, if connected at all with one of that sort, where you would not have to be steward, and agent, and general purveyor, as, I suppose, Dr. Going was. Perhaps it is now placed above such necessities. As pastor of the church in Cincinnati, you would occupy a very important and conspicuous station. You would, in many respects, if not in all, without seeking it, be at the head of the Baptist ministry at the west. Still, I fear that your delicacy, and susceptibility, and modesty would be in the way of your happiness. There is more of the rough-and-tumble and jostling against one another in western manners, if I have judged rightly, than would suit your comfort. They say very hard things *to* one another in public, which would not suit your taste. If you were knocked down, you would not get up and knock your brother down, and then go home and laugh at it. All this would give you the nervous headache — nay, you would have the heartache. For one, I confess I think you would be happier, and probably as useful, in your present position as in either of the two at the west. And yet, if you went to either place, I have no doubt (if God spared your life and granted you health) but that you would do much, great good. The turning-points for you to decide in regard to the west are, in my judgment, personal considerations, rather than general usefulness. Of the latter I have no question.

I am, truly yours,

DANIEL SHARP.

To complete the narrative of the facts connected with the call to Cincinnati, we anticipate a little the course of events. Influenced by the considerations presented by Dr. Shard, and by others which seemed to be of weight in his own mind, he decided to decline the call. He remarks, however, a few days after he sent his letter of declination, "I have received a letter from a brother in Cincinnati, saying my negative reply is not to be received as final, and that further effort will be made to effect my removal. So I am again to be disturbed with a question I regarded as settled. What shall I do? O Lord, give me wisdom, give me humility. Point out plainly my path of duty, and enable me to ascertain and do thy will."

As an evidence of the pertinacity and the earnestness with

which the church at Cincinnati urged their suit, it may not be out of place to give some extracts from a letter written by Rev. John Stevens, who, with two others, was appointed to confer with him on the subject.

CINCINNATI, O., February 18, 1846.

REV. BARON STOW. Dear Brother: The Ninth Street Baptist Church in this city still have their hopes fixed on you as their future pastor. We know not where else to look. The church have, by a unanimous, hearty vote, at the close of a day of solemn prayer in reference to this subject, repeated their invitation. We hope you will find cause to reconsider your former decision. We sincerely hope for and earnestly desire your acceptance. On what do we rest this hope and desire? On our belief that you combine the various qualifications necessary for this post in a higher and happier degree than any other individual within our knowledge, and on our view of the vast importance to the cause of Christ at large of this station being adequately filled.

As it regards the first point, we need only refer to the invitation we have given and repeated, and to the measures we take to lay our case fully and fairly before you.

As to the second, — the importance of the situation, — it needs, in order to be justly appreciated, to be viewed in detail, both as to its intrinsic character and in its relations to the general interests of the Redeemer's cause.

First, as to the church itself.

The writer here refers to the house of worship, its favorable location, the rentage of the pews, the number of members belonging to the church, its high rank among the best Protestant churches in the city, and says, —

Viewing the church by itself, in its present and prospective character, we think we cannot be mistaken in the opinion that it affords a more eligible sphere of usefulness for a pastor than any other Baptist church on this side of the mountains. For its own sake, then, — that is, for the sake of those who compose the body, church, and congregation, — it is eminently eligible as a sphere of pastoral labor. We know not the Baptist pulpit where the persons coming under the direct influence of its ministrations will be more numerous or influential. Come, then, and live with us. We pledge you an ample support. Come, preside over us, and lead us on in the Master's service. We trust there will not be wanting those who will follow you, as you follow the Great Leader. The foundation has been laid. There is ample room. Material

abounds. Come, enlarge and adorn this palace for God, and make it a model throughout this valley.

A modest man, like the subject of this Memoir, might well suppose, from the glowing description thus given, that the pastor of a church of four hundred members, in a populous community, with every prospect of reaping a large harvest from the seeds which he might scatter broadcast, would have his head, his heart, and his hands full to overflowing, if he conscientiously devoted himself with a single eye to the special and exclusive work of a pastor. But what were supposed to be other most desirable features in the position to which he was so urgently called, were not overlooked, and Brother Stevens proceeds to speak, —

Secondly, of the relations of the church to the cause at large. While acknowledging that, looking at the church of which he is now pastor, and the one to which he is invited, the scale might turn in favor of remaining where he is, yet, viewing the relative positions of the two churches, there can be no doubt, the writer thinks, what the decision should be.

Returning to the order of our narrative, we remark, that at this period now under consideration, the Baptist General Convention was passing through great trials. While a good measure of prosperity was attending its missionary operations abroad, and the blessing of Heaven was evidently resting upon the work which it had undertaken to accomplish, its treasury was greatly embarrassed for want of funds. Two principal causes led to this embarrassment. One was the unprecedented financial troubles which had spread over all parts of the country, thus curtailing very largely the income of those who had been accustomed to contribute to the cause of missions. The other was the difficulties which grew out of the discussion of questions connected with the system of domestic slavery. Without wishing to revive the unhappy feelings and the bitter dissensions which, we trust, have been buried beneath the sea of blood which was poured out in our late civil strife, fidelity to the truth, and a just

presentation of the character of the subject of this Memoir, demand the recital of some of the facts which make the period now passing under review one of the most memorable in the history of our foreign missions. Not a few sincere lovers of the cause felt that they could no longer give to it their charities, if its support must be maintained by the products of slave labor. Accordingly they withdrew their contributions from the treasury of the General Convention. The causes referred to, and others, which we need not stop to enumerate, had served to increase the indebtedness of the Convention to the amount of forty thousand dollars. Hitherto its financial credit has been of the highest character.

In the transaction of its business with foreign bankers it had met every obligation at maturity, and such perfect confidence was placed in its integrity, and the moral certainty that every liability would be met, that it had no serious difficulty in raising any reasonable amount which it needed to meet its emergencies. But to maintain this financial credit required guarantees, which, while they were cheerfully given by certain warm friends of the cause, ought no longer to be expected. When the debt had reached what, in those days, was regarded as the very large sum of forty thousand dollars, men of caution and prudence began to be anxious, and to inquire, What will be the end of all this plunging deeper and deeper into financial embarrassment? It would not do, in a blind and unreasoning way, to say that there must be faith in the God of missions. Under the present circumstances, most emphatically "faith without works was dead." In the midst of all these embarrassments, and as if to complicate the difficulties tenfold, there came to the Board the famous Alabama Resolutions, sent by the Baptist Convention of that state. These resolutions called for an explicit answer to the question whether the Board would or would not appoint as missionaries those who were actual holders of slaves. Brought face to face with the system of domestic slavery, and called upon thus peremptorily to say what they would do in the supposed emergency, the Board did not long hesitate what answer to

give to the inquiry thus put to them. Their reply was, that "if any one should offer himself as a missionary, having slaves, and should insist on retaining them as his property, they could not appoint him." It was understood that this reply was given, not because it was suggested by prudential reasons, but because slavery was regarded as a wrong which ought not to be sanctioned. The Board would not consent to make itself in any way *particeps criminis* in this matter of human bondage. It might alienate the affections and lose the pecuniary support of some of the earliest and warmest supporters of the cause of foreign missions, but it must be true to its honest convictions of duty. Such was the stand taken, not merely by men who were known by way of distinction as "abolitionists," like Dr. Colver, but by men who had been assailed as too conservative, like Dr. Sharp. Of course the consequences of the step taken were not overlooked, and many were the anxieties as to the methods which were to be resorted to that the Convention might extricate itself from its financial troubles.

Mr. Stow was deeply interested in all these movements. How much he felt about the debt we have already noticed, and what personal effort he put forth, in connection with Dr. Sears, to have it removed, he has himself told us. An extra session of the General Convention was called, "to be held in the Baptist Tabernacle in the City of New York, on the third Wednesday of November, at ten o'clock A. M." Mr. Stow thus writes about this meeting: "November 17. This evening I leave for New York, to attend an extra session of the Baptist General Convention. My fears as to the result are many. Lord, interpose, and make the north united in the work of foreign missions." Leaving his home that evening, he reached New York the next morning. He will tell us something, a few pages farther on, about the meeting at the Tabernacle.

Additional interest was given to this meeting from the circumstance that Dr. Judson was present, and received the warm congratulations of those who loved him for his work's

sake, and as one "bearing in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ." Introduced to the Convention by Dr. Cone, in his own matchless, inimitable manner, at the time when he was in the zenith of his power as an eloquent speaker, he was welcomed by the president, Dr. Wayland, "in an address," says Professor Gammell, "of great eloquence and beauty, to which, with a feeble voice, he made a brief but touching response. The scene was one of subduing interest, and will never be forgotten by those who beheld it. Hundreds were gazing, for the first time, upon one, the story of whose labors, and sorrows, and sufferings had been familiar to them from childhood, and whose name they had been accustomed to utter with reverence and affection, as that of the pioneer and father of American missions to the heathen. They recalled the scenes of toil and privation through which he had passed; they remembered the loved ones with whom he had been connected, and their bosoms swelled with inexpressible emotions of gratitude and delight."

The Convention, however, had come together not merely to enjoy this meeting with its earliest and most revered missionary, and to indulge in the elevated emotions which were so befitting the occasion. There was serious business to be transacted. The secession of the southern Baptists, and the acknowledged defects which the results of a thirty years' experience in the workings of our missionary organization had revealed, made it necessary that there should be an entire reconstruction of the society. Mr. Stow has left on record, in his own modest way, the part which he performed in this most important work. He tells us that —

In 1845, after the disruption of the General Convention by the secession of the southern wing, a committee of nine, of which Dr. Wayland was one, was appointed to prepare a new constitution for the body, to be submitted at a special session. As the members of the committee were widely scattered, and could not conveniently meet, it was agreed that Dr. Cone should draw up one, and Dr. Wayland another, and that a Boston member should, as secretary, construct one out of the two for final consideration. The two forms prepared by Drs. Cone and Way-

land, and their letters to the secretary, are now in my possession, and contain materials for a chapter, showing an equal fervor of interest in the missionary enterprise, but a wide diversity of opinions as to the shape of the organization for carrying it forward, the views of Dr. Cone being eminently democratic, those of Dr. Wayland insisting on greater power in the executive agency. As the instrument was finally adopted, — and we understand that the secretary's careful hand of revision had passed over it, — it embraced all that Dr. Wayland regarded as essential in preserving the organization from harm by any sudden irruptions of popular excitement. In the compromise effected between Drs. Cone and Wayland on that occasion, there was a beautiful exhibition of their strong points of Christian character.

The above we find in the second volume of the Memoirs of Dr. Wayland. The following is the record in Mr. Stow's journal: —

November 18. Arrived here (New York) this morning, and went with Dr. Sears to Mr. G. N. Bleeker's, 58 Henry Street, where we have a delightful home. At ten, met the committee on the constitution at the Bible Rooms, 350 Broome Street. After a laborious session of nearly nine hours, we agreed, unanimously, on a draft to be submitted to the Convention. This is the first ray of light that has pierced our dense darkness. May it be the presage of a full day.

November 22. The meeting of the Convention has been one of the most remarkable. The constitution was adopted unanimously, and nearly sixteen thousand dollars, in sums of one hundred dollars each, were raised. Thus the debt of forty thousand dollars is provided for, and arrangements are made for the enlargement of our operations. "What hath God wrought!" All are amazed at the result. Such a meeting I never anticipated this side of heaven. O that we may be humble before God, and henceforth trust him with our whole hearts! He has done great things for us. May we never cease to be grateful.

Dr. Wayland, writing to Mr. Stow under date of November 23, says, "We are all filled with wonder at the deliverances of the past week. May we all love and serve him better in future."

The following correspondence may properly be introduced at this point. The letters were all written to Dr. Cone.

BOSTON, October 1, 1845.

MUCH ESTEEMED BROTHER: Yours of the 29th ultimo came to hand yesterday. The draft of a constitution was at once laid before Brothers Lincoln and Fletcher. The former is in such a state of mental suffering, occasioned by the condition of the treasury and the apprehension of his own pecuniary ruin, that he is hardly qualified to render us much service. Mr. Fletcher remarked, "Well, this looks something like a constitution," and then gave utterance to his earnest wonder that wise men should so long have consented to do business under the old system. Some few alterations and additions were agreed upon, and to-morrow, if the Lord permits, I shall go to Providence, and lay the whole before Dr. Wayland.

The only points of importance, with respect to which we suggest changes or additions, are two.

1. The name. We should prefer the American Baptist Association for Foreign Missions. Lewis Tappan & Co. have a Foreign Mission *Union*. Besides, "Association" is a name familiar and dear to Baptists.

2. The introduction of an article creating honorary life members of the board of managers, with power to attend the meetings of the board, to discuss all questions, but to vote on none.

I mention these points in anticipation, that you may reflect upon them.

Allow me to say that I am highly gratified with your plan as a whole, and believe it will unite those who have any heart to unite together in the blessed enterprise. There may be spirits who will endeavor to introduce restrictive elements; but you may be assured that our leading New England brethren desire nothing of the kind, and will stand with you in resisting everything that is not broadly catholic. We wish for an organization on a purely *missionary basis*, and nothing else.

My dear brother, cannot the subscription in your city, for the extinguishing of the forty-thousand-dollar debt, be hastened to a favorable consummation? On the 1st of September we provided temporarily for fifteen thousand dollars of the amount. In about six weeks another large portion must be provided for. Were the whole amount subscribed, we could at once collect all that we shall then need. The treasurer is nearly crushed under his burdens, and unless something is speedily done for his relief, he will sink, I fear, beyond recovery. Pardon me for these suggestions.

In great haste, I am, as ever,

Yours, with affectionate esteem,

BARON STOW.

Rev. S. H. Cone.

BOSTON, October 14, 1845.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: Accompanying this I send you our draft of a constitution. I regret that it has so long been delayed. We have separately and jointly spent much time upon it. I have transcribed it seven times.

You will perceive that we have retained some features that distinguish our present plan.

1. We provide for a convention of life members, with limited powers and responsibilities.

2. A large board for the purpose of securing a proper supervision and extending an interest.

3. A small executive committee, with powers accurately defined, and responsible to the board.

Our object has been to combine the popular and the conservative elements, and interpose such checks and balances as shall insure safety in the action of the machinery.

We hope the other members of the committee will be able to give it a thorough examination.

Dr. Wayland will probably write you, or Dr. Williams, more fully on the subject.

Mr. Fletcher has given much attention to this business, and rendered us essential aid.

Deacon Lincoln is nearly crushed under his burdens, and *must* soon have relief. We hope soon to hear favorable news from New York, showing that the forty-thousand-dollar debt *will be paid.*

With true esteem,

Your brother in Christ,

BARON STOW.

Rev. Dr. Cone, New York.

BOSTON, October 15, 1845.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I wrote you yesterday, forwarding the draft of a constitution.

This morning our beloved Brother Judson and three children arrived in the Sophia Walker, Captain Codman.

When at the Isle of France, Mrs. Judson appeared to be so much better that he thought it best to send back his Burman assistant, and proceed to the United States, for the purpose of only a brief visit. But they had scarcely left when Mrs. J. was again taken quite ill. Leaving the Paragon, in which they sailed from Maulmain for England, they took passage in the Sophia Walker direct for Boston. While at St. Helena Mrs. Judson died. She was interred the same day, September 1.

Brother Judson's general health is quite good, but his voice, owing to a bronchial affection, is feeble. He is now at my house, where he will remain a few days, and joins in Christian assurances to yourself and family.

In much haste,

Yours, fraternally,

BARON STOW.

Rev. Dr. Cone, New York.

BOSTON, October 22, 1845.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your favor of the 20th came to hand this morning. Mr. Lincoln I have not been able to see. I read it to Mr. Fletcher, and then enclosed it to Dr. Wayland.

I am not aware that the New England members of the committee are *determined* to adhere to their plan. They thought it best to make out a draft in accordance with their own views, and submit the same for the consideration of the other members. We devoted to it much time and thought, and we feel a strong confidence that, if it should be adopted, the plan would work well.

As it regards the word "Convention" in the name, we of course shall not be tenacious. The term has been ours for more than thirty years, and it certainly will be no infringement of the *rights* of our southern brethren if we retain it.

My own impression is, that a large majority of the Convention will prefer, in the second article, "throughout the world" to any other phrase. I am willing to concede that, and so is Mr. Fletcher.

Most of the other questions at issue between us will probably be settled whenever we can agree with respect to the main point — the structure of an organization. The difference is so wide that I see not how we shall be likely to come together unless we can have a meeting of the whole committee, in which the subject shall be thoroughly canvassed. My own opinion is, that if the executive committee or acting board is to be located in Boston, our plan will be decidedly the best. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have a prudential committee of seven, who meet once a week, and do their work well. Not a member of that executive committee expends as much time and labor as I do in an acting board of fifteen. Not one of them is a "paid soldier." Everything is done systematically and efficiently. We can find seven or nine brethren who would do as well, and ask no compensation.

I need not enlarge. Dr. Wayland will probably write you his views. May God give us all wisdom, and enable us to coincide in some plan that will please himself. I desire only that we may devise some method

by which we can labor together, in love, for the propagation of the blessed gospel *throughout the world.*

Your brief sentence respecting the subscription for the forty-thousand-dollar-debt gives me pain. I fondly hoped to hear from you something encouraging. How can we in good faith change our constitution before provision is made for the extinguishing of that debt? If the old Convention should be dissolved, to whom may our creditors look for the liquidating of their claims? Mr. Fletcher says the individual members of the Convention will be held in law. Other questions will arise involving us in legal difficulties. I see not how we can move in our new-modelling enterprise unless the entire debt is provided for. New England will furnish her twenty-five thousand dollars. Cannot New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania supply the remainder.

I ought to have said a word respecting the clause in our plan, making the members of the Convention who may be present life members, &c. Our object was to create at once a body that could organize and proceed to action; and we could think of no other plan so feasible, and which would conciliate good feeling on the part of such as might be at the trouble and expense of attending an extra session. We do not, however, attach great importance to that item. It appeared to us a happy mode for the transmigration of the soul from one body to another.

Brother Judson is now with his sister at Plymouth. Providence permitting, he will be in New York at the Convention.

With unabated esteem and confidence,

Your affectionate brother,

BARON STOW.

BOSTON, October 28, 1845.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your favor of the 24th came to hand yesterday morning. Of course we are highly gratified with the prospect of eight thousand dollars from New York towards the forty thousand dollars. Our current receipts, apart from the debt, this month, have been already more than six thousand dollars. By the steamer of November 1, we forward ten thousand dollars to the Barings in London.

Should the right kind of feeling prevail among the brethren at the extra session of the Convention, perhaps something can be done on the spot towards completing the forty-thousand-dollar subscription.

I see not, my dear brother, how the minds of our committee of nine can be harmonized by correspondence. Ought we not to have a meeting of the whole committee, and endeavor to agree upon something that we can all readily support?

I regret that I should have unwittingly led you to suspect that I prefer Presbyterian aristocracy to Baptist or New Testament republicanism.

I referred to the fact that seven men in the system of the A. B. C. F M. do a certain service without pay simply to answer one of your objections to our plan. Whether so small a number of *Baptists* could be *trusted* to do a similar work for a single year under the instructions of a board of sixty or seventy-five, is another question.

Let us seek wisdom from above. If we are willing to do Christ's work upon his own plan, we shall certainly come together and affectionately coöperate. As far as we have attained, let us mind the same thing, and walk by the same rule. And if in anything we are otherwise minded, God will reveal even this unto us.

With true affection,

Your brother and fellow-laborer,

BARON STOW.

Rev. Dr. Cone, New York.

BOSTON, January 30, 1846.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Ever since that blessed meeting of the General Convention in November last, I have intended to write you, tendering my personal thanks for the noble part which you acted on that occasion. Knowing fully, as I did, your views and feelings on various points, I regarded your course with admiration, and almost wonder. A richer specimen of Christian magnanimity I have never witnessed. Pardon the freedom with which I write. My heart guides my pen. I shall ever associate that precious occasion with the grace of God bestowed upon yourself as the chairman of the committee of nine.

I feel much solicitude with reference to the organization of our Union in May next. There ought, it seems to me, to be some correspondence or conference of our more aged and experienced brethren in different parts of the country touching the appointment of a home secretary. We have, for some time, had our eyes fixed on Brother Bright, of Homer, N. Y., as the most suitable man for this post. His heart is fervently enlisted in the cause of foreign missions, and we can think of no one else so well fitted for the place vacated by Brother Pattison.

I have read with pain the "statement" of a committee of the American Bible Society. It savors of the old spirit of persecution. The counter statement of the American and Foreign Bible Society is manly, dignified, Christian, and will tell to the full weight of its metal.

In heaven there will be none of this squabbling. May you and I find that peaceful home.

Most fraternally,

BARON STOW.

Rev. Dr. Cone.

BOSTON, May 9, 1846.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I have seen this morning, in the last number of the New York Baptist Register, published at Utica, an article that occasions me unutterable distress. The editor, in his leading article, professes to have ascertained the true author of the constitution of the American Baptist Missionary Union, and gives the source of his information.

The facts are these. Just before "Elder" Bennett left New York city for an excursion into the western part of the state, he wrote me, requesting me to furnish him with suggestions that might aid him in his enterprise. He wished to remove prejudices from the minds of some good brethren, &c. I accordingly wrote him at Rochester, giving my views on various points. I stated that I knew the meaning of every word and syllable of the constitution, as I had transcribed it seven times, and spent weeks of labor and prayer in its preparation. I certainly never said or intimated that I was the "sole author" of the document. I did not intend to convey such an impression. The outlines of the constitution were agreed upon by the four New England members of the committee, and the labor of preparing the instrument was committed to me. Subsequently, at a full meeting of the committee in New York, several important modifications were made at your own suggestion.

Providence permitting, I shall be in New York on Wednesday. My throat and lungs are in a bad state, and I greatly fear that I may be wholly unfit for the Thursday evening service.

Very sincerely,

Your brother, as ever,

BARON STOW.

Rev. Dr. Cone, N. Y.

The foregoing correspondence shows us the interest which Mr. Stow took in the formation of the "Missionary Union," and the important service he rendered in drafting its excellent constitution. Modestly disclaiming, as he does, the entire authorship of this constitution, it is, nevertheless, evident that his peculiar gift in drawing up such papers is to be traced in all its sections and parts. It was his aim to preserve a just mean between an organization so loose and general in its character, that it had no power of concentration, and one which should be but little better than a close corporation. While both experience and observation taught him that a

society having so large a constituency as the "Union" mu do its work through a few men of responsible character an tried integrity, yet he would not lodge power in the hand of a few, even of the best of men, without making them accountable to some higher authority. He knew how jealous the denomination has been of any approach to what might seem ecclesiastical authority placed in the hands of a few persons. The wisdom of the steps he took has been amply justified by the history of the Union.

The narrative of his ministerial life is the record of the usual cares and toil which are incident to the life of a faithful pastor; and for several months we find nothing of such interest as to be worthy of a special prominence in a Memoir like this. On the 23d of May, 1846, the Missionary Union was fully organized, with Dr. Sharp for its president. Mr. Stow was urged to accept the office of corresponding secretary, but he felt obliged to decline. He was, however, appointed on the executive committee. A Sabbath or two after this he alludes to an address made by Dr. Dean to the Baldwin Place congregation, "in a strain of Christian simplicity and tenderness," he remarks, "which I never heard surpassed. At some points hundreds were overpowered with emotion, and melted into tears. I have never witnessed in any man stronger proofs of entire consecration to Christ. In the evening a public meeting was held in Baldwin Place preparatory to the departure of Brother Dean and Ko A Bak for China. It was good to be there. Brother Neale gave the address." The next day Dr. Dean left for New York, where he embarked for the distant field of his missionary labor. Within a month Dr. Judson and those who accompanied him, left in the ship Faneuil Hall for Burmah. Scenes like these kept burning the flame of missionary zeal which long since had been kindled in the heart of Mr. Stow.

He makes a touching record in his journal, a few weeks ıter, on receiving the intelligence of the death of his other.

August 31, 1846. Found a letter from sister P., communicating the expected but most afflicting intelligence of my precious mother's departure for a better world. She died August 19, at three and a half P. M., aged seventy-one. I need grace to enable me to regard the dispensation in its right light, and to derive from it spiritual benefit. God has come near to me. O, how excellent that mother! How faithful has she been in every relation! How prudent, how quiet, how pious! How much am I indebted to her prayers, instructions, and examples! Have I valued her as I should?

CHAPTER XV.

A BUSY MINISTERIAL LIFE. — ANXIETY WITH REFERENCE TO HIS CHURCH. — JOURNAL. — RESIGNATION.

1847–1848.

WE return again to those more quiet scenes in the life of Dr. Stow,* when, as a pastor, he gave his best energies of mind and heart to the promotion of the religious welfare of his people. The year 1847 opens with some discouragements. In his view a long period had passed away since his church had been blessed with one of those seasons of religious refreshing in which he so much delighted. He hails with joy every token that seems to indicate the return of the Spirit to the congregation, whom he unceasingly bears in his affections. "Is God about to appear for us?" he writes at the close of his record of the meeting, held, as usual, at the beginning of the new year. If he is "prostrated in body," he is "hopeful in mind." "Lord, help me to rely on thee alone," is his fervent prayer. Weeks pass, and no such blessing comes as he has been hoping for. One inquirer — "a rare visitor" — calls on him. "It is a sweet privilege to direct him to Christ, and to kneel with him before the cross in supplication of God's forgiving mercy. O, when shall I see many of my congregation turn the weeping eye and the anxious heart towards Calvary!"

At the meeting of the Missionary Union in Cincinnati, in May, he preached the annual sermon. The change of scene,

* The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on Mr. Stow by Brown University in 1846, and by Harvard College in 1855.

as usual, operated favorably in the restoration of his health and spirits. On the return of the party who were his companions, they passed a day or two at Niagara Falls, which he now saw for the first time. "O, how tame," he writes, "are all descriptions that I have ever read of this wonderful cataract! The image is fixed in my mind, and will long remain, but words are inadequate to represent it." A few weeks afterwards we find him at Waterville, attending the commencement of the college, to the presidency of which he had so often been invited. As the guest of Professor M. B. Anderson, he received those kind attentions which were always so grateful to him. On the 15th of August occurred a farewell missionary meeting at the Rowe Street Church, which was addressed by Rev. Mr. Abbott, "whose descriptions," says Dr. Stow, "were graphic, and his appeals powerful. The Lord go with and preserve him, and make him useful. Fifteen hundred converted Karens are waiting for baptism, and he hastens to meet them, and administer to them that precious ordinance." He is ready to respond to calls frequently made on him for services in places more or less remote from Boston. On the 18th of August he delivers an oration in Sherburne, on the occasion of the erection of a monument to the memory of his ancestor, Henry Leland. A little more than a month later he preached the sermon at the dedication of the new house of worship of the First Baptist Church in Springfield. In the record of November 7 he refers to the circumstance of having completed the fifteenth year of his ministry in Baldwin Place. "Soon I must give an account of my stewardship. Lord, help me to be faithful unto the end."

Allusion has already been made to the discouragement which Dr. Stow felt as the pastor of a church whose families were moving to other and more attractive sections of the city. These losses keenly affected him. The friends who left him were those to whom he felt a peculiar attachment. Athough for a time some of them, influenced by feelings of personal attachment, retained their membership in his

church, yet he could not help noticing that gradually they withdrew from the more social, and what he regarded as the more spiritual, meetings of the church, and at length no longer filled their places in the house of worship on the Sabbath. The distance was too great, and the inconvenience too serious, to be overcome, and these families, by degrees, fell into other places of worship nearer their own dwellings. He was too sincere in his own affection, and too candid in his judgment, to ascribe the action of his friends to any diminution of attachment to him. He acknowledged that the sacrifice was too great on their part to leave churches which presented as many attractions, and perhaps more than his own, to go to the extreme north-eastern section of the city, through streets some of which had become largely the residence of a foreign population, who were not altogether the most agreeable people to meet every Sabbath. He was beginning, moreover, to feel seriously the almost constant drafts which had been made on his energies for so many years, and to question whether it might not be for the honor of the Master, and the promotion of his own usefulness, to change the scene of his ministerial labors. In addition to these things, there were some internal difficulties in the church, not uncommon, indeed, because they are liable to befall any church, but such as weighed upon his spirit, affecting a nervous system already jaded and worn by the unremitting labors of years of active service. We do not wonder, therefore, to find him, at the beginning of the year 1848, weighing carefully and prayerfully the question of personal duty. "Can I resign the pastorate without essential harm to the interests in Baldwin Place? I can sacrifice anything but the cause of Christ. O, my Saviour, show me thy will, and help me to obey, whatever the cost to myself." In the midst of his perplexity, he tells us that an "old friend and former parishioner called to sound me, respecting the transfer of my pastoral relation to another church out of the city. The duties there would be light, the support ample, and the pleasures of residence desirable." Unable, however, to answer affirmatively the

question, "Is my work in Baldwin Place done?" he would give no encouragement to his friend. His purpose was, if he resigned, to give himself a respite of several months before accepting another call, and he did not wish to have his mind harassed by invitations to settle elsewhere.

We present a few extracts from his journal, showing the general state of his feelings, and making allusions to passing events.

March 10. Wrote several letters, and finished reading Dibble's Thoughts on Missions — a work which has stirred my inmost soul, and given me many a feeling of compunction. Two P. M. The bells are tolling, the body of J. Q. Adams has arrived, and the grand procession is bearing it to Faneuil Hall. God sees how much of benevolence and how much of selfishness are mingled in these pageants. How ready we are to honor others, living or dead, when, by so doing, we can honor ourselves!

Baltimore, April 10. Concluded to remain here another day. The air is truly balmy and refreshing. Dr. Fuller called. We spent two hours agreeably. His mind is working deeply on the subject of slavery. Dr. Plummer joined us, and the conversation turned on High-churchism, becoming occasionally quite piquant. I said but little — listened the more. Dr. Fuller remarked, "that the Baptists had more charity for the Presbyterians than the latter had for the former." This Dr. Plummer denied. "Why," said Dr. Fuller, turning to me, "I expect to baptize Dr. Plummer yet, and see him pastor of a Baptist church." Dr. Plummer rose and approached me, saying, "As for Brother Fuller, I never expect to see him anything but a close communion Baptist." "There," exclaimed Dr. Fuller, "I told him we were more charitable than they. I have hope of him that he will yet come into the light, and do better, but he has no hope of me."

Washington, April 18. Last Saturday night seventy-seven slaves escaped from the District, and went on board a vessel in the river, and started on a race for freedom. Sunday morning two thousand dollars were offered for the capture of the vessel and the recovery of the fugitives. A steamboat, armed, was sent in pursuit, news was sent by telegraph to Baltimore, and the revenue cutter went down the bay for the same purpose. They were overtaken and seized; at eight and a half this morning the captain of the vessel and two other white men were brought up from the wharf, past our lodgings, and shut up in jail. At the same time the slaves were marched by, shackled together two and two, and likewise lodged in jail. O, it was a pitiable sight. France drives away her oppressors, and emancipates her slaves, and the people here

are boisterous in their expressions of sympathy. A few Africans endeavor, without violence, to gain their freedom, and the men who aid them are cursed, seized, and punished. How does God view these things? My soul is sickened and disgusted.

Washington, April 20. Rode to College Hill; spent the remainder of the day with President Bacon and family. How familiar were all the surroundings — the room occupied by Brother Knowles and myself, "No. 30," the room of the Enosinian Society, with the banner of the society (a device of my own), the library, the chapel, &c., &c. There I saw the very books which I devoured with avidity, and from which I derived stores of valuable knowledge. The only one about the premises whom I recognized was Professor W. R. He has been there from the beginning, and is the same precious good man.

Washington, April 21. Threatened with my heart trouble. I keep my room to-day. The excitement without is alarming. For three nights the mob has collected around the office of the National Era (an able anti-slavery paper), and made some threatening demonstrations. Mr. Palfrey, of Massachusetts, in the House, and Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, in the Senate, yesterday introduced resolutions for the appointment of committees of inquiry touching these disturbances, which were as firebrands in a magazine. I cannot walk out, or enter a shop, without hearing violent and profane language, denouncing and threatening the opponents of slavery. What a savage a man is when his passions are aroused!

During this visit among his friends in Washington, Dr. Stow came to the decision which cost him so much pain, and which he reached only after long and earnest deliberation. It is thus that he alludes to the disruption of the ties which for so many years had bound him to Baldwin Place: —

May 18. This has been one of the most trying days of my life. I have written my letter of resignation, intending, if Providence permit, to have it read to my people next Lord's day. It is an act which I have long dreaded, but to which I can see no alternative. O God, thou knowest my heart, and wilt judge me at the last day! Do I not love this people? Do I not leave them in obedience to thy will? Does not thy providence make my duty plain and imperative?

Those who place as high an estimate as Dr. Stow did on permanency in the pastoral relation, and the sacredness of the ties which bind church and minister, will be able to sympathize with him in the great struggle through which he passed.

Those, on the contrary, who view the relation very much in the same light that some of our modern reformers regard the marriage bond, will have but very little sympathy with this greatly perplexed pastor. The following was the communication which he read to the congregation at the close of the morning service, May 21. He very touchingly says, "God gave me strength to do it firmly. My heart ached, but I was able to suppress emotion, and to control myself so as to make no demands on the sympathy of others."

To the Baldwin Place Baptist Church and Society.

DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS: When my esteemed predecessor, the Rev. James D. Knowles, entered upon his duties as your pastor, he had perfect health; and yet, before seven years had elapsed, he found himself oppressed by the cares and responsibilities of his onerous charge, and compelled, by a regard to self-preservation, to retire to another field of labor. I succeeded him, in the autumn of 1832, with a constitution naturally slender, and impaired by repeated attacks of disease, to which, from early childhood, I had been subjected. Consequently I did not indulge the expectation that my period of useful labor in your service could possibly equal that of the worthy brother who had preceded me. That I have been able to retain my position for more than double that time is to be attributed, under God, to your peculiar kindness and forbearance.

I am happy to bear testimony that you have never demanded of me service beyond my ability to perform. On the contrary, you have ever been tenderly considerate and careful of my health, and given me every desirable facility for its preservation. Not only have you provided for my regular support in a way that has given me entire satisfaction, but in numerous instances you have, by special acts of liberality, created occasion for my fervent and lasting gratitude. In return, I have endeavored, to the full extent of my capability, to serve you in the gospel of Christ. Of the manner in which I have executed my trust it does not become me to speak.

Ye are my witnesses, and God is my Judge. Many of you are not ignorant that during the last five years I have often been compelled by physical infirmities to contemplate the probability of a dissolution of the ties which have bound us in a happy connection. The thought of such an issue has always been painful to myself; but I could not avoid the apprehension that Providence would force it upon us. During the last four months, other considerations, of a very emphatic kind, have contributed with my impaired health to settle my convictions that my continuance as your pastor is incompatible with both my usefulness and my happiness. This announcement would have been sooner made but for the persuasions of others, whose reasons for delay appealed to feelings to which I hope never to be a stranger.

The indications are so clear that no alternative remains but for me to declare, respectfully and firmly, that duty to you, to myself, and above all, to the cause of our common Lord, demands my retirement from the office with which you have so long and so indulgently honored me. To that demand I yield as to a necessity which I have not created, and which I can neither resist nor modify.

But that my action may occasion you as little embarrassment as possible, and that you may have time to mature arrangements for the future, I am not unwilling to postpone for a few weeks the final act of separation. I will see the pulpit supplied until the 1st of July next, and will render such other service in the mean time as the state of my health may permit, and as may best contribute to your interest.

I leave you, my beloved flock, with emotions which no language can adequately represent. I cannot trust myself in any attempt to give them utterance.

Reminiscences of the tenderest character crowd my mind, and awaken feelings which can better be interpreted by your own hearts than by my words. I shall therefore spare you, as I would spare myself, the review of the years which we have passed in happy union. My affection for you has been as strong as my nature permitted, and that affection remains

undiminished. I have given you my best days and my best strength, and I now retire with no prospect of future occupation, simply committing myself to the care of that faithful Providence which has never left me unemployed or uncompensated. Whatever may be the lot which that Providence shall assign me, your prosperity will, to the last, be the object of my constant solicitude and my fervent prayers.

With affectionate respect,

Your friend and brother,

BARON STOW.

BOSTON, May 21, 1848.

The most sincere endeavors were made by the church to induce him to withdraw his resignation, but he had long and anxiously weighed the matter which had been pressing upon his mind, and his purpose remained fixed and unalterable. The record of his closing service as pastor of the Baldwin Place Church is in the following words: —

June 25, Lord's day. In the morning preached from Rev. xxi. 4, first clause, and baptized five young persons. The house was very full, and the occasion was one of tender interest. Lord, bless thou the services to the conversion of sinners. Afternoon I remained at home. The services of the morning drew deeply on my excitability, and I have suffered severely as the result. The Baldwin Place Baptist *Society* met, and, I am told, passed some kind resolutions, expressive of their feelings, in consequence of my decision. They are indeed a generous people. I have occasion to love them. Nothing but a clear conviction of duty compels me to leave them.

The next day the resolutions referred to were placed in his hands. They are alluded to in the following record: —

June 26. Received a communication from N. Nelson, clerk of the Baldwin Place Baptist Society, with a copy of the following resolutions, adopted yesterday afternoon.

Resolved, That the reply of Rev. Baron Stow to our request that he would withdraw his resignation of the pastoral office fills us with the most profound sorrow. And while we cannot suppress the painful emotions occasioned by the severing of the tie that has so long bound us

together, as pastor and people, yet, believing him to be actuated by a sincere conviction of duty, we accept his resignation.

Resolved, We cannot permit this opportunity to pass without bearing testimony to the faithfulness, assiduity, ability, and untiring zeal that have distinguished both his pulpit and pastoral labors; and while it will ever be our happiness to cherish the recollections of the many hallowed associations that crowd so thickly all the way along his pastoral connection with us, we will pray that, whatever post of duty God may hereafter assign him, he may continue to be distinguished for a faithful discharge of his duty, and receive at last from the lips of his Master the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Resolved, That sixteen years of faithful service, resulting in the prostration of his health, and in his inability to perform *any* labor probably for several months to come, render it a duty, as it is also a pleasure, that we should make some provision for his support until he is able to resume his professional duties.

Resolved, That the treasurer be directed to pay to Rev. Baron Stow his salary to 1st of October next, less the expense of supplying the pulpit up to that date.

The record of his work while pastor of the Baldwin Place Church he thus briefly sums up: "I have preached fifteen hundred and sixty-six sermons, made thirteen thousand four hundred and thirty-four pastoral visits, baptized six hundred and fifty-five, attended seven hundred and fifteen funerals, and solemnized five hundred and seventy-eight marriages. During this period I have travelled more than twenty-five thousand miles."

June 30. This day concludes my pastoral relation to Baldwin Place. I am oppressed by the recollections that crowd my mind. I remember the goodness of God to me and mine, my sins and imperfections, my labors, my successes, my enjoyments and trials. O that God would forgive all that has been wrong in thought, feeling, desire, word, and action! May I to-day be cleansed, by the blood of Christ, from all sin. May I believe anew in the atoning Saviour, and be anew accepted through him. May I be thankful for all mercies. A fresh consecration will I make to the service of my Lord and Master. Body and soul I lay upon the altar. Lord, I am thine, wholly, thine, forevermore. My heart bleeds for my dear people, soon to be no more my peculiar charge. Lord, take them under thy paternal care. Keep them affectionately united.

Provide for them an intelligent, kind, devoted, faithful pastor, who shall feed them with knowledge and understanding. "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces."

How Baron Stow, for so many years the laborious, affectionate pastor of a confiding flock, felt, on being thus drawn aside from the chosen pursuits of his life, may be inferred from his own words.

July 1. To-day I enter upon a new era of my life. I am without employment! To be free from the burden that has long pressed upon me is truly a relief, and yet this very relief has its sadness and sorrow. I have loved my people and my work, and now to surrender both is a heavy trial; but my conviction of duty is unclouded by a doubt. Every day adds to its strength. One of the interesting facts in the case is, that *no one*, to my knowledge, has blamed me, or questioned my motives. All say, "You have done right." It is gratifying to have the approbation of the wise and good, but still more to have the approval of Heaven. Still let me trust my heavenly Father. He has ever guided and protected me, and provided for me. Into thy hands I commend myself and family, and all our interests for time and eternity. The Lord is my portion.

CHAPTER XVI.

REMINISCENCES OF BALDWIN PLACE CHURCH. — CORRESPONDENCE. — CALL TO THE PIERREPONT STREET CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y. — CALL TO THE ROWE STREET CHURCH, BOSTON. — ACCEPTANCE OF THE LATTER CALL. — JOURNAL.

THE ministry of Dr. Stow, as the pastor of the Baldwin Place Church, commenced, as we have already seen, November 15, 1832, and closed July 1, 1848, thus covering a period of nearly sixteen years. That it was an eminently successful ministry, the record we have given abundantly proves. In a previous chapter we have quoted from a communication written by Dr. Stow, on the occasion of the farewell service held in the venerable church previous to its being given up to the corporation of gentlemen known as the "Baldwin Place Home for Little Wanderers." This letter has so much to do with his own connection with the religious society which was removing to its new home in the south part of the city, that we cannot do better than lay another extract from it before our readers.

"When I commenced my labors, the deacons were Edward Smith, Jacob Hiler, Ezra Chamberlain, Samuel Beal, Benjamin Kimball, and Benjamin Smith, all good men and true. Of these, two survive, having their membership in other churches. Subsequently two others were elected. I delight to remember the many who were then active in the church, ready co-workers with the pastor. Hardly shall I disparage the brethren if I speak in strong terms of the piety, steadfastness, and holy consistency of a large body of female members. Might it not seem invidious, I could, from

memory, give the names of a hundred, mostly baptized by Dr. Baldwin, and trained by him in doctrinal belief and in ways of holy living. I can understand the apostle when he speaks of godly women who labored with him in the gospel. But the brethren were not deficient. They stood by me, and encouraged me in my spiritual work; and I remember with gratitude their zealous, useful fidelities.

"When I entered upon the charge of the church, its membership was four hundred and seventy-nine. In the next ten years three hundred and forty-eight were dismissed, mostly to form new churches. Yet at the end of ten years the membership was eight hundred and sixty-one. In that period we had three revivals of great power. The most memorable one was in 1838, for it was most decidedly marked as the product of the Holy Spirit. Many still remember, and will never forget, that hallowed evening of December 31, 1837, when under a sermon — the union lecture of the four churches — more than a hundred were awakened, who subsequently related their experience of sovereign grace, and were baptized. The strength added to the church by that revival was greater than by any other, except by the one in 1803–4.

"Since my retirement from the pastorate in Baldwin Place, I have often been called to officiate at the funerals of the more aged members. I could render the service with heart. I knew their history; I knew the depths of their experience; I could bear candid testimony to their worth. Of the many who drew from me a promise, that, if within reach, I would perform for them that final service, only a very few remain, waiting their Lord's time to pass over the river, and join the great multitude on the shining shore. The prospect of reunion with so many of that dear church in the better land is to me inspiring and glorious. My heart would fain give their names. But, no: I must forbear; for I might omit some precious ones of whom the world was not worthy. They are all registered in the Lamb's book of life.

"The Baldwin Place Church, as I have known it, has been

distinguished for union of the body. I doubt if any church of equal numbers has been more closely united than this has been since the settlement of Dr. Baldwin, nearly seventy-five years ago.

"There has been special attention to corrective discipline. Regard has been had to the purity of the church. Scandals have been promptly noted and reprehended. Some things tolerated in other churches have ever been in this church subject to animadversion. If any may have thought her discipline sometimes too stringent, none have charged it with favoritism or partiality. By acting promptly, she has cleared herself from reproach, and vindicated the cause of truth and good morals. Where evidence of contrition was apparent, no church was ever more forgiving, or ready to welcome back the censured.

"The liberality of the Baldwin Place Church is worthy of mention. Knowing the limitations of their pecuniary ability, I was often amazed at the ease with which they could raise generous contributions for necessary purposes. In other churches, often the few give largely, and many give nothing. In Baldwin Place, none gave largely, but many gave something; and thus aggregates frequently exceeded my anticipations. Such giving I regarded as healthful to the church. It is the gospel rule, — *every one according to ability.*

"As I knew the church, it was, by the grace of God, eminent for spirituality. The great majority of the members maintained habitual devotion. Family altars were numerous. Prayer meetings were such in reality, as well as in name. The prayers of that people were all along my comfort and support. The number of those who walked with God was large; and I felt as if I were among those who willingly were 'strangers and pilgrims on the earth.'

"Brethren and friends, my heart is full, and I could write indefinitely; but I must not monopolize your attention. I feel tenderly under the melting reminiscences called up by the occasion. When quite young, I read in Ossian, that 'the memory of joys past is like the music of Caryl, pleasant, but

mournful to the soul.' Such is my state of mind. The review is *pleasant*, because it pertains to *joys;* it is *mournful*, because those *joys are past.* But, blessed be the God of all grace, there are joys to come. We are going, in rapid succession, to a home where no changes bring sadness to the heart; where no separations lacerate the sensibilities; where all the good will be together, and remain together forever, one consolidated church. Let us unweariedly perform our allotted service, and patiently wait for the setting of our sun, and steadfastly hope for the promised rest! These tearful partings are only for a season. The children of God never see one another for the last time. And, best of all, the Master says, 'Yet a little while, and ye shall see ME.'"

Before we proceed farther in the order of narrative, we will lay before our readers a few extracts from the correspondence embraced within the years 1845–48. The letters written by Dr. Sharp are all eminently characteristic. Those of the readers of this Memoir who recall the traits of character of the venerable pastor of the Charles Street Church will see in these letters a true transcript of the man. Early in the year 1845 he had left his home for the purpose of revisiting the scenes and reviving the associations of his youthful days. From across the ocean he thus writes to his beloved friend in Boston:—

BOSTON (I mean MANCHESTER), April 14, 1845.

MY DEAR BROTHER: A fortnight ago this afternoon I was at home, receiving the parting visits of my friends. Now I am in England. Truly steam navigation brings distant places near. I can scarcely realize that I am so far from Boston. We arrived yesterday (Sabbath) in Liverpool, at about five o'clock in the morning. Our passage was a very pleasant one. We had, in fact, a fair wind all the way, with the exception, perhaps, of half a day. I was very sick a few days, and very squeamish a few more days; but I was an entire stranger to timidity or fear. I missed the Sabbath services very much, and always felt that I had sailed away from the path of duty. The captain read prayers with very great propriety, and also read a good sermon on the "rest which remaineth for the people of God." None of us (in conformity with the

usage of the captain) were asked to preach. We were treated, however, with respect and kindness by every one. I doubt whether within the last forty years there was ever an equal number of passengers who conducted with more propriety than the one hundred and twenty on board the Cambria. I confess, in that respect, I was greatly disappointed. I received far more attention and respect from every one than I was entitled to. Drs. Codman and Parkman were very pleasant fellow-travellers. We conversed agreeably on a great many topics, both instructive and interesting, but quarrelled about none. No one gave up his principles, nor avoided giving a pleasant utterance to them; but no one beat them into the other. I should be very happy to return with either or both of them.

On the Sabbath (i. e., yesterday) I went in the morning to hear Mr. Lister. He preached from 2 Peter iii. 17. A very judicious sermon. With the singing I was delighted. There were an organ and a choir; but in addition to these almost the whole congregation sang. O, when will our brethren and sisters begin to feel that singing, any more than prayer, ought not to be performed by proxy? And then the practice of each one, male and female, making a short prayer so soon as they enter the chapel, and doing the same at the close of the service, was very gratifying to me. It left a solemn impression on my own mind. The effect on my feelings was better than some sermons which I have heard. I confess I should love to see this practice general in all our congregations. The truth is that, in avoiding the errors of Popery, we have gone to the other extreme, and have cast out everything that appeals to the senses. Hence, to supply this want of man's nature, we have to resort every few years to measures which, in my opinion, are as humiliating, objectionable, and unscriptural as some of the greatest fooleries of Popery.

In the evening I went to hear Dr. Raffles; but he was from home on an exchange. I do not know the gentleman's name who preached, neither do I care to call it up. It was an exceedingly commonplace sermon, delivered in a pompous, mouthing, swelling style. It was merely inflated words, and measured cadences, now rising and now falling, without one original thought, and almost without one old thought. I said to my friend Roberts, as we went home, that I thought we of New England could preach as well as that.

To-morrow I expect to visit Yorkshire, and to place myself amid the inanimate objects of my youthful days, for among the animate ones how few shall I find that I knew! You will smile at my weakness when I tell you that the sight of a female to-day with a red cloak brought tears to my eyes, for I had not seen one on any one since I last saw my own dear mother in hers. It awakened recollections which alone a son loved of his mother, and revering her piety and wisdom, can understand.

CAMBERWELL, May 17, 1845.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your letter of the 28th ultimo came duly to hand. I was glad to recognize the writing of one I so much love and respect. I approve of the propositions in regard to which you express a belief that the board will stand together. In looking over the papers which have been sent me, I confess I am astonished at the flames of indignation which have burst forth in every portion of the south from the perusal of so calm and so cool a letter as that sent out to Alabama by the board. I have said to myself, truly, "How great a matter *no* fire kindleth!" I perceive that all sorts of names are given to it. It is termed an unconstitutional, morose, bad-tempered, assumptive production! Is it so? Could the writer of it be so self-deluded? It was certainly penned with great deliberation, with sincere and affectionate goodwill, with perfect calmness, and in words of measured courtesy and respect. But so it has always been — "your good will be evil spoken of." I can only say that, had I the same duty to perform again, I would not alter a single word, except to make the expressions stronger, and, so far as I am concerned, I would give more emphatic utterance to my abhorrence of slavery.

The whole system is the perpetration of an atrocious wrong to human beings, whose only guilt is, that their ancestors were kidnapped and forced away across the sea to be slaves, and that they cannot help themselves, and have a skin, alas! darker than our own. And yet, for the sake of a few paltry dollars, to send the gospel to the heathen — that gospel which teaches us to "do unto all men as we would they should do unto us" — we must be silent, and never plead the cause of the suffering and the oppressed, who cannot and dare not plead for their own personal rights! We have been silent, my brother, too long. And for one, I will never consent either to be tongue-tied or pen-tied in regard to the subject of slavery. If missions can be sustained only by receiving hush-money in regard to an enormous evil in the Southern States, then may our missionary operations sink to the bottom of the great deep. But they can and will be sustained, and yet every man be left to his own discretion and inclination, *when* and *where* he shall speak of the sad consequences which are attendant on the holding of human beings in bondage.

I have, my dear brother, no new views; nor do I feel any new-born zeal springing up to life within me. From my earliest life I have always felt that I would not hold a slave "to fan and feed me, to sweat and labor for me, for all the gold that blood, and bones, and sinews ever earned." Nor have I ever intended to say or do anything that would contravene these inmost sentiments of my heart. It is true, I have mingled with respectable and good brethren at the south, and seeing,

or supposing I saw, the great practical difficulties of immediate emancipation, I have sometimes apologized for *them*, but never for the *system*. I have done more. While I have apologized *for* them, I have never hesitated, on all fitting occasions, to say *to* them that I considered slavery a great evil, personal, social, and domestic, and have entreated many of them to use their influence at once in favor of and in preparing the way for the abolition of slavery at the earliest practicable moment. And this I will say: I was always listened to with respect, and answered with candor. I have at times hoped that my own friendly and temperate appeals would not be lost. But if, in regard to missions, we can have union only with silence on that subject, then I would say, —

"And what is *Union* but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep?"

and the sooner it is dissolved the better. As a member of the Foreign Missionary Board, for the sake of giving no offence, I have, no doubt, taken a less active part in some of the abolition movements than otherwise I might have done. I thought that I could really do more good by such a course; but as all that has passed for nothing, I shall act as may seem good in my own sight.

I have, as you know, desired union and coöperation with our brethren at the south in regard to our great denominational interests, but *never at the sacrifice* or *concealment* of any principle. I desire the same now, because in my conscience I believe that we might thus do each other more good. But I plainly see that union and coöperation are impracticable. My hope now is, that we shall separate in peace — each great section of the denomination doing its own business in its own way. For one, I will never consent to be a party to a union which can only be maintained by secrecy, management, and the relinquishment of principle, nor of a union which is constantly interrupted by jealousies, insinuations, and bitter reproaches.

I have expressed my astonishment that the south should have taken our letter in so high dudgeon. But I feel more than astonished at the communications of some at the north. I feel grief, shame, and mortification that there can be any who can be all delicacy and reserve for fear of offending slaveholders, and have not a word to say in behalf of that large class of human beings, whose cries and groans, not needlessly made, have gone and are going up to heaven. I am ashamed that there are men who can censure the board for informing the south, in the most respectful manner, that they could not appoint a person as a missionary who should insist on retaining his slaves as his property, especially as these very men had declared, before that information was given, that they would not vote for a slaveholder as a foreign missionary.

I should like to know, under their own proper signatures, who are the

men, in all New England, who would send out a missionary that should insist on leaving his slaves here to add to his income by unpaid or not equitably paid toils and labors. If there be such Christian Baptists, let them come out, and have their names handed down to posterity as the friends of missions, of justice, of equity, and of humanity.

As to the letter, it has no obscurity to any one who is willing to understand it. It needs no explanation. It explains itself. If any brother feels that he must give a new version of its secret or latent meaning, let him do so for himself; but I trust he will not undertake to explain the meaning of his brethren. If the acting board were censured at Providence for exceeding the constitutional authority bestowed upon them by the Convention in sending forth that letter, you have my special request to tender my resignation. I should consider myself insulted and disgraced to acknowledge that I ever belonged to a Board of Foreign Missions who were bound in honor by their constitution, or articles of agreement, to send a man forth as a missionary who insisted on using or on holding his slaves as his property.

From the same.

BOSTON, February 27, 1846.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I most cordially approve of the objects to which you have called my attention in your note of yesterday. Were I to follow my own personal convictions and inclinations, I should probably go farther in the practical illustration of Christian union than you are prepared to go. And yet I am so much of a practical man that I suppress some of my best feelings for the sake of not disturbing the peace of my own denomination.

Having said so much, I confess to you that I have but little, or scarcely any, confidence in conventions for any object. I do not know, to be sure, that we can altogether do without them. But, after all, it is humiliating to hear men make eloquent speeches in favor of Christian union, and proclaiming that they have met together to attend the funeral of Bigotry, and yet, so soon as they return from this speech-making, and from this festive funeral, it would seem as if Bigotry had risen from her grave, and had followed those who buried her, home, whispering in their ears to be very chary of their attentions to ministers of the same town who differ from them, and not to know them in the streets, nor in company, except by way of patronizing them for the evening, and at all events to save their speeches, and to do nothing towards promoting real union until the next great public meeting.

If I am uncharitable in this judgment, the Lord forgive me. But all I have ever seen or experienced for the last forty years — save a few honorable exceptions — has contributed to produce these sad and discour-

aging impressions. I grieve to have them; but here they are in the raised letters of my memory, so that were I a pupil of the blind asylum I could read them by the touch of my fingers.

I never was a bigot. My early training and religious associations and attachments kept me from the spirit of bigotry. I set out in my ministerial career coveting and expecting Christian union. I have sincerely laid myself out for it, and have always made personal advances towards it, so far as I could consistently with the harmony of my own denomination; but, with a few exceptions, it has not yet come. I have heard of it at a distance, but I have not seen it and felt it to be near. If I have thought it had come to me in the warm, and frank, and living manifestations of a true-hearted charity from Christians of other sects, and have exclaimed, "It is good to be here;" alas! the vision has soon departed, and I have found myself at the foot of the mount, surrounded by other beings than the "spirits of just men made perfect." Perhaps the fault has been in me. It may be in something which, to other Christian sects, appears chilling and forbidding in our own denomination. The absence of Christian union prevails to a lamentable extent. Its causes, if traced, would fill a volume. Perhaps they could not be described with fearless honesty without giving offence, and widening breaches which already exist.

What, then, can be done towards promoting Christian union among different sects? It would, perhaps, be difficult to say what would most speedily and effectively accomplish this blessed object. A public convention may do some good in placing this important subject before the world, but I should rely more on each Christian minister and on each church member carrying out the spirit of union in their intercourse with one another. Let there not only be kindness, and candor, and catholicism in the speeches of a convention, but flowing out from the lips and in the actions of the ordinary and religious relations of different Christian sects.

I need not confess to you that I hold Popery in detestation. It is a system of spiritual despotism and of gross superstition, keeping the great mass of the people under its sway in ignorance and in bondage, both of mind and heart, and causing, by its superstitions and puerilities, the educated classes in its communities to become infidels or atheists. Yet I would not league with other Christians to hold up even Popery to opprobrium and contempt. In so doing the Convention will awaken bad passions, but create no converts. It will strengthen the hands of Papists by creating in the friends of civil and of religious freedom a sympathy for them as a persecuted people. I believe that the warfare waged against the Catholics by the agents of the American Tract Society and of the American Sunday School Union has done more to promote Popery than to diminish it. I abhor bigotry in Protestants as much as I do in *Catholics*.

I have written you with freedom, and shall love and respect you none the less if you come to an entirely different judgment, on any or all of these subjects, from myself.

Should you feel it your duty to go to the proposed Convention, any service that I can render to you or your people will be performed with the gratifying recollection of your great kindness in making my late and delightful visit to England so free from ministerial perplexity and care.

I shall be happy to converse with you on this subject, or any other.

To his brother-in-law, Deacon S. Partridge.

BOSTON, September 1, 1846.

On my return last evening from Barnstable, where I had been spending a few days in public service, I found sister's letter of the 24th ult., communicating the expected but dreaded tidings. Our dear mother has closed her earthly mission! Her spirit, emancipated from all evil, has joined the happy, holy throng on high.

Though I was quite certain, before I read the letter, that it contained the painful announcement, and endeavored to fortify my mind against the shock, yet, as I passed down the first page to the last line, my feelings were completely overcome, and I could hardly command myself sufficiently to proceed with the subsequent detail of facts. O, is it so? Has that dear, precious mother gone from us? Are we really orphans?

I had a wakeful night. Her calm, sweet image was before me. I felt sure that if there is a single human soul in heaven, *hers is there.* Yes, and I felt that heaven was nearer and dearer to me than ever.

O that we may all be profited by this dispensation. We shall soon follow. Lord, prepare us for thy right hand.

To Miss P. D. Nettleton.

BOSTON, October 19, 1846.

I need not say that the decease of my precious mother was a severe affliction. You know the bitterness of that cup, and can appreciate my feelings. Though for two years I had expected the event, yet at last it came suddenly, and when I was hoping that I might again see her. But severe as is the affliction, it is alleviated by many considerations. She had finished her mission, and was both prepared and desirous to depart. Not a shade of doubt rests upon my mind in regard to her safety. She is in heaven. She is there with her husband, and two of her children, and she is with *your* mother, and with a host of the holy, redeemed by the blood of the cross. Heaven is now more attractive to me than ever.

To Mrs. J. H. Partridge.

BOSTON, August 20, 1847.

I know not, my dear afflicted sister, how to write you, or how to pray for you, for I am ignorant of your present condition, whether you are a widow or the happy wife of a recovering husband. My mind is unhinged, and yet I feel rebuked by the calmness and resignation which you so sweetly manifest. God has done great things for you, and as he is your covenant God he will do more. As your day, so shall your strength be. You remember what he did for our dear, dead mother when she was called to drink the bitter cup. How firm was her trust in the divine faithfulness! how largely did she experience the support and succor of the divine arm!

My heart bleeds for you, and gladly would I hasten to your side, and share with you in all your sorrows; but you have One infinitely better to sympathize with you, and whisper in your ear the words of comfort. He says, "I will be with thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will strengthen thee; I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness;" "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

My dear sister, you are on the Rock of Ages. There rest with your whole weight. It will bear up yourself, your family, your cares and burdens.

To the same.

BOSTON, September 3, 1847.

Yours of various dates, containing the sorrowful intelligence of your and our loss, came to hand this morning. The information was not unexpected. Ever since the receipt of your letter, dated two weeks before the last date of this, I have anticipated the result, and daily prayed for you as probably "a lone widow." And yet I was unprepared for the tidings. That black seal sent a pang to my heart; and, as I walked home from the post-office, I felt oppressed by a burden that well nigh crushed me to the ground.

My nervous system has been for two weeks in a shattered state, and I am now too much agitated to write as my feelings would prompt me. I cannot take that religious view of the dispensation with which you seem to be favored. My mind is perturbed, and I cannot pray with anything like Christian composure.

Of one thing you may be certain. Our hearts bleed with sympathy for you and your children, and we long to know how, after the lapse of a few days, you bear up under the pressure. By this time you see and feel the vacancy in your circle; but we are sure that He who has thus far sustained you will be faithful to help you entirely through the deep waters. Lean with your whole weight on the omnipotent arm.

How sweet the thought that he whom we loved so well is now safe at home, free from all evil, and perfectly happy forever! He is with our dear parents and brother. That group is increasing in numbers. Who will be the next to join it? Are we all ready to depart and be with Christ?

After Dr. Stow sent in his resignation as pastor of the Baldwin Place Church, an effort was made on the part of both the church and society to induce him to recall his letter. The following is the communication sent to him by the church. It shows how deep and strong was the affection cherished for him, who for so many years had labored for their spiritual welfare.

BOSTON, May 25, 1848.

DEAR BROTHER: Would that we could still address you by the endeared title of pastor! But by an act of yours dictated by a sense of duty, we are deprived of this privilege, which we have so many years enjoyed.

The copy of the letter addressed by you to the Baldwin Place Church and Society, resigning your pastoral office, was submitted to the church on Tuesday evening; and the undersigned were appointed a committee to express the earnest desire of the church that you would reconsider the step you have taken, and, if possible, recall your resignation.

The duty with which we are charged is one which we cheerfully undertake, and we would fain hope to meet with success. We are fully aware that your resignation is the result of mature deliberation, and is intended to be positive and peremptory; and it is on this account that we approach the subject with unfeigned delicacy. We do not design to interfere with your convictions of duty. We would not urge our request so far as to tempt you to swerve from the path which God shall open before you. Your conscience we will leave free and untrammelled, and will simply lay before you such considerations as may possibly have sufficient weight as to lead you to change your views as to what may be duty.

You say in your communication, that "during the last four

months, other considerations, of a very emphatic kind, have contributed, with my impaired health, to settle my convictions that my continuance as your pastor is incompatible with both my usefulness and happiness." You well know — for your eyes beheld the gush of feeling which this announcement produced upon the congregation — we simply state the truth when we say that we have no recollection of any occasion on which such intense and painful emotions were produced on the congregation as were caused by the reading of that paragraph. We would have wept in silence, and have been resigned to the will of God, had the fact of your impaired health alone rendered the step you have taken necessary; but, dear pastor, — for we must still call you by that endeared name, — we cannot be resigned to *such* a separation. That the time has arrived when your *happiness* renders your removal from the Baldwin Place Church necessary, is too much for us to admit.

When we recollect the years of labor which you have devoted to us, "toiling in season and out of season," in the pulpit, in the sick chamber, by the bedside of the dying, and with the mourning group, performing every duty with faithfulness and assiduity, and a most untiring zeal, we feel that we have been a people favored of God. If warnings have been needed, you have not hesitated to warn and admonish in faithfulness; if encouragement has been necessary, you have delighted to impart it; and if afflictions have visited us, how many can testify, as you have sat by their bedsides, administering the cheering consolations of the gospel, or as you have made one of our little mourning groups over the coffin of some dear one, mingling your tears with ours, that you have been as ready to sympathize with us in our afflictions as to rejoice in our prosperity! What people have been more blessed with a faithful and devoted pastor? And now, as the accumulated labors of years have borne you down under their crushing weight, and we see you fainting and exhausted from incessant toil, how can we help feeling for you? When our pastor suffers, his people suffer. They feel that they are

one with him; and as he has been a strong pillar in the day of his strength, so, in the day of his trial, will they be to him a source of comfort and support.

We accept the pledge of unabated attachment which you have given us in your communication, and in return we tender you the pledge of our unwavering attachment and undiminished confidence; and whatever else may befall you, be assured that never shall the faithful and devoted pastor, in the day of his affliction, be forgotten by a grateful and affectionate people.

May we not hope that, after re-deliberation on this subject, you may find the path of duty plain for you to recall your resignation?

In behalf of the church,

SAMUEL BEAL,
JOHN C. PRATT.

We shall have occasion hereafter to see that Dr. Stow never ceased to feel and manifest the liveliest interest in the fortunes of the Baldwin Place Church. In all its spiritual prosperity he rejoiced, and as the dark days, which he foresaw must inevitably come in its history, cast their shadows over the religious society for which he had labored for so many years, he sympathized with his brethren, and gave them the benefit of his wise counsel. And when the church started out in its new career, and pitched its tabernacle in another section of the city, no one bade it a warmer "God speed" than did their old and well-beloved pastor.

Passing over the events of the next three months, we come to a record in Dr. Stow's journal, under date of October 5, in which he tells us that on the morning of that day he received a call from a committee of the Pierrepont Street Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., who were the bearers of a unanimous invitation to him to become the pastor of that church. For reasons which we shall presently understand, he declined the call. A few days after the committee from Brooklyn waited upon him, another committee, representing the Rowe Street

Church and Society, visited him, as the bearers of a call from this church to become their pastor. This was the third call which he had received since the opening of the year, the first having been extended to him by the Jamaica Plain Church. His feelings with reference to the last two he has thus expressed: —

October 12. I am oppressed by a heavy burden of responsibility. I wish to do right — just that which will please God. How can I best ascertain his will? His Book supplies principles, and his providence gives indications. How shall I interpret them in reference to my own case? How can I get light but by prayer? Will not God hear the cry of his servant, and illume the path of duty? This afternoon, had an interview with Dr. Sharp, and received from him expressions of kindness and friendly opinions, which were a balm to my aching heart. How valuable is such a counsellor! May I never prove myself unworthy of his friendship.

October 16. In regard to one of the situations offered me, I have decided. Both are very desirable as fields for useful labor. Both propose the same salary. But the reasons for my continuance in Boston seem greatly to overbalance all others, and I have accordingly declined in a letter of this date the invitation from Brooklyn.

October 19. Delivered to the Hon. Heman Lincoln, chairman of the committee of the Rowe Street Church and Society, my reply, accepting their invitation. I trust my decision has the approval of the Head of the church. My anticipations of success are not very sanguine; yet, having weighed well the whole subject, and received the advice of the most judicious counsellors, I feel satisfied with my decision, and hope for the best results. To God I commit myself, praying for his blessing.

The transfer of Dr. Stow from the Baldwin Place Church to Rowe Street was a removal to a scene of ministerial labor for which he was admirably adapted, and in which he found himself surrounded by old and loving friends. He was still to remain in the city to which he was so much attached, and in which he had given to the cause of Christ the prime of his years and the best efforts of his mind and heart. The influence which he had acquired on account of the prominent position he had occupied, which had led to his being held in so much respect and affection by his brethren in the ministry all over New England, he was not only to retain, but very

greatly strengthen. His valuable experience as a wise counsellor and manager of the affairs of the Missionary Union was still to be felt at the seat of its operations. The ties by which he had bound himself to a variety of causes and institutions were to remain unbroken. There was a general rejoicing that Boston was still to be the home of Dr. Stow, and that in the city of his adoption he was to continue as an ambassador of Christ. Easily and naturally he fell into the sphere which God had evidently marked out for him, and at once girded himself afresh to the work which a gracious Providence had assigned to him.

A few extracts from his journal will introduce our readers to Dr. Stow at the commencement of his ministry in Rowe Street. The peculiarities of his character are at once revealed to us — his love of order, his regard for special anniversary days, his intense desire to secure the coöperation of the church in the promotion of the work upon which he had entered, and his earnest longing for the spiritual prosperity of the people over whom the Saviour had placed him as a watchman.

October 24. Twenty-one years ago to-day I was ordained to the work of the ministry. Sixteen years ago this evening I resigned as pastor of the church in Portsmouth. This evening I take my letter of dismission from the Baldwin Place Church, for the purpose of joining the Rowe Street. Read portions of Upham's Life of Madame Guyon. She was doubtless a very sincere woman, but her piety does not seem to have much solidity. It is quite too fanciful in its principles, and too mystical in its spirit. It professes to deal too directly with God, and makes too little of the Bible, and too little of the mediation of Christ. It is *Quietism* sublimated. One page of good Robert Leighton is worth more than the whole of these two volumes.

October 25. This has been a day of noise and confusion without. The water has been introduced by the new aqueduct from Cochituate Lake, in Framingham, and the occasion has been celebrated with great pomp and ceremony. I have kept close at home, and written a sermon upon Romans xv. 29. God has been with me, and I have enjoyed *more* than in any day for many months. So far as I can learn, my decision to remain in Boston is generally approved. Many of my late flock have expressed the most earnest satisfaction.

December 12. This evening the church met by special invitation from the pastor. Though the weather was very threatening, the attend-

ance was liberal. I occupied nearly the whole evening in a statement of my own views and feelings with respect to the conversion of sinners, and an expression of my wishes as to the coöperation of the individual members. May God bless the effort to some good end.

January 1, 1849. My soul burns with desire for the conversion of souls. Will not God appear for us, and by his Holy Spirit awaken the dead in sin? May we not experience the reviving power operating on all hearts, and causing many to rejoice in God's salvation?

March 1. Morning. This day has been set apart by several pastors and others as a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer, with special reference to the low state of religion in our churches. The meetings are to be held in Bowdoin Square. O that our hearts may be broken before God, and that we may pray for the Holy Spirit with a deep sense of our need, and faith in the divine promises! Lord, I would not think of the sins of others, but of my own sins. I would myself be humble and penitent before thee. I would forgive all others, as I hope to be forgiven by thee. At ten and a half, met, with a large number of ministers and others, in the vestry of Bowdoin Square Church. The place was crowded. There seemed to be considerable feeling, but it lacked concentration. The prayers and exhortations were long and discursive. O, why not all bow together before the throne, and ask for the Holy Spirit?

March 8. A brother called to inform me of the effect of some of my remarks at the monthly concert last Sabbath evening. He confessed he had not contributed to foreign missions according to his ability, and said he had made up his mind to give five hundred dollars immediately to that object. A brother from Philadelphia was present on Sabbath evening. He called at the Mission Rooms to-day, and said he had decided to add a hundred dollars to his annual contribution.

May 27. Preached twice; baptized six young persons. The morning service had a full attendance, and the audience seemed to be deeply affected by the services. I pray the impression may be permanent, and Christ may multiply among us the trophies of his grace.

June 30. I have had some sweet reflections while preparing a discourse from Matt. xi. 28 — "Come unto me," &c. I have several times preached from these precious words, and in each instance have prepared a new sermon. I have also had more enjoyment in prayer than usual. God has seemed near, and I could speak to him with freedom and familiarity. When we have the spirit of adoption, and can cry, "Abba, Father," how easy, how refreshing is prayer!

August 21. Four were received into the church by letter, and two as candidates for baptism, last evening, thus making fifty additions since my settlement.

September 22. How delightful to see those who profess to be converted under my ministry get safely through, leaving no stain upon their profession! I hope to meet many such in heaven. The Lord in mercy give me more, as the seals of my ministry.

October 14. A very pleasant Sabbath. Preached twice to a full house, and attended the evening prayer meeting, which was unusually full and interesting. O that the Spirit of God might descend upon this people, and work in them the needed changes! How utterly impotent am I! The din of the world drowns my voice, and I am like an insect buzzing among thunders.

These extracts, and many others like them scattered through the journal of Dr. Stow which covers the period now under review, bring him to our notice as the anxious pastor of the flock over which he had been set by the Great Shepherd. How he longs for the prosperity of Zion! With what joy he hails every token of the divine presence, and with what sadness he marks every indication of the departure of the Holy Spirit from his church! Above all, how he examines his own heart with a scrutiny bordering almost, at times, on the morbid, lest he, by positive sin, or by wicked neglect of duty, may have driven the heavenly Comforter away! And the history of the months of toil shows that a continual blessing followed his faithful labors. The church, if it did not come up to his ideal standard, was, nevertheless, greatly quickened. Souls were converted. The worship of the sanctuary was invested with new charms, and no one who came within the sacred influence could fail to notice the signs of the presence of Him who is ever to be worshipped "in spirit and in truth."

CHAPTER XVII.

CHALMERS'S MEMOIR. — INNER LIFE. — A HARVEST YEAR. — THE SPIRITUAL PHYSICIAN. — RECORD OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. — DEATH OF DR. SHARP. — "FIRST THINGS." — CALL TO BROOKLINE. — LETTER TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE MISSIONARY UNION. — RECORD OF THE YEAR.

1850–1855.

IF we do not dwell, in minute detail, on the events which occurred during the first two or three years of Dr. Stow's ministry at Rowe Street, it is not because these events are wanting in interest, but because there is so great a uniformity in their occurrence, that the experience of one week, or one month, is nearly like that of every week, and every month. He loves his work, and delights in the round of ministerial and pastoral labor, which he is called to perform, more than in anything else. "I have not the ambition," he writes, "I once had to appear on the platform, and address large, promiscuous assemblies. The pulpit, the prayer meeting, and pastoral visitation comprise my field of sympathy and labor." Under date of November 12, 1850, he makes an interesting record of the effect produced on his mind by the perusal of Dr. Hanna's Life of Dr. Chalmers.

November 12. Read in Chalmers's Life this morning that part which relates to the great change in his views of the plan of salvation. His private journal gives a clear view of the process. Struck with the influence certain books had in the direction of his mind, such as Wilberforce's Practical View, Scott's Force of Truth, and Hannah More's Practical Piety. Interested to see how his theology, after his change, corresponded with that which I have for years been preaching — Christ crucified, the foundation, and faith in him, as indispensable to pardon and practical holiness. O that Calvary may ever be the position from which I shall study, preach, pray, and engage in every good work!

November 27. Read in Chalmers's Life. More and more pleased with the evangelical spirit of that great and good man. I like exceedingly his views of Christ as the only ground of a sinner's trust for acceptance with God. I am delighted also to see how little he was injured by his popularity. How different his case from that of his countryman, Edward Irving! Grace made the difference.

November 28. Read in volume second of Chalmers's Life. Much is said of his laboriousness and his eloquence, but little of the conversion of souls under his ministry. These great men render other service to the cause of Christianity, but they are too popular to be directly useful in awakening sinners and leading them to Christ.

At a later date he gives us an insight into his inner life, which might lead us to question whether the views which he would probably advance, if he were preaching a sermon on "progressive sanctification," would be corroborated by his own experience. What shall be said of such a record as the following? Payson and other eminently holy men have expressed themselves in the same way. Can we ascribe these feelings to nervous depression? Shall we conclude that they who have them are less loved by Him who "pitieth them that fear him"? Will our readers who believe in the "higher life" confidently assert that a simpler faith in Christ would have lifted him up to that loftier plane on which it was his privilege, as it is that of every Christian, to stand? We will not speculate, but let Dr. Stow speak for himself.

May 27, 1851. Read a portion of my diary for 1838. I do not feel as I did then. I fear I have deteriorated in my piety. I never had much — it seems now as if I had less than ever. I have not a lively sense of divine things. I have very little of the spirit of prayer. I am not so much concerned for souls as formerly. I do not so deeply realize my responsibilities as a Christian and a minister of the gospel. I am more sluggish in my affections, and less energetic in my efforts. O God, help me, by thy Spirit, to examine my case, and review the process by which I have so greatly declined. I know that my mind has been too much distracted by a diversity of objects, many of which are extraneous to my particular charge. I am connected with too many boards and committees. My time is cut up into fragments, and I am driven rapidly from one thing to another, so that I do nothing well, and have little fixedness of attention to my one paramount class of duties. I do not read the Scriptures, or meditate, or pray so much as I ought; I do not

live for eternity as I should; consequently I am backslidden in heart. O that I might realize my condition and my danger! I am vile in the sight of God. May I see more of my own vileness, and abhor it, and so repent as to secure forgiveness. My public services, as well as my private devotions, lack spirituality. O God, grant me thy grace. Without thy Spirit to work in me, I shall decline more and more. Lord, help me now to repent and turn to thee with my whole heart.

In the journal and letters of Dr. Stow the readers of this Memoir will find many a record like this, as the years pass away. There is an expression of deep regret that the religious sensibilities seem to be growing more dull, the perception of divine things less clear and less sharply defined. While in the earlier stages of Christian experience, it was anticipated that the maturer life of the disciple of Jesus would be marked by greater delicacy, and a more distinct consciousness of glowing emotion and pious feeling, the Christian finds that his real experience does not correspond with his cherished expectations. No man has traced with more accuracy the philosophy of these phases in the life of a Christian than Bishop Butler. "From our very faculty of habits," he remarks, "passive impressions, by being repeated, grow weaker. Thoughts, by often passing through the mind, are felt less sensibly: being accustomed to danger, begets intrepidity, i. e., lessens fear; to distress, lessens the passion of pity; to instances of mortality, lessens the sensible apprehension of our own. And from these two observations together, that practical habits are formed and strengthened by repeated acts, and that passive impressions grow weaker by being repeated upon us, it must follow that active habits may be gradually forming and strengthening by a course of acting upon such and such motives and excitements, whilst these motives and excitements themselves are, by proportionable degrees, growing less sensible, i. e., are continually less and less sensibly felt, even as the active habits strengthen." In these remarks of Butler there is matter for profound thought. Had they been carefully considered by the subject of these Memoirs, he might have found in the busy activity

of the life which he was now living a sufficient reason for what he regarded as the deadening of his religious sensibilities. While his active habits were strengthening, and he was conscientiously working in such fields of labor as his Master opened to him, the passive impressions, the kind of emotions, which were awakened in his heart in the earlier days of his ministry, he was not conscious of feeling in their original force. That the great *principles* by which a minister of Christ should be governed in doing his work, were becoming constantly rooted in his very nature, no one can doubt; and if he complained because he detected the absence of the warmth and earnestness which characterized the first years of his professional life, he complained of that, the existence of which could be accounted for by the workings of a law as certain in its operation as the law of gravity. A record in his journal of December 27, 1851, exhibits so clearly what we think should be the spirit with which the servant of the Lord should engage in the great work to which he is called, that we cannot forbear to quote it.

A Sabbath school teacher called to inquire how she could be the most useful to her class. I could tell her only three ways: —

First. Plainly, tenderly, earnestly exhibit the whole truth.

Second. Sustain your teaching by a corresponding spirit and manner of life.

Third. Commit the whole case to God, and pray fervently, perseveringly, and with faith, for his blessing.

Deep as may be our anxiety for sinners, there are limitations to our responsibility. When we have done all we can, it is both pious and wise to submit the whole to the sovereign wisdom and grace of God. O, let me ever lie low at God's feet, and while I petition and plead, still submit, adore, and trust. God of mercy, the souls of my people are dear to me; but how much dearer are they to thee! How much hast thou loved them! how much hast thou done for them! Though I am grieved at their impenitence and hardness of heart, yet may I not be impatient towards thee. My theory is, None but God can convert a single soul; let me conform my practice to the theory; let me look to God for help, and rely entirely on his power. O that I might do this from the heart.

The year 1852 was a harvest year. A quiet work of grace commenced at the beginning of the year, the blessed fruits of which kept developing as the months passed away. Of his method of dealing with anxious souls we give the following illustrations: —

March 1. At twelve M. a young lady called, borne down under a heavy burden of conscious guilt, seeming to need nothing but the direction given to the jailer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I presented before her Christ as a Saviour of sinners, and submitted the question, "Will you *now* renounce the world and sin, and consecrate yourself to Christ, depending on him for acceptance with God, and serving him while life lasts?" She reflected a moment, then burst into tears, and said, "I will; I have done it! Christ is mine, and I am his!" O, what a thrill shot through my soul! I felt that Christ was near, receiving a new-born soul. Her countenance brightened. "O, what a change!" she said; "my burden is gone: twenty-five years I have lived in sin. How could I have so treated God? I deserve his displeasure; but Christ has accepted me. I *will endeavor* to be a faithful Christian." I conversed further with her, and prayed with her, and she left me, calm, peaceful, hopeful. How can I doubt the power and presence of the Holy Spirit?

In the afternoon a young lady, Miss S., called, heavily burdened with a sense of guilt, earnestly inquiring what she must do to inherit eternal life. She is from Somersetshire, England. She seemed to have no idea of the gospel plan of salvation. She supposed she had many things to do in order to be good, and such things as would require time. I explained to her as clearly as I could the method of grace; but she was slow to believe that Christ would accept her until she should become "*better*." Though apparently intelligent, she was deplorably ignorant. When informed of the simple requirement, "to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," she inquired with earnestness, "Is that all? Have I nothing to do?" For nearly an hour and a half I kept the Saviour before her mind as her only refuge, and had the pleasure of seeing her mind gradually receiving the truth. Her errors, one after another, yielded, till at last the question was pressed, "Will you now give up all idea of helping yourself, and cast your guilty soul on Christ, and trust in him for salvation?" Then she hesitated. "Is not Christ *able* to save you?" "Yes, I believe he is." "Well, is he not *willing?*" She was doubtful. "How can he be willing to save me as I am — O, such a sinner?" The struggle was long and hard. I prayed with her, and when I had concluded, she did not rise, but for some minutes continued kneeling and weeping. When she rose she proposed seeing me again to-morrow

or Monday. I inquired if she was sure the Holy Spirit would continue with her if she postponed her decision. This was a new thought. She sat down overpowered. I presented Christ once more, and explained again, with all possible simplicity, the way of a sinner's acceptance. It was easy to see her soul was letting go its hold on everything else, and coming to him as her only hope. The Saviour seemed near. My spirit yearned over her case. Mrs. H., who came with her, was melted. It was a moment of inexpressible solemnity and tenderness. The decision was soon made. "I will trust Christ; I will be his; I will serve him all my days. Is it possible salvation is so free!" The process was to me very exhausting — all my faculties and feelings were enlisted. I hope well for the result. Time will prove its character.

March 15. This evening met the converts' class. Though the weather was unpleasant, yet fifty-six were present. The young lady who called upon me was one of the number, rejoicing in Christ. O, never can I forget the agony of soul in leading her to the cross. "Travailing in birth" is the apostle's figure, and eminently expressive.

How do such scenes as these reveal to us the workings of the Holy Spirit, as witnessed not merely in those brought under the power of converting grace, but as operating on the mind and in the heart of one set apart to the solemn work of leading men to Christ! We look into that pastor's study, as we would look into the surgeon's office, to observe the processes by which they who seem to be hastening down to the gates of death are brought to the portals of everlasting life. The anxieties in either case are not unlike, and the strain on all the best faculties of our nature are not dissimilar. The responsibilities in either case are great beyond our power to estimate. If we admire the calm earnestness, the kindness combined with firmness, the fidelity which does not shrink to give pain if needed, which mark the one case, why may we not admire precisely the same qualities as seen in the other case? The physician who deals with precious souls occupies a position of higher dignity, of moral grandeur loftier than that on which he stands whose regards are limited to the wants of the perishing body.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Stow's ordination occurred on the 24th of October, 1852. He makes a few memoranda of what, by the grace of God, he has been ena-

bled to do during the quarter of a century. Into the three churches of which he has had the pastoral charge there had been received twelve hundred and sixty-five members, of which number he had himself baptized eight hundred and thirty-five. He had married six hundred and eighty-nine couples, and attended nine hundred and sixty-two funerals, and made sixteen thousand pastoral visits. During this period of his ministry he had preached three thousand one hundred and eighty-four sermons, of which six were at the recognition of new churches, eleven at the dedication of places of worship, forty-four at the ordination and installation of ministers, sixty-three before conventions and associations, charitable societies, &c., &c. "Goodness and mercy have followed me all these years. I have suffered some, have enjoyed much, have worked hard, but might have worked better. God has been faithful. His promises have never failed. I cannot expect to labor, or even live, another quarter of a century. O that henceforth I may live better, pray more, and maintain 'a closer walk with God!'"

It pains us that the limits within which we must compress this volume compel us to omit so many things which we find in his journal, the perusal of which could not fail to be full of both interest and profit to the reader. Now and then we get sweet, charming glimpses of Dr. Stow's domestic life, and they open to our view a nature rich in gifts which make home so full of quiet joy and peace. Take the following, under date of June 16, 1853, the fifty-second anniversary of his birth: —

At twilight this evening I sat down with my dear E., and we commenced a review of the past. I forgot my studies and cares as we went back to the old homesteads and scenes of our early childhood, and conversed of dear places and dearer friends, parents, brothers, sisters, schools, meetings, ministers, &c. O, how fresh, how vivid, how tender were the recollections! Thus we lingered about the loved of departed years until the hour of family prayer. We both concluded we had been especially the children of Providence. How wonderfully God has led us these more than fifty years! We had our offering to lay upon our evening altar — a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. Accept it, O God,

for thy dear Son's sake. For his sake accept us, and make us ever, ever thine.

Allusion has been made to the warm friendship which existed between Dr. Sharp and Dr. Stow. The former had for many years been the senior in age and settlement among the pastors of the Baptist churches in Boston. As such he was held in the highest esteem by all his brethren in the ministry. They were accustomed to respect his judgment, and to go to him for advice. When he was removed by death, a vacancy was made in the ministerial ranks which was keenly felt, especially by those who had labored by his side for so many years. The record which Dr. Stow made of the event is found in the following extract from his journal: —

June 24. Sad, sad news. Dr. Sharp died last evening at Baltimore. I have, by request, just written some resolutions to be laid this evening before the bereaved church and society. The Lord support the deeply-afflicted family. The Lord sanctify this event to his ministers. I am now the oldest Baptist pastor in the two Boston associations.

June 28. To-day the funeral services connected with the interment of Dr. Sharp were attended in Charles Street Church. A few friends were invited to meet the family at his late residence, 20 West Cedar Street, when prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Neale. At church the services were as follows: —

Invocation by Rev. Dr. Gannett. Reading Scriptures by Rev. Dr. Neale. Hymn read by Rev. Dr. J. Wayland. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland, Acts viii. 2. Hymn read by Rev. Dr. Blagden. Prayer by Rev. Baron Stow. Hymn read by Rev. William Howe. Benediction by Rev. Dr. J. W. Parker. An immense procession of carriages followed the body to Mount Auburn, where prayer was offered by Baron Stow. I was absent from my house seven hours, so protracted were all the services. Returned much oppressed in spirit.

We give further extracts, referring to events in which Dr. Stow was interested, some of which will be recalled by many of the readers of this Memoir.

October 7. "Heaven is attracting towards itself all the good and lovely of earth." How true, gloriously true! Last night the Hon. Simon Greenleaf, of Cambridge, suddenly entered into his rest, aged seventy years. He was a member of the executive committee of the Ameri-

can Tract Society, Boston, in the meetings of which I often met him. He was a man of great simplicity and purity, eminently a godly man. For many years an Episcopalian, he became dissatisfied with the Puseyistic tendencies of his church, and withdrew, and joined the Orthodox Congregationalists. He loved the doctrine of grace; he loved the whole Christian brotherhood. He is now "present with the Lord." Thus Christ is taking home his disciples, according to his promise. Will he take me to that blessed home? Have I a valid hope of heaven? Lord, teach me what I am. Let me not be deceived. Prepare me to dwell with thee in glory.

January 8, 1854. Commenced a series of Sabbath morning discourses on "First Things in the Christian Church." To-day was "The First Prayer Meeting." Acts i. 12, 14. Had a full house and good attention.

The discourses here referred to, together with several others of a similar character, were published, several years after they were delivered, under the title of First Things, or the Development of Church Life, and were favorably received as a valuable contribution to Christian literature.

February 19. During the past week I have had the pleasure of leading to Christ a granddaughter of the late Rev. Abel Woods, who, in the winter of 1821–22, sought me out, and opened the way for me to go to Columbian College for my education. I have *ever* remembered him with gratitude. Little did I think, after thirty-two years, I should have an opportunity to render a service to one of his posterity. "God works in a mysterious way."

April 23. In the evening heard Rev. Dr. Duff, missionary of the Scottish Free Church in Bengal, at the Tremont Temple. His sermon was one hour and three quarters in length. Like most Scotch preachers, he was very wordy and repetitious; but evidently he is a very strong, earnest man. His heart is in the work of missions. I should have liked his discourse better if he had made fewer apologies for his plainness. *A minister should say nothing but what he has a right to say, and, having said it, he should let it cut with its full force.* The ambassador is responsible for nothing but the right delivery of his message. He speaks for his superior.

May 27. The city is disturbed by the arrest of a slave under the fugitive slave law. In a riot last night at the Court House one man was killed. There is danger of further violence.

June 2. This has been anniversary week in Boston. Having much to occupy me, I have attended but few of the meetings. The excitement about the fugitive slave, Anthony Burns, a Baptist brother, has

been great, and often alarming. To-day he has been carried off by the United States authorities. A division of Massachusetts (fifteen hundred) troops was on duty to preserve the peace. So, in obedience to a most infamous law, we are obliged to look on and see humanity outraged. It will not always be so. The blood in my heart has boiled with emotion, and I have been compelled to repress my feelings. I hope never to witness another such scene.

October 30. This morning attended the ministers' meeting, which is held weekly in one of the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, Tremont Temple. Owing to the prostration of my physical system which I feel on Monday, I seldom attend these meetings; but to-day I made an extra effort to be there to plead for city missions, which was the appointed subject for consideration. A good impression, I think, was made upon some minds as to the duty of preaching the gospel to the poor and neglected. But I was pained not a little to hear some remarks bearing unkindly upon another denomination, that is doing a hundred fold more than the Baptists for the spiritual good of "the perishing classes." O, how narrow, how unchristian!

November 2. A committee from the Brookline church and society called on me, and tendered their unanimous invitation to me to become their pastor, with a salary of two thousand dollars. The committee were very courteous, but very urgent, and seemed to suppose that they could make out a strong case for me as well as for themselves. I now have the subject before me. The question is a grave one, and must not be decided without calm and prayerful deliberation. I have labored six years in this field, and twenty-two in Boston. Still I do not see that the time for me to withdraw from the city has come. Brookline presents an eligible place for my retirement. But can I consult my own ease? My inquiry must be for the will of my Master. "Lord, what wilt *thou* have me to do?" I am not my own, but thine. Show me what will please thee, and give me grace to do it.

November 14. Wrote my reply to the Brookline invitation. There were reasons why I should regard their propositions with favor, but stronger reasons why I should decline it, and my answer was negative. I am on the altar in Rowe Street, and there must remain until God shows me clearly that he would have me remove.

He writes in his journal, June 4, "Information having reached me of the circumstances under which I was re-elected as a member of the executive committee of the Missionary Union, I have decided I cannot, consistently with self-respect, accept the appointment. Accordingly I have to-day sent in the following letter:"—

To the Executive Committee of the American Baptist Missionary Union.

DEAR BRETHREN: My interest in the cause of foreign missions is coëval with my conversion to Christ. For more than thirty-six years that enterprise has had a prominent place in my thoughts, my prayers, and my labors; and if I have not given proof of a cordial and earnest devotedness to its advancement, it is because I have been incapable of furnishing such proof. I have applied to it heart, time, money, and toil, and know not that my sincerity has ever been questioned.

In April, 1832, I was elected a member of the board of the General Convention, and, on my removal to Boston, the same year, I took my seat, and commenced labor with honored brethren, only one of whom is now of your number. In 1835 I was elected, by the Convention, one of its corresponding secretaries. By declining that appointment, my place in the board was temporarily alienated. The same office was unanimously tendered to me by the acting board in 1841, and for the same reasons that influenced my former decision, was again declined. After the death of Professor Knowles, in 1838, I was for eight years the recording secretary of the board.

Thus, from November, 1832, to the present time, with the exception above named, I have served the Convention and the Union as a gratuitous laborer at the Missionary Rooms. *How* I have served them, a few now surviving, and many gone home to their reward, have been witnesses. The history of many labors cannot be written by human hand. "My record is on high," unrequited by man, often misjudged and misrepresented. I have toiled on, calmly, relying upon the assurance, "Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

The time has now arrived for me to retire from the position which I have so long held, and allow you to supply the vacancy with some one who may have the confidence of those

from whom you have received your appointment. The recent election, if I am correctly informed respecting its detail, was too significant in some of its aspects to leave me any honorable alternative but to refuse a trust which, for the first time in twenty-three years, has been grudgingly conferred. With my self-respect undamaged, I now embrace the opportunity to give myself wholly to the spiritual care of a people, who, no less than their pastor, have supplied the evidence of substantial interest in foreign missions.

You may be assured, dear brethren, that my attachment to the enterprise which you have in charge will not be diminished by this severance of my official connection. It is an element of my Christian life, and lies too deep to be unfavorably affected by any injustice of which I have been, or may be, the victim.

In parting from you, I am happy to testify to the uniform kindness and courtesy with which I have been treated by all my associates in both the acting board and the executive committee. I think I have had their confidence, as they certainly have had mine.

It has been my misfortune occasionally to differ from the opinions and policy of the foreign secretary; but you are witnesses that I have never opposed him in a captious or persistent spirit. And it is due to him that I should here say, that his bearing towards me personally has, without exception, been that of a gentleman and a Christian.

With affectionate esteem,

Your brother in Christ,

BARON STOW.

Boston, June 4, 1855. I am now relieved of a heavy burden. Unpleasant as are some of the circumstances, I rejoice in the opportunity afforded me of turning my whole force to my one field. I desire no other work; there is none better. Studying, preaching, praying, visiting, — be these my employment during my few remaining years.

June 6. This morning at an early hour a sub-committee, appointed yesterday by the executive committee, called upon me, requesting me to recall my letter declining the appointment. I heard all they had to say,

and simply promised, if they would communicate their wishes in writing, to reconsider the question. I am thus vindicated by my associates, who know my whole course, and now have the matter in my own hands. As yet I see no reason why I should change my purpose. The Lord give me a spirit of candor and charity, and lead me to right conclusions. I pray for grace to sacrifice all that I ought, and act purely for Christ and his cause. I shall take time to consider well the whole question.

June 16. My birthday. Solemn thoughts are mine as I look back and as I look forward. I am preparing a sermon for to-morrow from the question, "How old art thou?"

Late this evening I received from one of my dear brethren (H. S. C.) a kind letter, enclosing a donation, from a few individuals, of eight hundred dollars. He was aware that during the first four and a half years of my connection with this people, my salary was insufficient to meet my expenses, and that consequently my mind was not free and unembarrassed, and in his great kindness he has brought me this relief. The Lord reward him and all his fellow-donors. I feel overwhelmed — heavily oppressed. I know not how appropriately to acknowledge this act. I fear I shall not be suitably grateful to God, "the God of all grace."

June 19. Concluded to return to my place in the executive committee of the Union. In my answer to the sub-committee, I say, "I shall do it at no small sacrifice, and with many misgivings as to the utility of any service I may render." This is emphatically true, and I feel as if I were bowing my neck to a heavy yoke; but the committee and foreign secretary, Dr. Peck, seem to regard my services as necessary to the prosecution of their work; and to their earnestly expressed wishes I yield, in the hope that I may, a little while longer, be useful to a cause which I truly love. The draft upon my time and strength will be great, but if I am in the way of duty God will help me. While I cease from man, let me trust Him who "giveth power to the faint."

July 18. The University at Cambridge conferred on me the honorary degree of D. D. The same degree was conferred on me by Brown University in 1846. On some accounts these unsought honors are gratifying; on others, they are undesirable. Their value is small.

August 23. Have passed hours to-day in a solemn place — a chamber of death. Mrs. H. S. C., an endeared neighbor and friend, this evening, at ten and a half o'clock, entered into her eternal rest. I baptized her August 25, 1850. Lord, sanctify to us all this sore bereavement.

August 28. A telegraphic despatch says, "Dr. Cone, of New York, died this morning, of paralysis." He was a man of great energy of purpose, of untiring industry, of devoted loyalty to Christ and his truth. He was my personal friend, and I am happy in the recollection of the

sympathy which I have shown to him. He rests from his labors; he is with Christ, whom he loved and served.

December 31. During this year I have preached ninety-nine discourses, of which eighty-one were in Rowe Street, made four hundred and seventy-one visits, attended twenty-seven funerals, married thirty-six couples: other services I cannot enumerate. God knows all I have done, and *how* everything has been done. I have nothing of which to boast. I would lie as a poor sinner before the mercy-seat, and depend wholly for justification on the righteousness of Christ. If he is not my Redeemer, then am I lost, justly condemned forever and ever.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CORRESPONDENCE. — FOURTH INVITATION TO THE PRESIDENCY OF A COLLEGE. — JOURNAL. — DEATH OF EDWARD D. CHAMBERLIN. — "CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD." — SECOND VOYAGE TO EUROPE. — JOURNAL WHILE ABROAD. — HOME AGAIN.

THE correspondence of Dr. Stow, during the period which has passed in review in the last two or three chapters, is quite voluminous, and we are obliged to confine ourselves to such selections as will bring to our notice well-known traits of his character.

To his cousin, Mrs. Nettleton.

BOSTON, May 17, 1848.

When I inform you that I have been absent more than six weeks on a journey for the benefit of my health, you will understand why no answer has been returned to your kind favor of April 8, and, of course, will excuse me from all suspicion of culpable negligence.

My dear E. and myself left home the last day of March, and travelled as far as Washington, where, in a very balmy climate, I gained a little relief. I am still an invalid, however, and unfit for any useful service. I shall probably soon dissolve my connection with dear Baldwin Place, and endeavor, by entire relaxation from mental labor, at least for a few months, to recruit my exhausted energies. It has cost me immense suffering to reach this conclusion; but I see no alternative, and hope to have grace to submit quietly to the divine will.

To your inquiries I can give you the following answers: —

1. The Scriptures are, for the most part, translated with great faithfulness. A few passages might be better translated, but I do not know the man whom I would trust to make the improvement.

2. There is no "virtue in going to communion," apart from the simple fact of obedience to the command of Christ. The Lord's Supper is a commemorative ordinance, to be observed by baptized believers, and,

when rightly observed, has a good moral effect upon themselves, and is well pleasing to the Saviour.

3. I know nothing in my own experience of a feeling in prayer as if I "talked with God face to face, as with a person." I am not aware of any requirement that we should thus feel. We may "draw nigh" to God, and feel that we are in his presence, but we are not permitted to give him any form or shape, as if he were "a person." "God is a spirit," &c.

4. God has appointed prayer as a means to an end. He has promised to answer prayer. He has often answered it, and none of his "fixed laws" can prevent his doing as he pleases. The law of prayer, I suppose, is as much a "fixed law" as any other. Prayer changes no purpose of God, for his eternal plan includes every prayer that is offered. Prayer places the praying man in such a relation to God as to render it suitable for God to treat him in a different manner from what he would were he a prayerless man. But apart from all theories, it is enough for me that God hears and answers prayer. He says, "Ask and ye shall receive." Why should I speculate?

5. I am accustomed, when I administer the Lord's Supper, to repeat the exact words of the Saviour — "This is my body," &c.; "This is my blood," &c. I do not know that the form is "important;" but there seems to me to be a fitness in such a solemn ordinance that we should keep before our minds the very idea which the Saviour presented to the minds of his disciples.

To his sister.

BOSTON, November 27, 1850.

I am afraid you will think me quite unfraternal, I write so seldom. October 7, I think, was my last date. Fifty days are rather too many for me to be silent. But, be assured, I have not forgotten you, nor does my love for you in the least abate in fervor or strength. I think of you daily, and pray for you and yours. Gladly would I write oftener, but my time is cut up into inch pieces by all sorts of duties, calls, interruptions, &c. Last Thursday, November 21, I wished to write, and tell you how much I thought of our dear father, who, on that day, thirty-four years ago, looked upon us for the last time, and went home to his everlasting rest. I suppose you, too, remembered the day, and, like me, had your solemn thoughts and tender remembrances. My poor, hard heart was a little softened, and I prepared a sermon from "*Christ liveth in me*"— Gal. ii. 20.

I am now writing the evening before our Thanksgiving, and I am again carried back to the old red house near Endicott's Mills, and the scenes of early life are revived afresh. Royal and I have just been out

to the barn, and wrung the necks of roosters, hens, and chickens, and Tempe and Judy, and Hannah Buel, or some other cousin, are picking and singeing the murdered creatures. And mother, dear mother, is making pastry, and preparing other good things for the great occasion. A large pile of oven-wood is in "the corner." Peter sits on the "dye-tub," looking wistfully at the whole process. Above, the poles are full of drying apples and pumpkins. A bright fire is burning in the great fireplace, and the wind whistles through the casements, portending the first snow-storm. The school is to commence next Monday, and the schoolmaster is to board with us; and we talk about books and pencils, and wonder how many spelling-schools we shall have. In the midst of all, uncle Nat, or Major Trask, or Mr. Whittlesey comes in, and talks about the weather, or the last funeral, or Ben Noyes. And so the evening passes.

Now you will say, Brother Baron is certainly growing old; he lives in the past; he loves to talk about old times. Yes, sister, I am older than I was, and I think a great deal of the days when we were all together, an unbroken circle. O, how changed! One half of the family are in heaven. Soon we shall all have passed away! God grant that we may all meet, and spend an eternal Thanksgiving before the throne.

To the same.

BOSTON, June 2, 1851.

You are certainly one of my best correspondents, for you write just what I wish to know, and write *from the heart.* But it certainly is a little too bad that you should have to do the work of the church. The direction of the apostle was, "Help those women who labored with me in the gospel." In Newport it seems the order of things is reversed. I suspect the gentlemen are not afraid of the "D. D." Shame on them if they are! Those semilunar appendages add nothing to me. I never put them there, and if they scare away my old friends, I will renounce them as not only worthless, but injurious, and stand forth without them, simply as Baron Stow, the Newport boy. No, Persis, those who knew me thirty years ago, and looked *down* upon me, have now no more occasion to look *up* to me. I have grown older, but I fear not better. I am but a sinner, dependent upon grace. My office I would magnify, but God forbid that it should ever magnify me, in fact or in feeling.

From Dr. Sharp.

BOSTON, May 3, 1852.

I cannot find words which will express to you my grateful sense of the most admirable address which you communicated to me on the 29th ultimo. Nothing could have been more delicately, respect-

fully, and affectionately composed and expressed. As I suppose your hand and heart were in it, I thank you most sincerely. I have read it over repeatedly, and with tears; and, although I may not deserve all the kind things you say, yet I am willing to appropriate them as one who has intended to be what you have so kindly said of me. I also owe a debt of gratitude to the brethren who have signed, or may intend to sign, the address, which I can never repay. The vase, so elegant, so simply beautiful, with the chaste and yet loving inscription, shall always occupy a conspicuous place in my house, to remind me of the donors, ministers of Christ ever dear to me. And the bouquet, most beautiful and fragrant, emblem of the brightness, the beauty, and the sweet odor which love diffuses through a wide circle of Christian brethren.

Read this to all the brethren interested in my imperfect acknowledgment of your kindness and theirs.

To his sister.

BOSTON, April 11, 1853.

You allude to the possibility that I may have done good to souls, even when I did not know it. Certainly I have reason to be grateful to God that he has made any use of me in his service. I have been pastor a little over twenty-five years. During that period I have baptized eight hundred and forty-six persons. Some of this number have fallen away; some are, I trust, in heaven; and many are living, active Christians. I have often detected impurity in my motives, and God has seen more than I have; but I think my ruling aim has been to glorify Christ in the salvation of souls.

When I came to Rowe Street it was with much trembling. My health was very imperfect. The interest was quite low, and the church were nearly dispirited. They had built an expensive place of worship, and had a debt upon it of fifteen thousand dollars. I could do nothing by the force of popularity. If anything was to be accomplished, it must be by the blessing of God upon work. I addressed myself to the task, at first cautiously; and I have kept on laboring as God gave me strength. In four years and five months I have welcomed two huudred and sixty-four into the church. The house of worship is full. During the past year, in addition to the four thousand dollars for our current expenses, we have raised three thousand dollars for benevolent purposes. More than this, my people have raised among themselves fifteen thousand dollars, and paid off their entire debt. Yesterday we worshipped for the first time in a house free from encumbrance. Now, I trust God can accept the dedication. O that we may be humble in prosperity, and not grieve the Spirit by any unhallowed feeling of self-gratulation. For lack of spirituality in a church there is no substitute.

To Rev. Dr. Cone.

BOSTON, August 24, 1854.

One of our city papers last evening announced that you had become the subject of a heavy bereavement, and my heart at once went out towards you in earnest, affectionate sympathy. You have, I believe, for years had frequent occasion to anticipate this event; but you doubtless find that you have never, until its occurrence, fully realized the magnitude of the affliction. We talk of being "prepared" for such dispensations; but the preparation, at best, is only partial. The reality differs from the picture which fancy has sketched. There are ingredients in the cup which we have not expected. There is a desolation of heart and home which cannot be preconceived. You now have the experience which teaches the whole truth. Ligaments are severed whose delicacy and strength you now understand as you never did before. Tendrils of affection, of whose tenacity you were scarcely conscious, now lie broken and bleeding. A thousand tender recollections come up, which no other event could have revived. It is the heart that suffers, for a part of itself is torn away.

In this hour of your peculiar sorrow, human sympathy can do but little for your relief. You must have solace from a higher source. And I am sure that you have it. Your theology embraces large views of God's gracious sovereignty, and they are now productive of a rational and solid consolation. The Bible view of the divine character, and government, and plan of mercy is rich with the higher order of comforts, and the believer knows the sweetness of submission to Him who says, "*Be still, and know that I am God.*"

I can tell you nothing new of the sources of true relief under such a trial. You can teach me. But I cannot forbear to assure you of my fraternal sympathy, and my fervent prayer that the Master whom you have long served will ever be near for your support and succor. Henceforth the Bible will be to you more precious, and the mercy-seat far dearer; the work of the Lord will be more delightful; the gloom will be more effectually dispersed from the grave; heaven will be a more attractive home. May your faith not fail. In all the remnant of your pilgrimage may the joy of the Lord be your strength.

Early in the year 1856 Dr. Stow was again urged to consider the question of accepting the presidency of another institution of learning. This was the fourth time that he had been invited to take charge of a college; but neither the frequency nor the urgency of the calls had been able to turn him aside from the duties of his chosen profession. Although he doubts whether he can much longer perform the exhaust-

ing labors of a city pastor, yet he will persevere in the endeavor to meet the responsibilities of his position so long as God gives him health and strength. How many a pastor will sympathize with him in the record which he makes, expressive of the difficulty he feels in trying to cast *all* his care on God! He is troubled with the idea that his preaching is useless, that the people feel no interest in it, and that God gives it no success. To the discouraged minister, toiling on in his hard work, and seeing very little visible fruits of his labors, it may afford a kind of comfort to know that such a man as Baron Stow was "a man of like passions" with himself; that the cares, and solicitudes, and sorrows of a life in which there is so much to try both faith and patience, are the common heritage of all the ambassadors of Christ. The view of a suffering Lord brings the coveted alleviation. "O, what a sufferer was Jesus for my sake! Why should I shrink from suffering in his service? Poor creature that I am! How light a burden crushes me! Let me look at Gethsemane, at the palace of Caiaphas, at the halls of Pilate and Herod, at Calvary! Let me dwell upon the particulars of the dreadful Passion, and open my heart to their softening influence."

We pass over the events of this year, as there is but little in the external life of Dr. Stow worthy of special notice. A few extracts from the journal of 1857 are all our limits will allow.

Received a sermon, preached in Portsmouth, N. H., February 15, by Rev. A. P. Peabody, D. D., at the closing of the Sunday school-room in Court Street, which is to be replaced by a new building for the same purpose. That was the dear old chapel, erected in 1761, in which I preached for more than a year, from July 22, 1827, to September 21, 1828. The sermon is mainly historical. As a specimen of Christian candor, charity, and justice it is remarkable.

October 24. A memorable day in my history. Thirty years ago this day I took upon me solemn vows, and my seniors consecrated me to the work of the Christian ministry. I have for weeks anticipated this anniversary; and, as I have reviewed my history for all these years, I have said I would observe the day in a special manner. As I have remembered God's goodness to me, I have wished to observe the day as one

of thanksgiving and praise. Then, as I have remembered my many sins, my defective services, I have felt I ought to observe it by fasting, humiliation, and prayer. Ought I not to be both thankful and penitent? If I do not grievously mistake my feelings, I am grateful to God for his multiplied mercies, and I have some penitential feelings in view of my unfaithfulness. I have had some trials, but no more than I needed. I have had blessings infinitely beyond my deserts. I have never been suitably grateful for God's kindness to me and mine. I have often been unreconciled to my discouragements and sufferings. My trust in God has been defective. I have prayed too little, and often without faith.

November 29. Passed the evening in my study, reading Spurgeon's "The Saint and his Saviour" — a work in which I am more interested than I expected to be. It has blemishes; but when I consider the age of the writer (about twenty-four), and his popularity as a preacher, I am surprised to find so few. I have had, and still have, fears that he would be puffed up by popular applause, and explode in some disgraceful form; but really it seems God must be with him, or he could not have made such attainments in Christian knowledge. His book is full of brilliants, many gathered from old authors, but many unquestionably original. It is a mystery to me how one so young is so richly acquainted with the Bible and Christian experience. Is he not eminently instructed by the Spirit? O God, shield him from every danger. "Hold up his goings in thy paths, that his footsteps slip not."

In the spring of 1858 a few friends of Dr. Stow placed in his hands a generous sum of money to defray the expenses of a summer vacation to be spent abroad, and the standing committee of his society voted him leave of absence. This unexpected token of the affection of his people greatly affected his heart. And yet he was embarrassed by the act. The church had been religiously revived, and quite a number of conversions had gladdened the heart of the anxious pastor. He was perplexed to know what was duty. Meanwhile, before reaching a decision, he was informed that, for the third time, he had been elected one of the secretaries of the Missionary Union. Grateful for the honor done him, he declined to leave what he regarded as his appropriate work — that of a pastor. He decided also to postpone the visit abroad to another season.

Under date of July 7, Dr. Stow alludes to an event which brought sadness to an afflicted family, and great grief to his

own heart. Intelligence had reached Boston that Mr. Edward D. Chamberlin, son of Edward Chamberlin, Esq., had been drowned in Providence, R. I. Young Chamberlin was a member of Brown University, and greatly beloved and respected by a large circle of friends. Dr. Stow preached a touching and most impressive sermon, suggested by the suddenness of the event, to which allusion has been made, from 1 Sam. xx. 3 — "There is but a step between me and death." Those who listened to this discourse will not soon forget it.

The commencement of 1859 finds Dr. Stow busily engaged in preparing for the press his "Christian Brotherhood," and his "First Things." We think we speak the truth when we say that of all the works which were the product of his pen, (and he gave to the public quite a number), this one on Christian Brotherhood was his favorite. The subject was a congenial one to his generous and catholic spirit. He felt that the points of contact between himself and all true Christian souls were vastly more in number than the points of divergence which separated him and them. He delighted to speak of "the communion of saints," and deplored the spirit of bigotry and sectarianism which led even good men to cherish unkind and ungenerous sentiments towards each other. In the introduction, which is in the form of a letter to his long-cherished friend, Deacon Heman Lincoln, he says, "The manuscript has remained in my hands more than fifteen years — a period much longer than Horace recommends to authors for purposes of revision and emendation." Its publication gave rise to the expression of an opinion that perhaps its author was a little lax in his denominational views, and not as warm in his denominational attachments as he should be. This objection Dr. Stow anticipated in the letter to Deacon Lincoln, and avows his wish to remove none of the old landmarks, but still declaring that he finds in the faith and spiritual life of all the real followers of Christ so much that is attractive, that he cannot help feeling drawn towards them with an affection which he must regard as the fruit of the Holy Spirit. He quotes with great pleasure the

words of a clergyman of another denomination: "I have been a happier man ever since I adopted the practice of always praying for other denominations before I pray for my own, or even for myself. My heart has been drawn out, as it never was before, in love to all Christians. I now know what it is to sympathize in their afflictions, and rejoice in their prosperity, and they all seem to me as my Father's family."

How all the work which he was now doing taxed his energies, and drew on his vital powers, none but those who have had a similar experience can well comprehend. At the close of one of these weeks of unremitting labor he writes, "I now conclude another week of care and toil, but with no prospect of rest to-morrow. Seven days I labor and do my work. One half of the night is all the time I get for repose. Sweet is the thought — there is rest in heaven." The coveted relaxation at length came. He embarked on board the steamer, which was to bear him once more over the ocean, on the 20th of April, and landed in Liverpool on the 2d of May. It was among his own cherished plans, strengthened by the ardent wishes of those who had generously contributed to send him abroad, to extend his trip to the Holy Land. Amid the sacred associations of Palestine he hoped to find a new stimulus to his piety, and bear back to his beloved flock a heart into which new life had been infused by his contact with the scenes ever hallowed by the presence of our blessed Lord and Master. We may judge of his disappointment when we find that he is discouraged from making the attempt to visit the East, by learning that there is a probability that communication will be disturbed by war; that the lateness of the season will render it hazardous to make the attempt to go to Palestine; and moreover that the vexatious quarantine arrangements, to which every one from Egypt was subjected, will compel him to spend fifteen precious days at Jaffa. As we shall see hereafter, he abandoned, though reluctantly, his purpose to visit the Holy Land.

We shall give a few extracts from the journal of Dr. Stow, written during this his second tour in Europe.

May 20. A beautiful day. I have passed it in the Grand Duchy of Nassau. Went with Mr. G. in the morning over the bridge to Castel, and then by railway to Weisbaden, a famous watering-place, where thousands from all countries pass the warm season. It is the capital of the duchy, situated in a beautiful valley at the base of the hills of the Taunus, and is rich in saloons, gardens, and splendid private residences. Visited the Greek Chapel, up on the side of a hill, in a forest — a splendid little temple, dedicated to the service of the Greco-Russian church; in it is a beautiful recumbent statue of the first wife of the present grand duke, who was a Russian princess, and died at the age of nineteen years. Visited the hot spring, and drank of the water, which tasted much like chicken-broth, rather salt. Looked in upon the gamblers, men and women, with piles of gold and silver rapidly changing hands. *A sorry sight!*

On the 21st of May, he sailed down the Rhine, admiring, in common with all travellers, the beautiful scenery which everywhere met the eye. Returning the same day, he passed the Sabbath at Mayence. How this Sabbath was spent will appear from the following: —

May 22. *Holy Sabbath.* How shall I here "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy"? Had some comfort this morning, upon my knees, before my heavenly Father, thanking him for his mercies, supplicating his favor upon my family, my flock, and myself. God is here as well as in Boston; but here are not, as there, Christian privileges. Would that I could bow this morning, with my precious two, at our domestic altar! Would that I could be in Rowe Street one hour to-day, and look on the faces of my loved people, and speak to them of Jesus and his salvation! This is my fifth Sabbath away. Let me devote it wholly to God. This my exile is a discipline, not joyous for the present, but rather grievous. Help me rightly to view it, and to derive from it benefit. O that I may return to my home a better man, more contented with my lot, more grateful for my blessings, more zealous in my ministry! Surely I shall be remembered and prayed for in Rowe Street to-day. Would that my people could know *how* my heart goes out to God for them! At eleven went to the English Chapel, and made one of nine worshippers — seven women and two men. It was a cheerless place. The swallows overhead, feeding their young, kept up a constant twittering. A burly Scotchman mumbled the service of the Anglican church, and preached a sermon from Matt. xx. 8. I endeavored to worship, but did not succeed as I hoped. O, give me the simplicity and solemnity of our Rowe Street service!

May 23. Frankfort on the Maine. At 10.40 this morning, I left Mayence on the Taunus railway, and arrived here at noon. News has arrived of some hard fighting in Italy, and the excitement here is anything but agreeable to me. Mr. Ricker, United States consul general, whom I have just seen, is confident there is to be a general European war. He expresses doubt as to the expediency of my going farther east, and advises me to keep on ground where I can retreat at a moment's notice. Really this is not very comforting. To God I commend myself, for he is my guide and my keeper.

May 24. The political horizon looks squally indeed. I may be obliged again to change my plan of travel, and hasten out of Germany; perhaps return to England, and even to America. Well, having surrendered my main object, I can more easily give up any other portion of my proposed tour. On Him who careth for me I cast *all* my care — trust him to lead me in his own way. O that I may have grace to confide in him!

Heidelberg, May 25. At 10.20 A. M., I left Frankfort, and at 12.25 reached this place, stopping at "Prinz Carl." From my window I look up the heights to the famous old castle, and down upon a square filled with children engaged in all manner of sports. Now, at three P. M., hear thunder for the first time in Europe. The day has been very warm. After dinner took a fiacre, and rode up the Neckar, then by a winding route ascended the mountain by way of the Wolfsbrünnen, where I saw immense numbers of trout in the terraced fish ponds; thence through forests and cultivated fields to the fine old castle, which dates back more than five hundred and fifty years. Through this immense structure I followed my guide, a German young lady who could speak "lettle Anglish," for more than an hour, up and down, and round about, admiring and wondering. O, how my pleasure would have been increased, tenfold, had my family been with me! In all I enjoy, the feeling steals over me that I am alone: to press on in my lonely wanderings I am obliged to summon all my powers of will. There is little pleasure in doing a thing because *one must;* but whatever of pleasure there is, precisely that pleasure is mine.

Munich, May 27. At four P. M. rode out of the city to see the bronze statue of Bavaria, sixty feet high, and weighing thirty-six thousand nine hundred pounds. It is a beautiful work of art, and eligibly situated on a high bank, overlooking a meadow which lies between it and the city. From this position had a fine view of the Tyrolese Alps on the one side, and a dark thunder-storm on the other.

Zurich, June 1. Walked to the reading-room, and saw the only American paper, the Weekly New York Herald. In a shop window saw a large "Bird's-eye View of Boston." O, how my heart leaped as I recognized Rowe Street Church, Boylston Market, and, more than all,

Harrison Avenue, the very spot where I would be! I stood long and gazed at the familiar objects; but O, how crushing the thought that I am four thousand miles away!

June 6. A beautiful day this has been. At ten A. M. I went on board a little steamer for an excursion up the lake. The scenery on this lake is said to be the finest in Switzerland. If there is any finer, I would go far to see it.

Stopped at Weggis to land a party who were going up the Rhigi, and then wound about in almost every direction between mountains of immense altitude and of all shapes. Interested in the basaltic formations. On the right, at the bottom of a small bay, is Küsnacht, near where William Tell shot Gessler (the tyrant who sought to enslave Switzerland), piercing his heart with an arrow.

Farther on is Grütli, the place where Arnold, and Walter Fürst, and Stauffacher, with thirty others, confederated, in 1307, with solemn oath, to free their country from Austrian oppression. On the left, near Agensburg, is the spot where Tell leaped ashore from the boat that was bearing him, the prisoner of Gessler, marked by a little chapel built in 1522.

At Fluelen, the termination of the lake, commences the road over the Mount St. Gothard. Here Mr. McM. and myself hired a carriage and rode to Altdorf, where are two fountains, the one surmounted by a rude statue of Tell and his cross-bow, the other by a statue of Gessler. They are eighty yards apart, the latter marking the spot where stood Tell's little son Walter, with the apple on his head; the former, the spot from which the father, at the command of Gessler, shot the arrow through the apple.

Then we rode up a brawling stream to Buglen, and saw the chapel standing where Tell was born, and the place where he was drowned in an attempt to rescue a child from the rushing torrent. The scenery around this place is awfully grand.

Returned to Fluelen, dined, and reached Lucerne at six and a half P. M. Seen much to-day to be remembered. Were I well, I would, as Dr. Gould charged me, "*go up the Rhigi.*" The effort would be imprudent.

We had on the boat to-day, from Weggis to Lucerne, a school of fifty bright boys, who, with their teachers, had taken an excursion. They sang with spirit several Swiss songs, which added not a little to the pleasure of the trip.

Berne, June 7. I have now been in eight of the twenty-two cantons. I think better of Switzerland than I expected. I like not only the country, but the people. They are very industrious and civil.

Geneva, Hotel des Bergues, June 14. This morning took a carriage *alone*, and went out to "Ferney," about four miles, a small village in a

beautiful valley near the foot of the Jura range, and on the great road over which my dear E. and myself passed May 14, 1841, by diligence to Dijon and Paris.

The excursion was through a delightful country. How rich and luxuriant the vegetation! How loaded the atmosphere with floral perfume! The farmers were cutting the grass in their hay-fields, and I tried to imagine myself in some rural district of New England.

At Ferney, for two francs, was permitted to see the private apartments of Voltaire in his chateau, which is situated in the department de l'Ain, France. He resided there from 1759 to 1777. The chateau is not remarkable for its architecture, but resembles a plain, country house. It is on a small eminence, a little south of the main road, and nearly hidden by a forest of old oaks. The grounds are prettily laid out, and kept in fine order. The bed-chamber remains nearly in the condition that he left it when he went to Paris to finish his career. In 1845, the Marquis de Villette placed in it the "mausolée pyramidal," which contains the heart of Voltaire. Over the monument are the words, "Mes manes sont consolés, puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vous." Below is the inscription, "Son esprit est partout, et son cœur est ici."

There were busts, portraits, medallions, &c., of the man. Among the pictures was one of Frederick the Great, of Prussia, the Empress Theresa, of Austria, and an engraving of our own Washington. There are the bed on which he slept, his chairs, his writing-table, &c., &c.

In the park I walked in the beautiful arbor where he was accustomed to walk, and dictate to his secretary. Close by is the little stone chapel, bearing the inscription, "Deo erexit Voltaire, 1761." When superintending its erection, he jestingly said, "Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer." Of course he had no worship there.

When I was at Geneva before, I felt that I owed nothing to the memory of Voltaire, and declined visiting Ferney. My views are unchanged as regards the man, but I wished to see the place where so many, in his lifetime, visited him, and paid him a homage that he did not deserve. As I looked at the various objects which so many travellers have described, I could not forbear to think of his condition in the eternal world. "Son esprit est partout;" but where?

If Universalism be true, then he is with Christ. When I refer to the grounds on which he opposed the Christian religion, I find no manly candor. When I see in what scenes of physical beauty he lived, with an horizon filled with grand exhibitions of the divine power, I ask, How could he have so perversely reasoned against the existence of the God of the Bible?

Ah, the Bible contains the explanation in its disclosures respecting human depravity. In every age, as men have appeared who united in

themselves the sum of the heavenly virtues, so also have men appeared who were the concentration of all the evil elements of fallen human nature. Voltaire was the impersonation of that inspired truth, "*The carnal mind is enmity against God.*" His heart was the expository of hate. What of real good did he not hate? With abilities that might have made him a great blessing to the world, he was really a signal curse. And yet God employed him indirectly as a means for the accomplishment of great and good ends.

Since Voltaire went to his final account, leaving so much evil influence to damage the world, Christianity has made more progress than it had previously made for many centuries. Christ has shown himself to be the Living Head of his empire. On him the crown has flourished. His enemies he has clothed with shame. O, my Saviour, I adore thee the more profoundly, and I love thee the more fervently, as the result of this day's observations and reflections. Thou art the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Thine enemies die, but thou, who wast dead, livest, and art alive forevermore, and hast the keys of hell and of death. At thy feet I fall; to thee I render homage; in thy power and promise I confide; on thy blood and righteousness I depend; to thee I consecrate myself for time and eternity. O that I may love thee more, serve thee better, and dwell with thee forever! To be where thou art is heaven.

Since writing as above, I have compared my thoughts and feelings while at Ferney with those which I had, but did not record, as I stood over the resting-place of the mortal part of John Calvin. How different the man of the sixteenth century from the man of the eighteenth! The one held up the "Light of Life" to enlighten the nations, the other labored to extinguish that Light, and to darken both the present and the future pathway of humanity.

Is Universalism true? Are John Calvin and Voltaire both in heaven? Are they now engaged in similar pursuits?

London, July 24. *Holy Sabbath.* Went in the morning to the Scotch church, in Crown Court, and heard Rev. Dr. Cumming. Had a front seat in the gallery. The services lasted two hours. Singing four times, three prayers, reading, and exposition of Scripture, and sermon. The doctor preached a very simple, plain, rich gospel sermon, from Matt. xxvi. 19, on the significance of the passover. I was instructed and delighted. Saw him afterwards in the vestry. Went with Mr. Child, in the evening, to New Park Street Church, and heard Mr. Spurgeon. He was in his best mood, and he answered my conception of him as formed from his printed sermons. Text, Ps. lxxxiv. 5, "Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee."

July 28. After dinner proceeded by railway to Kettering, and visited the house in which Andrew Fuller lived and died, and the chapel in

which he preached, and the house in which the Baptist Missionary Society was formed in 1792. Received special attentions from a Mr. Toller, son of the Independent minister of that name, who was contemporary with Fuller.

Went to Northampton, on the River Nen; visited the chapels in which the Rylands preached; also Dr. Doddridge's chapel, where we saw his likeness, chair, table, &c.

Came to Blisworth, and then took a fly nine miles to Olney. Saw Cowper's house and garden — the summer-house where, it is said, he wrote The Task. Went to John Newton's house, and were admittted to the church in which he and Thomas Scott preached. At Bedford we were shown a small cabinet that belonged to John Bunyan. Rev. John Gill was born at Kettering.

July 31. *Holy Sabbath.* A bright, beautiful day. In the morning went to the Scotch Church, Regent Square, where the erratic Edward Irving formerly preached. Heard Dr. Hamilton on Rev. i. 6 — "The priesthood of believers." A very good discourse — well delivered. The congregation sang from the Scotch version of the Psalms and Scripture paraphrases. I have thus heard the four great preachers of London, Noel, Cumming, Hamilton, and Spurgeon. They have given me sound doctrine, but none of them said anything adapted, as I conceive, to awaken and convert sinners.

Evening. Heard Rev. Dr. Brock, at Bloomsbury Chapel, from James ii. 20. It was every way the best sermon I have heard in England.

Belfast, Ireland, August 17. At one P. M. attended a Union prayer-meeting. More than a thousand persons were present, among whom were at least sixty clergymen. The services, conducted by an Episcopal clergyman, consisted wholly of reading Scripture, prayer, and singing. A revival of great power is now prevailing in Belfast, and other parts of Ulster.

August 18. Have devoted myself to inquiries respecting the revival. Walked out into one of the suburbs, and visited Ewart's Row, a collection of small tenements occupied by the families of operatives in linen mills. There we saw a gathering of converts, among them one young woman who had been "*struck down*," and just "gained hope." I conversed with her as I would with an inquirer at home, and was delighted with all she said. Three clergymen were present, one an Episcopalian, from London, one a Baptist, from Darlington, England, and one from Scotland. They had all come to observe "*the work*." And all testified that they were fully convinced that it is the work of God. I cannot record a tenth part of what I have learned, and must refer to a large collection of printed documents. At one open-air meeting I was pleased with the decorum and solemnity.

Boston, September 9. Here at last. Home again. The Europa, Captain Leitch, left Liverpool at ten A. M., August 27, bearing one hundred and fifty-three passengers. She took the northerly passage, around the north coast of Ireland. The voyage was protracted by constant head winds, and much of it very rough. We reached the wharf at East Boston to-day about noon. Find dear ones well. O, the goodness of God! Let me not fail to be thankful.

CHAPTER XIX.

REMINISCENCES BY DR. CHILD. — LETTERS FROM EUROPE. — CORRESPONDENCE.

REV. W. C. CHILD, D. D., has furnished the following reminiscences of his excursions with Dr. Stow to various localities in England, and we doubt not they will be read with interest.

"In the summer of 1859 I met Dr. Stow in London. We had been spending some time on the Continent; but, as he was alone, he had failed to obtain from his journeyings the pleasure and profit which he had anticipated. He seemed to me peculiarly unfitted to be a solitary traveller. His timid nature shrank from that contact with the rough world which a tourist's position necessitates; and hence he neglected to see many things which would have greatly delighted him. I was certain, from what he said of his continental wanderings, that this was the case. He was lonely and sad. His joy, however, was great at meeting the members of my family and myself. Our familiar faces reminded him of home, and, indeed, seemed to constitute a *part* of home, especially as that term was associated in his mind with Boston, where he had lived so many years.

"As I had several days of leisure, I proposed to him and Drs. Gillette and Phelps, who were also stopping in London at that time, an excursion of two or three days to certain localities, with which is intimately associated the memory of some of Christ's servants, whose names are embalmed in the church's heart, and of certain events which have had, and are still having, a powerful influence on the Christian development of the age. I refer to such places as Bedford, Elstow, Car-

dington, Kettering, Northampton, and Olney, with which we connect the names of John Bunyan, John Howard, Andrew Fuller, Philip Doddridge, John Ryland, William Cowper, Thomas Scott, John Newton, and others. I was confident that Dr. Stow's heart, keenly alive to true excellence of Christian character, would bound with joy amid scenes and localities so sacred. He was in full sympathy with that great evangelical movement of which these men were such distinguished representatives. Their history was familiar to him; and I knew that, as we might pass from point to point in our contemplated excursion, he would be ready to appreciate every element of interest. So that, however reluctant his sensitive, shrinking temperament might render him to join in it, he would enjoy it with the liveliest pleasure when actually undertaken.

"This was literally true. He hesitated about going, seemed incredulous as to whether it would prove enjoyable, but was finally prevailed upon to accompany us. We set out early in the morning by rail, and arrived at Bedford, some seventy miles from London, about nine o'clock. After breakfasting, we proceeded in our researches, first visiting the chapel belonging to the church of which Bunyan was pastor, where, besides other objects of interest, we saw an old arm-chair, in which he used to sit when presiding at the church meetings — a memento of him for which the owners have refused the sum of a hundred guineas. Repairing to the house of the pastor, we had the satisfaction of seeing some articles of furniture which had been owned and used by Bunyan. The place was pointed out to us where stood the bridge over the Ouse, in a structure at the end of which he spent twelve years of prison life, and where his immortal allegory, the Pilgrim's Progress, had its birth. Then we rode to Elstow, and visited that lovely and unique cottage in which he was born; then to Cardington, the seat of John Howard, the world-renowned philanthropist, where we found interesting memorials of that remarkable man. Certainly not one of the party could have had more enthusiasm amid such scenes than Dr. Stow. His

soul seemed to kindle into a sacred rapture as he trod on soil and visited localities that had been consecrated by men of so exalted worth as John Bunyan and John Howard.

"The next point of interest in this excursion was Kettering, where Andrew Fuller lived and labored so long, and where the English Baptist Missionary Society was formed in 1792. There we entered the pulpit in which Fuller preached, and stood by the side of the grave in which he sleeps, and looked up the street in which Dr. Gill lived. Surely Dr. Stow could not be there without a quickened pulse! Every feature and movement bore witness to the deep interest he felt. And when we went with Dr. Toller, son of that pious Independent minister who so many years lived and labored side by side with Fuller, in affectionate and confiding intercourse, and with whose life and character the beautiful Memoir written by Robert Hall makes us so well acquainted, to visit the house in which the broad-minded and noble founders of missions in India did their first work, and planted the seed from which has grown so great and fruitful a tree, no one of the party felt more profoundly than Dr. Stow the inspiriting influence of the place. We were on the very spot where the men sat, and counselled, and prayed, who 'attempted great things for God, and expected great things from God;' and while there our dear brother's soul was radiant with a peculiar joy, which discovered itself in every feature and lineament of his expressive face.

"As we were entering Northampton, on the morning of the second day, Dr. Stow was in a different mood, doubtless suffering a reaction from the strong and pleasing excitement through which he had passed on the previous day. He could not see what we had come to Northampton for! 'Surely nothing can be found in this dull place to charm or interest us.' I reasoned with him. I assured him that we should find something. He seemed incredulous; but I was confident that, if he would patiently persevere, he would be rewarded, and told him so; that a place where Philip Doddridge lived and died could not be barren in objects and associations dear to the heart of the Christian; and that a short time would

undoubtedly bring to view what would delight us. Never did I see him in a more depressed or unhopeful mood. Soon, however, we found our way to the place where the elder Ryland used to preach; and subsequently, after much effort, we were standing in the vestry connected with Doddridge's Chapel. Then it was that the doctor's susceptible heart was aroused, and responded to the sweet influences of the place. Before us stood the identical table on which Doddridge wrote the Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul — a Christian classic, with which no one, perhaps, was more familiar than our dear brother. There was also the chair which that same saintly man occupied while engaged in the composition of that immortal work. Hanging in frames on the walls of the vestry were the letters containing the call of Doddridge to the pastoral care of the church, and his acceptance of the call, the latter in his own handwriting. Through a side door we passed into the chapel, and there entered the pulpit in which he was accustomed to preach. The pew that Colonel James Gardiner and family used to occupy was pointed out to us, lined with green baize, and different in that respect from all the others. Here it was that Dr. Stow's enthusiasm reached its culmination. Raising his hands, his face beaming with joy, he exclaimed, 'This is deeply interesting! This is glorious!' I could not help saying to him, 'Doctor, haven't we found something in Northampton?' 'O, yes,' he responded. 'How glad I am we came to this place!'

"In walking around the town, we passed by the building known as Doddridge's College, erected originally for the education of young men for the ministry, but subsequently converted into residences, on account of the failure of the enterprise. Our visit to Northampton closed with a call on the late J. E. Ryland, Esq., the biographer of John Foster, whom we found cordial and agreeable. I may safely say, from the manifestations of interest which he gave, that that brief stay at Northampton was one of the most pleasing incidents of Dr. Stow's life.

"In carrying out our plan, we turned our steps towards one

more interesting locality. This was Olney, a quiet, secluded town, nine miles from the railway, and with which are associated memories of John Newton, Thomas Scott, and William Cowper. We rode in a fly from the station to the village, passing through Newport Pagnell, a name familiar to those who are acquainted with the life and writings of the poet. We easily found our way to the house in which Cowper lived with Mrs. Unwin. We went into that little parlor, whose windows look out upon the principal square of the town, and where the poet spent so many pleasant hours with his ever-faithful friend. There was the grate, which used to be all aglow with its cheerful fire in the gloom of winter, and on which the kettle would sing its song, as if rejoicing to make these good people happy by aiding in the preparation of that beverage 'which cheers but not inebriates.' This was the 'loophole of his retreat' from which he was accustomed to look out upon the world; and here could have been seen the original of that picture of domestic life which his inimitable pencil invested with so many charms.

"In the rear of the house was the poet's garden — a favorite resort of his. There we saw standing, leafless and dead, the apple tree which was planted by himself. Its history and associations keep it from destruction, and no vandal hand is allowed to come upon it. In the same enclosure is the 'summer house,' still well preserved, which was Cowper's favorite resort. Here he loved to compose. Here, it is said, the Task was written, as also that familiar and beautiful hymn —

'There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.'

Here we sat down and sang some stanzas of it, more deeply impressed, if possible, by the thought that this was the place of its inspiration.

"It could not be otherwise than that Dr. Stow's soul should be thrilled amid such scenes, and by the thoughts and emotions they engendered. At every place referred to he was deeply interested. Those good men whose lives had been

associated with these localities seemed to him to have a more real existence, although they had all passed away, and their names only remained. And we cannot but think with pleasure of the delightful acquaintance with them which he has since formed in the 'better land,' where the hand of sorrow no more presses upon the spirit, and the tear of sorrow no more moistens the eye."

From among the many letters which Dr. Stow wrote while in Europe, we select a few, only regretting that we must confine ourselves to these few.

To his wife.

WATERLOO HOTEL, LIVERPOOL, Room No. 10, May 2, 1859.

How often did I hear you say you would feel relieved when assured that I was "safely over." Well, here I am, a fresh monument of God's preserving goodness. O that I could telegraph you one word — *safe!*

I tried to keep a journal on shipboard, but could not write; did my best to bear up by keeping on deck. At two o'clock this morning we dropped anchor in the Mersey. At nine, thanks to Captain Hiler, I found a good room at the Waterloo.

Now, my dearest, join me in special gratitude to our faithful Father, who never disappoints the confidence of his children. We had news, at Halifax, of the aspect of affairs on the continent, that sadly disheartened me. *War has commenced*, and there is scarcely a probability I shall venture into the Mediterranean. All on board of the Canada, bound for Italy, gave up, this morning, that part of their plans. I shall wait till I get to London before I decide upon my course.

May 3. Here I am in London, at the Golden Cross Hotel, Charing Cross. The day has been remarkably pleasant, the country green, and the orchards in full bloom. Called on our friend Mrs. Moore this P. M. She received me very cordially, and constrained me to remain to tea.

The opinions of my bankers, and of our legation, are decidedly adverse to my attempt to go east. Hundreds of travellers bound east, through the Mediterranean, have given up their purposes. I could go round by the Bay of Biscay and the Straits of Gibraltar, but it would be nearly as far as to go home, and by a most comfortless route.

I shall do my best to go farther, but you may learn, in my next letter, I am shut up in Europe. A failure to reach the Holy Land will be the first great disappointment of my life. You will regret it, my people will regret it; but neither you nor they would have me rashly adventu-

rous. I am now more anxious than ever to accomplish an object upon which my heart has long been intent, and I know not how to be reconciled to the result.

I am shut up to faith in the lesson of my last sermon — *Trust* and *pray*. I endeavor calmly to rely on God. My plans are likely to be superseded by his, which must be better than mine.

To his daughter.

HOTEL WAGRAM, PARIS, May 9, 1859.

Thursday, the 5th, I came to Paris. Here too I have sought counsel, and all dissuade me from venturing out of Europe. This disappointment in the primary part of my plan has been very severe. Three things are quite certain.

1. I am at least six weeks too late to make it prudent for me to go into the Levant.

2. If I go, I cannot reënter Europe by the way of the Adriatic and Venice; for the gulf is blockaded, and not an Austrian steamer is running anywhere on the Mediterranean. Consequently, to get into Europe, I should have to come back to Marseilles, and very likely round to England, by the Strait of Gibraltar.

3. None are now venturing over my proposed route by Egypt and Syria, and I should have *to go alone*, which all tell me would be madness.

Paris is daily sending off soldiers to the seat of war; thousands have passed under my windows. Poor fellows! going like cattle to the slaughter!

Evening. Called on Messrs. Munroe and Company, bankers. There met an American gentleman just from the East. In telling him of my plan of travel, he at once said, "You cannot prudently go." Several gentlemen concurred in his advice; thus I have not found one person who has encouraged me to proceed.

The emperor is to leave Paris to-morrow, to place himself at the head of his army in Piedmont. You cannot image the excitement through all Europe; you should be here, to understand the agitation of feeling, and painful apprehensions of a general continental war.

Accept a telegraphic kiss thirty-four hundred miles long, each of you. Remember me to all my dear people.

To his wife.

HOTEL WAGRAM, PARIS, May 9, 1859.

Have just mailed letters to M. and Deacon L. The interruption in my plan of travel has been a severe trial. From the time of my meeting the war news at Liverpool, I have been thrown as never before

directly upon God. I turned, as a child, to my heavenly Father, and said, "I will trust him at all times; I will pour out my heart before him." My constant prayer has been, "Lord, direct thy perplexed servant; show me what will please thee." From day to day the darkness thickened, but my confidence in him did not waver, and he has now given me peace.

I propose now to proceed to Strasbourg, Frankfort, and Mayence; so my next letter will be from the banks of the Rhine.

While I now write, the Archbishop of Paris is saying high mass in the chapel of the Tuileries, preparatory to the departure of the emperor. Soon we shall hear of terrible slaughter, such as Europe has not seen since the days of Napoleon I.

To-day the Convention meets in New York to consider great denominational questions. May God preside over all the meetings, and give all the brethren one heart and one way.

Accustomed as I am to lean upon you, I now understand how dependent I am upon you. During the past week I would have given a hundred dollars for two words of advice from yourself. But that was impossible. My trust was in God, and to him alone I had access. Explain, please, my position to the proper friends.

To his daughter.

PARIS, May 12.

This morning I met Dr. H. and wife, of Boston, who has been nearly two years in the East. He says, "Under existing circumstances it would be rashness for me to venture beyond Europe."

After a lunch at two P. M., rode to the Bois de Boulogne, beyond the Champs Elysées and L'Arc Triomphale de l'Etoile. The air was soft and balmy, the forest in full foliage, the shrubbery and grass in full bloom. I can give you no description of the scene, surpassing anything that I ever conceived of physical loveliness. The avenues were full of carriages, from the very simplest, like my cabriolet, to the state coach of the "Petit Prince." What gayety, frivolity, display!

At a central point, under a broad canopy, was an immense orchestra; and there I sat for an hour listening to music such as I never before heard. It brought tears to my unmusical nature, and I was reminded how much you both would have enjoyed it.

To-morrow I start for the Rhine. In thus turning from my intended route, I feel sad indeed. All the trials of my life embodied would not equal this. My purpose now is to see as much of Germany as I can, and, if the fortunes of war permit, pass round through Switzerland to Geneva.

May 19. I'm here in Strasbourg, on the eastern frontier of France, in this old city of sixty thousand inhabitants, and strongly fortified. The journey from Paris has been a delightful one. The distance of three hundred and twelve and a half miles was accomplished in eleven hours and twenty minutes. Two French gentlemen, with their wives, occupied the same carriage with me. As they could speak Anglaise a "leetle small," and I French about the same, conversation was hard work.

To-day I have been to the Grand Cathedral, of which I had often read, but of whose architectural grandeur and beauty I had no conception. There is the famous astronomical clock, one of the wonders of human ingenuity. Descriptions I shall reserve for that happy future when we three shall meet.

Visited the Lutheran Church of St. Omer, where are the tomb of Marshal Saxe and the embalmed body of the famous Count of Nassau, after more than four hundred years in a good state of preservation; also the house of the architect of the cathedral, where are preserved his models of the various parts of the structure.

I walked outside of the city, through the grand promenade, looking beyond the Rhine at the German mountains. Though this is a French city, the people are mostly German.

It is Saturday night, and I am thinking who will occupy my pulpit to-morrow. God bless you and all my dear people.

To his wife.

HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE, MAYENCE, May 16.

Left Strasbourg this morning at ten minutes after seven, and arrived at ten minutes after one P. M. — distance one hundred and seventy-five miles. Passed through Wissembourg, Neustadt, Ludwigshafen, Worms, &c.

I have a room looking out upon the river, and the bridge of boats leading to Castel, on the opposite bank. This is a very old city, and in the wars of Germany has had a conspicuous place.

May 20. A beautiful day, warm and exhilarating. Mr. J. and myself have been over the river into the Grand Duchy of Nassau. Went first to the Weisbaden, a famous watering-place, visited in summer by thousands from all countries.

Drank of the hot springs, visited many places of interest, looked in upon the gamblers, engaged — men and women — in their diabolical work. Walked through miles of gardens, ascended the hills back of the town, passing through rye-fields, grass-fields, vineyards, &c., among flowers and singing birds innumerable. Then came down to Bieberich, on the Rhine. Walked in the ducal park, lunched in a coffee garden, returning to Mayence in a little steamer.

May 21. Rose at half past four this morning, and saw the sun rise. Went on board the Stadt Bonn for a trip down the Rhine. The day was one of the loveliest, and the scenery surpassing in beauty anything I ever beheld in the terrestial.

May 22. At eleven A. M. went to the English Chapel, and made one of nine worshippers — seven women and two men. A burly Scotchman mumbled the Episcopal service, and muttered a short sermon. I tried to worship, but could not, so gave myself up to home thoughts, loving better than ever the simplicity and solemnity of Rowe Street service.

To his wife.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE, May 23.

Crossing the Rhine to Castel, took the Taunus Railway and came through a most beautiful country. Among the grasses in full bloom I recognized the daisy, the buttercup, and red clover, of our own land.

I am here at the Hotel de Hollande. Living at hotels in Germany is much cheaper than in England or France. I like the Germans, and get along better with their language than I feared.

Now, my dear, may grace, mercy, and peace be yours continually, and a pastor's affectionate regards to all the members of his flock.

May 24. I am still in Frankfort. To-day the news is threatening. Thirty-one thousand troops from Austria and Bavaria are moving towards the Rhine, monopolizing the railways, to the great annoyance of travellers.

For three hours I have been sight-seeing. To one, however, who has seen the galleries of art in Rome and Florence, those here seem flimsy concerns. I am most interested in places of historic association, such as the window from which Luther preached to a crowd in the street, the house in which Goethe was born, the birthplace of the Rothschilds, — the money kings of Europe, — the spot where the Prince of Hesse fell in battle, the old cemetery, the cathedral in which the emperors, for nearly nine hundred years, were successively crowned, &c.

After dining, I took a "fly" and rode around the city, admiring the environs, the beautiful groves of linden and button-wood, the gardens, the promenades, the residences of the wealthy, then far away up and down the river and the cultivated country.

Heidelberg is a small, old town, of much historic interest. Arrived here to-day to dine. Situated on the River Neckar, at the base of a range of high hills, it is a pleasant place, much frequented by foreigners, who come here to spend the summer. It is forty-nine degrees twenty-four minutes north latitude, seven north of Boston, and yet the season is a month earlier. It is twenty-six degrees eighteen minutes east long.,

about ninety-seven degrees east of Boston, a difference of more than six hours; its population about fifteen thousand, of whom six hundred are students in the University. It belongs to the Palatinate, under the Grand Duke of Baden.

Evening. Have been up and down the Neckar. Ascended the hill to the castle, the most remarkable in Europe. I can give you no idea of the picturesque, beautiful, grand views. I have been enraptured. Far down, the Neckar flowed rapidly on its way to the Rhine, which seemed, in the hazy distance, like a ribbon of silver. Beyond were the Vosges Mountains. The whole valley appeared like a garden tastefully cultivated.

I had a fine sunset view of the castle from the opposite side of the river. Bought some flowers and strawberries from a little girl, then returned, past nine, to enjoy the twilight.

To-morrow I push on.

To his wife.

MUNICH, May 27.

This has been a busy day. Joined a party from New York, and went through all of the king's palace. Visited churches, gardens, obelisks, statues, and a multitude of other objects. Munich in every respect exceeds my expectations, and yet I have hardly begun to see it.

The news to-day from Italy is exciting. You can scarcely imagine how feverish is the mind of all Germany respecting the war. The sympathy is strongly with Austria. O, how Napoleon III. is here hated!

May 29. At eleven A. M. I went to the English Chapel, but found it overfilled, and then strolled away north, out of the city, among the trees and green fields. There I could worship. In the shade of the lindens and chestnuts I breathed the sweet air and meditated. Having read in the morning the thirty-first and thirty-second Psalms, I had themes of reflection. The hum of the gay, Sabbathless city I scarcely heard. Nature was in her loveliest attire, and trees, grass, flowers, birds, insects, all spoke a language I could understand.

A Munich paper announced, yesterday, an American Baron had taken apartments at the Bayererishschen Hof.

The dear people of my care are now collecting for afternoon worship. Commending them and you to the grace of God, I seek rest. Blessings on you two. My heart reaches them by way of the mercy-seat.

To his daughter.

LUCERNE, June 4, 1859.

I thank you warmly for your two good letters. Continue, my daughter, to supply me with every item of information you can think of. May

you never know what it is to be alone, four thousand miles from home, and to hear from those you love only once in a fortnight. Perhaps in my letters I have said too much about my loneliness; but how could I suppress the facts? My only refuge has been prayer, and thus far God has kept me. I hope the worst is past; but the future, the three months remaining — O, how long!

I have just walked a little out of town, to see the monument of which I send you a picture. It is a colossal lion, cut in the face of a high, perpendicular rock, and commemorates the Swiss Guards who fell at Paris, August 10, 1792, in defence of the royal family. It is after a model by Thorwaldsen, and is a superior work of art. The place is surrounded by forest trees, and in front of the rock is a limpid pool fed by springs that trickle down in miniature cascades. Lucerne has a population of about ten thousand, and is situated on both sides of the Reuss which empties by the lake into the Rhine. On the one side is Mount Pilati, on the other the Rhigi. This lake is said to be the grandest in mountain scenery in all Switzerland. On Monday, I hope to go up the lake and see. My health will hardly allow me to ascend the Rhigi; and indeed I shall probably leave Switzerland after having looked *up* rather than *down* upon her grand scenery. In my letter to mamma, I have stated the facts of my physical condition. By prudence I hope to prevent my case from becoming chronic; but it will be a sacrifice of health to climb these mountains. Besides, my cough is harsh, and my throat and lungs will not endure the air in the region of snow.

June 5. A very rainy day. I pass it in my chamber — reading, writing, thinking. The town is very still. No sounds reach my ear but the ripple of the lake on the levee beneath my window, and the hourly bell of the grand old cathedral. The day is very, very long. I wish I could transfer myself, for a part of it, to dear Rowe Street, and see who is in the pulpit and who are in the pews.

To his wife.

ZURICH (SWISSE), June 1, 1859.

On Monday, the 30th ultimo, I forwarded a letter to you, my precious wife, from Munich, *via* Liverpool. Then I went with Mr. F., an American student from Michigan, to visit the Glyptothek, or gallery of sculpture, and other interesting objects. Then I joined a Mr. A., of New York, in a ride of two hours in the environs of the city. I could have spent a week or more in Munich, for I was delighted with the place, and my expenses were reasonably moderate; but the climate did not agree with me — the days were so hot and the nights so cold. Yesterday morning I rose at three and a half o'clock, and started for this place. Passed through Augsburg, Kimpten, Lindau, Romanshorn, and Winter-

then, a journey of twelve hours — more than two hundred and fifty miles. Had the snow-clad Alps in view nearly all the way. Some of the views were magnificent, and, ill as I was, I enjoyed them. From Lindau to Romanshorn was by a steamer, through Lake Constance. As the day was warm, I sat on deck and admired the beautiful, the picturesque, the grand! Here I am at the Hotel Bellevue, and have a corner room on the zweiter stock (*seconde étage*), looking out upon the debouchure of Lake Zurich. A few English are here, but no Americans. It is a town of sixteen thousand inhabitants, beautifully situated on both sides of the Lemmat, which empties the lake into the Rhine. The ragged, snowy Alps tower high beyond the southern end of the lake. Went to the reading-room, and found the New York Herald, and various English papers. Am looking for letters to night. Shall I not devour them?

Evening. Kept my bed till seven. I read God's word and bowed in prayer, with my window open, not like Daniel, towards Jerusalem, but like your husband, towards Boston. It is a refreshing thought, that six or seven hours hence you will remember me before God my preserver. It is good to trust in him at all times, and to pour out the heart before him.

June 2. Another mail has come in, and no letter. Well, I can wait for the next. It is "Ascension Day." The shops are closed, and the people throng the churches. It seems like a New England Sabbath. Kept quiet till towards evening, then took a cup of tea with bread and honey; and as, in the condition of my health, I could not walk, and, as I greatly needed fresh air, I went on board of a gondola just under my window, and was rowed a few miles up the lake. I was alone, and made the excursion in silence. The lake lies in the form of a crescent, between high hills. The shores are lined with pretty villages, and the slopes of the hills, highly cultivated, are dotted with white dwellings that have an air of thrift and elegance. Along the south and south-west horizon tower the mighty Alps, looking rough and cold. The descending sun was hot, but I was sheltered by an awning. I made an effort to enjoy the scenery, and partially succeeded; but I wanted some one to whom I could speak a single sentence.

Evening. At six o'clock I was walking in front of the hotel, and forming my plans for leaving to-morrow, when I saw the postman coming. I sprang towards him, and at once caught sight of a letter bearing my name. The letter had stopped at Basel, and only by a kind Providence had reached me.

Lucerne, June 4. I left Zurich this morning quite too much indisposed to journey, and yet hoping that change of scene might revive me. The direct distance was only about forty miles, and yet, to avoid the diligence, I came by rail through Baden, Aarau, and Olten, nearly a hundred

miles. The route was through beautiful valleys shut in by snow-covered mountains. I am very happily disappointed in this part of Switzerland. There is much of industry and thrift. The people interest me more than any I have yet seen. I am at the Gasthof zum Schuanen, with a room looking up the lake, a beautiful sheet of water, blue as the Rhone, embosomed in high mountains. Before me, too, is the Rhigi, of which you heard the B.'s speak. I can see distinctly the hotel on the summit.

June 5. This is my seventh Sabbath away. It rains, and the clouds cover all the mountains. Alone in my chamber I have read Psalms xlii.–xlviii. Never before have I so valued and relished the blessed Bible. By it *my* Father speaks to *me* words of instruction and comfort. This has been the happiest Sabbath since I left home. Though very unwell, I have found my chamber a Bethel. My thoughts rise out of this deep mountain dell, and cross over the land and sea, and look into your chamber, and then into my study; but they are empty. I follow you to the sanctuary at the morning service. But how soon the sweet charm is broken! I turn to my window. The rain has ceased; the sun is coming out; Rhigi is in sight; a little steamer is coming up to the quay; the blue lake is as smooth as a mirror. I am not in Boston; I am in the heart of Switzerland, not far, on the one hand, from where Zwingle preached the doctrine of the Reformation, and finally fell in a battle; and on the other, from the spot where William Tell perished in his struggle for his country's freedom. You are hearing the word of God. I am gazing on the works of God. Both teach the same lessons as to the divine power; each is the interpreter of the other. The Lord bless you, and fill your heart with his love.

To his wife.

GENEVA, June 9, 1859.

My last was from Lucerne, Sunday evening. The next morning I started on a little steamer for an excursion up the lake. The scenery of this lake is said to be unsurpassed by any in Switzerland. It is very irregular in shape, and presents views of the mountains both grand, awfully grand, and beautiful beyond description. Both shores are marked by places of historic interest connected with the life and exploits of William Tell, of whom, in my boyhood, I read much. At Fluelen, the head of the lake, we took a carriage, and rode up along a rapid torrent to Buglen, Tell's birthplace, and where, in a humane attempt to rescue a drowning child, he perished in the swollen flood. At Altdorf, a little below, we saw the spot from which, at the command of the tyrant Gessler, he shot with his cross-bow, at eighty yards, the apple from the head of his little son. Ill as I was, I enjoyed the excur-

sion. The pleasure was augmented on our return by the company of a schoolmaster and fifty boys, who sang Swiss songs, and made the mountains echo with their melody. Returned at sunset. At nine the cathedral bell, on which is the mediæval inscription, "Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango," rang out over lake and mountain. In the morning decided to proceed to Berne, seventy-five miles by railway, with the intention, if possible, of proceeding to Interlaken. Left Lucerne with many pleasant recollections. The route to Berne was through most interesting scenery, but the inflammation in my eyes, occasioned yesterday by the reflection of the sun from the snow, would not allow the feast.

Wednesday morning. Though I did not finish up Switzerland, I felt that a regard for my health required rest, and needed treatment, and I took the first train for Nidau, on the Bielu Lake, thence by steamer down Lake Neufchatel to Yverdun, and from that place to Geneva by rail. From Lake Neufchatel are some of the finest views of the Alpine range; but I could not stay on deck. Between Lausanne and Geneva we had a most terrific thunder-storm. Came to the Hotel des Bergues, and took a room on the third floor front, and retired. You will see by the papers what a terrible battle was fought last Saturday, on ground over which we passed April 2, 1841, between Milan and Novara. The French and Sardinians are driving back the Austrians, and all Western Europe is rejoicing. I am glad enough to be out of the regions where the sympathy is with Austria, and where travellers are constantly annoyed. Next to *home*, I am now where I would be.

Yesterday, the Emperor of France and the King of Sardinia entered Milan in great pomp. All the talk here is of the war. To me, exultation over such butchery of human beings is horrible. O, the brutality of man! Nothing so tests my faith in the prophecies as travelling among these millions. Will Germany, Italy, Switzerland, France ever be converted to Christ?

June 11. This morning it was pleasant, and I went to the city library to see what I always regretted I did not see when here before — the portraits and manuscripts of the great reformers, Wickliffe, Huss, Luther, Melanchthon, Calvin, Beza, Zwingle, &c., &c. The hour spent there was one of great interest.

June 12. At ten A. M. went to St. Peter's Church, and had a seat near where you and I sat April 11, 1841. The services were such as you remember — the same old organ and congregational singing, the pauses in the sermon, &c. Then I walked for an hour in the Protestant cemetery — a rural spot, full of trees, shrubbery, and flowers. Saw the graves of John Calvin, Sir Humphry Davy, and several Americans.

To his wife.

BRUSSELS, July 4, 1859.

Dr. Bigelow advised me not to undertake the journey; but as I was anxious, if possible, to intercept Mr. and Mrs. H., who had informed me they were coming to the Continent by way of Belgium, I left Paris without a regret. On Saturday came here by the express train in eight hours.

I am at the Hotel de Saxe, a quiet, airy house. Have a room on the "première étage," looking into a court filled with shrubbery and singing birds. Yesterday I kept quiet until towards evening, when I walked to the cathedral, Place des Martyrs, Grand Place, Place des Congrès, the Botanical Garden, and saw much to admire.

This is Independence Day, and with a party of English and Americans, I have been to Waterloo. This has been one of my most interesting excursions. We passed two hours walking over the famous battle-field where the great Napoleon's sun of glory set in blood, June 11, 1815. An old English soldier, who was in the battle, explained everything intelligibly.

I like Brussels. The upper part of the city is beautiful, and here I have a more contented and home-like feeling.

To his wife.

LONDON, July 11, 1859.

The treatment of Dr. B. in Paris was very successful. My visit to Belgium, where I met friends, Mr. and Mrs. H., Mr. and Mrs. P., and the B.'s, contributed greatly to my happiness.

On Friday, the 8th, went on board steamer Rhine, passed down the River Scheldt seventy-two miles, then across the German Ocean, and up the Thames, arriving in London Saturday, at nine A. M. Was kindly welcomed by Mrs. Moore, and assigned a room looking westward — *homeward.*

Sunday morning I went with three American gentlemen to Surrey Garden, to hear Mr. Spurgeon. What a congregation! Having a shilling ticket, I had a good seat in the lower gallery. Though we were there an hour before the service, yet two thousand people were already seated.

I tried to repress all curiosity, and worship God. Mr. Spurgeon was suffering from hoarseness, and evidently spoke with pain. I could sympathize with him, and must not give my impression of the man's preaching, for it is hardly just to criticise a speaker with an inflamed throat. I hope to hear him again. The congregational singing was grand. I have heard many of the best organs on the Continent, but

none of them gave me such music as swelled from these *ten thousand* voices. They sang New Tiverton and the German Hymn.

Monday morning I went to the Mission House, and had a pleasant interview with Mr. Underhill, one of the secretaries. Then, by invitation, went at eleven A. M. to breakfast with the delegates from the Young Men's Christian Association of Great Britain. There was introduced to the Earl of Shaftesbury, and heard him speak.

We here have family worship at Mrs. Moore's, and she has appointed me chaplain. How precious the privilege, after the privation of nearly three months!

July 12. I dined with the Underwood family to-day. It was so good to sit down with a Christian family, and talk of the interests of Christ's kingdom! With what relish shall I return to my proper work — precious home-laboring for the spiritual good of my people!

Pray for me, that I may profit by this absence.

To Deacon H. Lincoln.

LONDON, July 17, 1859.

I should have written you more frequently but for the sadness of heart with which I have been oppressed. You have enough of that element without any addition from me.

While last at Paris, I had the benefit of medical treatment that was of essential service to me, so that I went to Belgium with some comfort. In London I am forming acquaintances with good men of various denominations, whom I admire and love.

Ere this shall reach Boston (or Saratoga) you will have learned that on Monday last the two bull-dog emperors met and made peace. All Europe, glad enough to have peace, is indignant at the *terms*, and you may be sure the end is not yet. Napoleon III. has deceived the world, and will be called to account for his conduct.

To his wife.

LONDON, July 25, 1859.

To-day I have engaged passage in steamship Europa. Leaves 27th August. Happy day when I reach that dear home, around which my heart's affections tenaciously cling.

Have several excursions to make before leaving London. I have visited the Crystal Palace, the British Museum, the Zoölogical Gardens, &c., &c., and, by the kindness of Sir S. M. Peto, M. P., spent an evening on the floor of the House of Commons.

Have heard Baptist Noel, Dr. Cumming, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Spurgeon again, and found many pleasant friends. I shall take your advice, seeing as much of England, Ireland, and Scotland as my time and funds per-

mit; but my disappointment in regard to the East is keen. When I think of narrating, even to you, what I have seen, the sickening thought comes up, "I cannot tell of Jerusalem, and Bethlehem, and Hebron, and the Jordan, and the Mount of Olives, &c., &c."

Evening. Just taken a long walk, and visited one of the ragged schools. It will give me a pleasant hour with my people to tell them of this form of service.

July 14. Have just read the death of young Nott, of New York; also Drs. Belcher and Harrison. They rest from their labors. "*Blessed rest.*"

July 28, Thursday evening. Early yesterday morning Drs. Phelps and Gillette, Dr. Child and myself, started by the North-western Railway for an excursion into the Midland counties. First we went to Bedford, and saw all the remaining memorials of John Bunyan; then to Elstow, to the cottage in which he was born; then to Cardington, the home of John Howard, the philanthropist; thence to Kettering, the scene of Andrew Fuller's labors; this morning to Northampton, where we saw much in connection with Dr. Ryland and Dr. Doddridge; thence to Olney, to see the house, garden, and summer-house of the poet Cowper.

Returned to London this evening, having travelled two hundred miles, and enjoyed two days of real pleasure.

To his wife.

London, August 4, 1859.

Last evening yours and M.'s of the 17th reached me. How great God's goodness in preserving us all, and giving us the prospect of a happy reunion in our dear home!

Saturday morning the B.'s arrived, and I am to have their company through Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and HOME.

Sunday I heard Dr. Hamilton, Regent Square, in the morning, and Mr. Brock in the evening. Thus I have heard all the great guns in London.

Warwick, August 3. This morning a party of four of us left the Paddington Station, and in one hour and twenty-five minutes were at Oxford, sixty-three miles from London. There we visited for three hours among the nineteen colleges, seeing much of which I had often read. Was deeply interested.

At four P. M. we came, in one hour, — forty-three miles, — to this place, engaged rooms at a hotel, and then went to the castle, where we were taken through all the apartments of the Earl of Warwick, grounds, &c., &c.

We have before us three weeks in which to see castles, cathedrals,

abbeys, parks, mountains, lakes, &c., &c., all of which I shall note, and try to remember for your benefit.

Good night.

Birmingham. We took a "fly" this morning, and drove to Stratford-on-Avon. There we entered the room where Shakespeare was born; also the church where he was interred, and saw, in a private cabinet, a variety of articles that belonged to him.

We walked over the Avon by the foot-bridge, and through the meadow, returning by another bridge, Saw all that was possible in two hours, then returned to Warwick, eight miles, and "by rail" twenty-two to Birmingham, stopping at Dee Royal Hotel, which you remember.

Early to-morrow morning we leave for York, one hundred and thirty miles north, to see the famous Minster; then to Edinburgh, one hundred and seventy miles farther, there to pass the Sabbath, and hear some rare preaching. Shall keep full notes. Can hardly write you particulars. Hope for all when we meet.

To his wife.

August 14, 1859.

Last Wednesday evening we left Edinburgh for Stirling, where we visited the famous old castle and other objects of interest. Then went by rail to Callender, and hired a carriage to take us through the Trosachs, by the way of Loch Vennachar and Loch Orchray. A heavy rain obscured our view of the scenery. We stopped at the Trosachs Hotel, and proceeded, Friday morning, through the wild pass of the Trossachs to Loch Katrine, through which we passed in a small steamer, and viewed on either side the points rendered famous by Scott's Lady of the Lake.

At Stronachlachar, the foot of Loch Katrine, we hired an open carriage, and drove through Rob Roy's country to Inversnaid, on Loch Lomond, and visited the beautiful cascade, &c; then came by steamer through the whole of Loch Lomond, thirty-five miles in extent. The scenery was very interesting. At Balloch we took the rail for Glasgow, passing near Dumbarton Castle, and along the Clyde to Glasgow. This is a city of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and one of the most busy and prosperous in Great Britain.

One thing charms me in Scotland — the perfect quietness of the Sabbath. My room looks across one of the bridges, and up a long street. Not a wheeled vehicle do I see, and very few pedestrians. I look from my window down the quays on both sides of the river, full of shipping, but nothing is doing. How different all over the Continent! Blessed be Scotland for her reverence for God's holy day! I wish I could see

Boston as quiet as is Glasgow to-day, and as one week ago I saw Edinburgh!

We have yet to see portions of Ireland and North Wales, — a circuit of five hundred miles, — and then, —

"Over the deep blue sea."

Belfast, August 17. We left Glasgow yesterday, and came hither, first down the Clyde, then across the Irish Sea. The weather is so thick and damp I am prevented from going to the Giant's Causeway, as intended. I resign that pleasure, and attend a union prayer meeting, where I shall learn many facts respecting the powerful revival now prevailing in Belfast and other parts of Ulster.

To-morrow we go to Dublin, where we stop until Monday, and then proceed to North Wales.

Three weeks from to-night I hope to be with you, never to separate again — no, never till death.

Before commencing a new chapter, pursuing the plan which we have carried out in the previous pages of this Memoir, we lay before our readers extracts from the correspondence of the last two or three years.

To Mrs. Partridge.

BOSTON, February 12, 1856.

I am not a stranger to the exercises which you describe. My ministry of nearly twenty-nine years has led me into contact with many minds similarly troubled, and all my knowledge of the human heart, of Satan's devices, and of God's dealings with his children, has been thoroughly tested in my efforts to enlighten and comfort the suffering. Some cases have been on my hands for months, and both my intellect and my heart have been tested to their utmost in labors to facilitate their deliverance. More than this, I have personal experience of the same sorrows, and know their bitterness. O, how often have I prepared and preached sermons for the instruction and the comforting of others, when I had not the light of God's countenance, and feared lest I should myself be a castaway!

In my own case, I have ordinarily found relief just as I did at first, in December, 1818, by a full submission of myself to the will of God. Sensible of my utter unworthiness and vileness, I saw but one refuge. I was shut up to the faith of one remedy. The Saviour said, "*Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" "*Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.*" By coming to him, *just as I was*, helpless and dependent, and relying upon him as

"*mighty to save*," I have always found him true to his word. *He gave me rest. He did not reject me.* He "*came into the world to save sinners.*" He died and rose again *to save sinners.* "*He ever liveth to make intercession for us.*" "*Looking unto Jesus*" has been my only resource. It never yet failed.

In dealing with others, however confident I have been of their safe estate, I have never undertaken to convince them that they were Christians, for they would baffle me in every argument, and I would thus do them no good. My uniform endeavor has been to present scriptural views of the character of God, and of the plan of salvation, and to get them to go to Christ *as sinners*, and believe in Him who is both able and willing to save the worst. Nothing is gained by raking over the rubbish of past experience for some ground of hope. All that is a dishonor done to Christ. He is our Saviour to-day, and he only. The soul, in all its stages of experience, must look away from everything else to him, and cast itself *wholly* on him. All along our course to heaven's gate there is *one* direction, with *one* promise — "*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*" "*Only believe*" and the blessing is sure.

O, my dear suffering sister, my heart bleeds for you. Fain would I lead you to Jesus. "*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.*" Do not offend him by doubting either his ability or his willingness to save you. Look to his cross, and see how much he loved you. At the foot of that cross lay yourself, with all your burdens, and fears, and griefs.

> "Just as I am, without one plea,
> But that thy blood was shed for me,
> And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
> O Lamb of God, I come."

There, my loved and loving sister, is your only help. One act of faith in Jesus Christ will do for you what all the universe cannot do apart from it. The simple question, then, is, Will you trust Christ as your all? Methinks I hear you firmly say, "I WILL." The contest is ended. The burden rolls off. You have peace. You cast yourself at the feet of your Deliverer, and pour out the tears of gratitude, and promise that, by his grace, you will never again look elsewhere for comfort.

> "I cannot half his love express;
> Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess,
> This blessed portion I possess,
> O Lamb of God, in thee.

To the same.

BOSTON, March 2, 1856.

I wrote you on the 12th ult. in answer to yours of the 7th. Since then you have seldom been out of my mind, and I am hoping to hear that the clouds have all cleared away from your horizon, and that you have the clear shining of the Sun of righteousness. My daily prayer has been that God would lift upon you the light of his countenance, and, as "the God of hope," fill you with all joy and peace in BELIEVING.

I have lately been unusually interested in Psalm ciii., and have preached upon parts of it, especially from the eleventh to the eighteenth verses inclusive. My general theme has been *the greatness of God's mercy to his people* — its height, verse eleven; its breadth, verse twelve; its depth, verse thirteen; its duration in contrast with the brevity of human life, verses fifteen to eighteen. His is "loving-kindness and tender mercy." How much of it *we* have experienced! Well does David say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." Now I remember that the first time I ever heard our dear, precious mother speak in meeting she quoted these words. It was at the house of "Father Kibbey," in December, 1818, just after I had spoken, avowing my hope in Christ, and my purpose to live a new life. She rose and commenced with that language. O, how fresh in my memory her looks, her tones of voice, at that moment! Dear mother, may I not fail to reach that blissful world where thou dost bless the Lord, and forget none of his benefits! And really, how can we here omit to bless him? How can we forget his mercies? The tendency of my own mind is to depression. I look too much on the dark side of everything, and am not grateful, as I should be, for God's constant goodness and abounding grace. I have often to stir up my inner nature by recounting my many mercies, and calling upon all within me to praise the Lord. I am always the happiest when I am most thankful. Is not gratitude the spirit of heaven?

To the same.

BOSTON, April 21, 1856.

Our paths have lain through different scenes — some joyous, some afflictive; but God has led us every step of the way. Not more certainly did he conduct Israel in the wilderness, than he has guided, and protected, and provided for us — now more than half a century. A review of his paternal care and goodness ought not only to awaken our gratitude, but also to inspire our confidence. His object, manifest at ten thousand points, has been to bring us to "a city of habitation." I have just been reading Newton's hymn, 166 in the Social Psalmist, —

"Begone, unbelief; my Saviour is near," &c.

And I can adopt it, and so can you. I have suffered much in my own mind during the last six months. Some of the time I have felt as if passing through the valley of the shadow of death. But the Great Shepherd has not forsaken me, and though vile and unworthy, I have his promise that he will *never* leave nor forsake me. Can I not trust him? Is not his grace *sufficient* for me? Is not his character, as revealed in Christ, a rock of repose? When I look at Calvary I see my blessed Redeemer left in darkness, and I hear him cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" No answer was returned. But I understand that he hung there in anguish and spiritual gloom for my sake. He was forsaken that I might not be forsaken. Justice will not put the cup to my lips which my Lord has drained to the dregs for my benefit.

O, my sister, do we realize what a Saviour we have? Has he not borne all for our sakes? What less can we do than trust him with all our hearts? Could I see you, how would I preach to you "Jesus and the resurrection"! There is in him a fullness that "passeth knowledge." Who can comprehend its height or depth, its breadth or length? Let us believe in him. Let our simple faith be the conduit through which his grace shall glow into our souls, thus filling us "with all the fullness of God." If I am a believer, I am "the least of all saints;" but I do see a glory in the once crucified, now exalted, Jesus, and I long to love and serve him better than I do. I come short every day of my duty, and even of my purposes. Constantly I have occasion to say, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and he is merciful. He multiplies pardons; he does what he requires of us, forgiving seventy times seven. Thus the saving process goes on by repentance and faith, repentance and faith, all the way through. Only by "looking unto Jesus" have we peace and joy.

"When I turn my thoughts within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild."

But when I look to Him who bled for me, and now intercedes for me, then I have hope. I am nothing. He is "all and in all." How glorious the assurance, "Ye are complete in him"! "His blood cleanseth us from all sin." O Christ, I cling to thee as my only hope! What shall separate me from thy love? Hast thou not said, "Because I live, ye shall live also"? Lord, help me to trust thee without wavering, to follow thee, however dark and difficult the pathway in which thou mayst lead me.

To the same.

BOSTON, February 7, 1857.

A pastor called on one of his parishioners, just in the dusk of the evening, and found a little boy sitting in the doorway, holding firmly a string, and looking up into the deepening gloom. "What are you doing here, my little friend?" said the minister. "I am flying my kite, sir," replied the boy. "Your kite?" said the minister. "I see no kite, and you can see none." "I know it," quickly answered the little fellow; "but I am sure it is there, for I feel it pull."

It is often thus with the Christian. He is interested in something above him. All is gloom; he can see nothing; but his affections are attached to heavenly things; and so long as he feels these heavenly things pulling upward, he knows that the connection is not dissolved. One of the most difficult of Christian attainments is *to trust God in the dark*. What though we see him not? What though he is silent? Yet, if our hand is in his, if he holds us up, and leads us, and throws around us his paternal care, why should we not be assured of his love? We must not choose in disregard of his will; we must not dictate as to the *manifestations* with which we will be satisfied. "Not as I will, but as thou wilt," is the example set us by Him who redeemed us.

Our hope is said to be "as an anchor of *the soul, both sure and steadfast*. An anchor that is seen renders no service; but when it is unseen, down many fathoms beyond the reach of vision, it has hold of the bottom of the troubled sea, and there it is useful. "Hope that is seen is not hope," &c. Rom. viii. 24, 25. We must not expect "open vision" in this world. "We see through a glass darkly." "We walk by faith, not by sight." "Whom, not having seen, ye love." We must learn to *trust* and *obey*, for those are the fundamental elements of all personal godliness. I remember, while our dear father was ill — I think in 1815 — he read the Life and Diary of David Brainerd. One morning very early, as Royal and I lay in the trundle-bed, I was awake, and overheard father say to mother that he thought Brainerd "made too much account of frames and feelings, for his hope rose and fell with his happiness or unhappiness." That remark I have pondered much in my heart. Hope is the effect of faith. Joys are incidental things, of very little worth as evidence of Christian character. "Therefore being justified by faith," &c. Rom. v. 1.

To Rev. C. W. Flanders.

BOSTON, February 11, 1857.

It has been said that "the sanctuary of private grief is sacred." Recognizing this truth, I am slow to obtrude my foot within such a sanctuary, lest, with the best intentions, I might trespass upon territory con-

secrated to heart sorrows. But I remember the inspired requirement, "Weep with them that weep;" and I remember, too, the golden rule, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you," &c.

You do not, I am sure, lack for sympathizers in your repeated afflictions; but I cannot forbear to volunteer the assurance to you, as one whom I have learned to love, that my heart has been touched by the information of your double bereavement. You feel yourself stricken by the hand of God. As a brother I would fain place myself by your side, and say or do anything that might assuage your anguish, or encourage you patiently to endure. Accustomed as you are to administer consolation to others, and familiar as you are with that magazine of comforts, the Bible, I need not refresh your memory with the many "exceeding great and precious promises" which abound in true solace to the afflicted. Your mind has reverted to them all; you have applied them all; you have found them equal to all the purposes for which you have commanded them. You know the way to the mercy-seat. You have gone thither for light and peace, and there God, your own God, has met and blessed you.

Ministers, like other Christians, are often afflicted for their own good, but perhaps quite as frequently for the benefit of their people — 2 Cor. i. 4–6. Henceforth, my dear brother, you will be able more tenderly and deeply to sympathize with the sufferings of your flock. You will better understand the Scriptures, and therefore you will be a better preacher. After all, there is no theology for either the pulpit or for pastoral visitation like the *experimental*. The Saviour, whom we commend, was "made perfect through sufferings." His most useful servants are perfected in the same way. There are souls like the alabaster vase of ointment, very precious, which shed no perfume of holiness, because a great sorrow has never broken them. Great good may yet accrue to your flock from this discipline, and consequently great glory to your Lord.

To Rev. N. M. Williams.

BOSTON, April 20, 1857.

Your allusion to your dear father touched me tenderly. I loved him; I respected him; and, during the long period of our acquaintance, I always felt that I should like to pass my eternity with "a great multitude" of just such as N. W. Williams — the more the better. It gratifies me to know that his children do not forget their father's friend. Your note, now before me, is indicative of a feeling which he, in numerous instances, manifested towards me in seasons of trial, and which often cheered me to endure patiently the burdens of life. In the departure of such men as your father, Dr. Sharp, Dr. Bolles, Professor

Knowles, Mr. Jacobs, &c., I have looked around for the ministers in whom I could equally confide, and from whom, in my afflictions, I could hope for words and acts assuring me that their vacancies were likely to be supplied. In you I have not been disappointed, and I cannot give you a better testimony than by saying that you do not dishonor the name of Nathaniel. May the richest blessing of Him who saw one of that name "under the fig tree" rest ever upon you and all yours.

To all the Saints in Christ Jesus which are at Rowe Street, Boston.

"Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ. I thank my God upon every remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine for you all making request with joy, for your fellowship in the gospel from the first day until now; being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ: even as it is meet for me to think this of you all, because I have you in my heart; inasmuch as both in my bonds, and in the defence and confirmation of the gospel, ye all are partakers of my grace. For God is my record, how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ. And this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment; that ye may approve things that are excellent; that ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ; being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God."

Beloved in Christ Jesus: Though I am one of the unworthiest of pastors, yet from my heart I can adopt these apostolic sentences; and they express my feelings more accurately than any language that I can frame. My interest in you is not abated by absence, or by any measure of personal suffering. For your peace, your purity, your growth in grace, your love one to another, your zeal and usefulness in the cause of our common Master, I daily, hourly pray. In all your gatherings for public or social worship, I am with you in spirit. How gladly I would be with you in person, God is my record. No one of you, I fondly presume, im-

agines that I am away seeking my own gratification. I love my home and its endearments too well; and I love my work, with all its cares and responsibilities, too well to be unnecessarily absent, an idle exile, rendering to no one any service, and cut off from almost every social enjoyment. Were I able to do for you more than I can do here, forty-eight hours would show me among you, doing it to the extent of my ability. I am here the prisoner of Providence, and, though not, I hope, sinfully impatient, yet I long to be loosed from these bonds, that I may go to my own company. The word of the Lord is as a fire shut up in my bones, and I am weary of forbearing, and I would fain be preaching to you the unsearchable riches of Christ. This, I trust, will yet be my privilege; for, though I have not thus far derived much benefit from my experiment, I am still hopeful as to the ultimate result. When I left home, I thought it probable that I might return in four weeks, and so be with you at our next church meeting. Of that privilege I am likely to be denied. When I shall be able to resume labor is quite uncertain. I am in the hands of Him whose I am and whom I serve. I desire to be submissive to his will. Let us lay the whole case before his throne, and say, in the spirit of the resigned Sufferer who bore for us the cross, "Father, glorify thy name." The delay, I trust, will not be long. Pray for me, that I may be wisely directed, and humbly patient.

For some days you have been occupied with the anniversaries. Would that I could hope to find you benefited by their influence! My own experience has taught me that, apart from special watchfulness, the effect of such meetings is to dissipate the minds of Christians, and thus be unfavorable to their spirituality. God grant that the meetings in Boston may leave behind them a savor wholly good, contributing to your individual holiness. In my seclusion, I know very little of what has been said or done. My prayer throughout has been that God would direct his servants in all things, and give them largely of the spirit of their unselfish Master.

I can report nothing of interest, for I see very few persons, and hear comparatively nothing from the ministers and churches in this latitude. I have attended public worship once each Sabbath, and found it good to wait upon God in his house; but I have met with very little that reminds me of Rowe Street, except by dissimilarity and contrast.

Dear brethren and sisters, do you appreciate your privileges? Are you grateful for the "goodly heritage" which the Lord has given you? Are you living and laboring for Him who has so peculiarly distinguished you, and crowned you with so many tokens of his loving kindness? Do you bring forth the fruits of grace in a godly life, and in efforts to advance the Redeemer's kingdom? Do you desire the salvation of souls, and prove it by prayers of faith and labors of love? How much do you know of self-denial and cross-bearing for Christ's sake? Are you all walking in the narrow way that leadeth unto life? Are you actually following Christ, and does the world see that you resemble him, and are every month becoming more like him?

"Let every man prove his own work; then shall he have rejoicing in himself, and not in another."

Accept this, dear Christian friends, as a very imperfect token of my interest in your welfare. "May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."

Your truly affectionate pastor,

BARON STOW.

BALTIMORE, May 20, 1857.

CHAPTER XX.

MINISTERIAL WORK RECOMMENCED. — DISCOURAGEMENTS. — REMINISCENCES OF ANNIVERSARY PERIODS. — THE DARK DAYS OF THE WAR. — CONFLICTS OF FEELING. — A HAPPY SURPRISE. — JOURNAL. — CRITICISMS ON ROBERTSON, BOWLES, AND HUGO. — VIEWS ON "EVANGELISM." — RAVAGES OF DEATH. — REVIEW.

1859–1866.

So far as personal comfort was concerned, Dr. Stow did not derive the pleasure from his second trip abroad that he did from his first. He was poorly fitted to travel alone. His heart craved the companionship of congenial spirits, and the absence of the religious associations to which he had so long been accustomed made him sigh for his home, and the round of religious duties, in the discharge of which he found his chief joy. It was out of a soul overflowing with grateful emotions that he wrote in his journal, September 12, 1859, —

First Sabbath at home. It was good to reënter the loved sanctuary, and conduct the worship of my loved people. Though the day has been rainy, the attendance has been large. Preached in the morning from Psalm ciii. 2; afternoon, from Psalm xlii. 1, 2; evening, occupied an hour in sketches of the great revival in Ireland and Scotland. It has been a good day. O, how sweet to be at home!

And now recommences the record of his work, so similar in many respects to what we have already laid before our readers, and yet each event recorded having about it some peculiar interest, which, in his view, made it stand out prominent from all the other events of his life of multifarious toil in the vineyard of his Master. He makes a statement under date of February 12, 1860, which, we doubt not, was one of great sadness to him — that for ten months he had not had among

his people a single earnest inquirer; and he adds that such a period he had not known in a ministry of thirty-eight years. In addition to this want of the visible fruits of his ministerial work, which weighed so heavily upon his spirits, there were other things also which depressed him. Some of the causes which had operated in leading him to resign his pastoral charge at Baldwin Place Church were at work in making Rowe Street a less inviting field of labor. Commerce was pressing its irresistible way into the locality, and in almost every direction, massive warehouses were rising from their granite foundations, and forcing the families which had lived in the neighborhood of the church to seek for homes in other parts of the city. Every year it might reasonably be expected that the burdens would rest more heavily upon those who could not feel that the time had come to abandon the locality in which, for so many years, they had found their religious home. Many persons from sincere convictions that the time for removal had not come, and many from ardent attachment to the spot endeared to them by so many hallowed associations, could not make up their minds that they must turn away from the sanctuary they so much loved, to rear in another section a temple for the worship of their God and Saviour. Meanwhile the most casual observer could not fail to see that the vital forces of the religious society were being weakened, and a feeling of discouragement was creeping over the hearts of both pastor and people. The position of any church situated as the Rowe Street Church was beginning to be, is trying in the extreme. Dr. Stow loved his church, and they loved him. But neither could blind their eyes to the true position of affairs. Neither the fidelity and earnestness of the pastor, nor the desire of the church to coöperate with him in laudable methods for the promotion of the cause of Christ, could change the laws of social life, or modify the action of the causes which were at work in turning a section of the city, once the home of a large number of families, into the marts of trade and the scene of a busy activity, to meet the all-engrossing demands of a prosperous

commerce. The Rowe Street Church, like several other churches in its neighborhood, was obliged at last to yield to the pressure, and to remove to another locality; but in reaching the conclusion to do this, it is hardly possible for us to realize what a struggle it cost.

We have noticed how much Dr. Stow made of anniversaries — periods of peculiar interest in his life and experience. Among the most prominent of these, to which, in the journal of almost every year, he makes special allusion, are the day of his birth, that of the death of his father, for whose memory he ever cherished the most profound reverence and affection, and the days of his baptism and ordination. In like manner the anniversary of his marriage was always alluded to with the most tender interest, and he is ever thanking God that he gave to him the wife of his choice, whose love for him had never wavered.

In the following record he alludes to several of these periods, which he loved to recall: —

June 16. Fifty-nine years ago to-day my mother gave me birth. Thirty-eight years ago to-day I left dear home for Washington, to pursue my studies in the Columbian College. Nineteen years ago to-day I returned, with my dear wife, from my first trip to Europe. One year ago to-day I was travelling, lonely and sick, from Geneva to Chamouni. Forty-one years ago Wednesday, the 13th, I preached my first sermon, at the age of eighteen. Since then I have labored very imperfectly, but God has blessed my poor endeavors beyond my expectations.

November 21. Anniversary of my dear father's death. Forty years in heaven! Does he know I am thinking of him? How grateful I feel for his counsels of wisdom, guiding my youthful feet in the paths of purity and peace! I do not register my thoughts at the remembrance of my dear mother. She died far away, and the picture of her departure was never imprinted on my memory. Would that it were! She was beloved by me, as was my father. Her faithfulness to me, her efforts for my welfare, her sacrifices for my good, her holy examples, her godly teachings, I can never, never forget. She has been more than fourteen years in heaven. The memory of my parents is precious.

The course of events has brought us to the dark and trying period in our national history, when the horrors of civil

war cast a black pall of gloom over the whole land. Familiar although the story may be to the readers of this Memoir, they may be glad to know how the exciting times on which we are now entering affected so devout and earnest a spirit as that of Dr. Stow. Under date of December 3, 1860, he writes, —

The political excitement is becoming more violent, and ominous of bad results. Lord, lay thy restraining hand upon madmen, and let them not involve our country in disaster. O, what aspects do we see of human nature!

December 15. The cloud over our country daily grows thicker and darker. I see not how we are to avoid a rupture of the bonds of our Union, and consequent civil war. "None of the men of might have found their hands." We have no Clay or Webster to step in with their healing counsels. For years our ablest statesmen have been thrown into the background, and third-rate men have been put forward — demagogues lacking wisdom and moral principle, men who could raise a whirlwind, but knew not how to control it.

Our help is in God alone; but I fear the people will not humble themselves, and seek his interposition. In their madness they have forsaken him, and it appears as if he might leave us to our destruction. Would that we might have national fastings and prayers! We are a "sinful nation," laden with iniquity, and must repent and turn to God, or we are undone.

December 16. Such is the state of the people's minds with reference to our political and financial troubles, that preaching the gospel is quite useless. The prospect before us is gloomy indeed. In my day there has been nothing like it.

December 17. The president has appointed Friday, January 4, 1861, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, with reference to the present condition of our country. Will the people regard this summons? Will they bow before God, and implore his interposition?

December 18. My mind is distracted and worried by public calamities. O, to realize in personal experience the truth, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee."

A convention is now in session in South Carolina, and is to-day expected to pass the fatal ordinance of secession from the Union. O God, appear in that convention, and give the members a better mind! Change their counsels, and save our land from the fearful effects of their contemplated rashness. Our hope is in thee alone. Forsake us not utterly.

January 4, 1861. National fast. We have met three times to-day to pray for our country. Our meetings were eminently satisfactory. The prayers were appropriate, fervent, and in harmony.

January 11. In union with Christians throughout the world, we have observed this as a week of prayer. The great burden of petition has been for "our distracted country." Every evening we have laid our requests before Him who only can help us. Every day the darkness thickens.

January 16. Reading Müller's Life of Trust — a most remarkable book. It is a lesson to this age. God bless it to *me*.

March 4. To-day Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, is to be inaugurated President of the United — alas! now dis-united — States. Unprecedented interest is felt in the programme of policy which he will indicate of his administration. His position is one of great difficulty, and much prayer has been offered for him that he may have wisdom from above. My only consolation is, that "the Lord reigneth." Never have I seen the foolishness of human wisdom so perfectly illustrated as during the four months of our national troubles. What a spectacle have we presented to the nations of the old world!

April 13. The war is begun! Yesterday morning the secessionist forces commenced an attack on Fort Sumter, at Charleston, S. C. This is but the beginning of an end known only to God. My heart sickens at the prospect.

April 17. The excitement is deep and all-pervading in the free states. The determination is earnest to sustain the government. This evening a regiment of volunteers passed our door on their way to Washington for the protection of the capital, which is threatened by the secessionists. My heart was sickened in France, in May, 1859, as I saw the troops moving by tens of thousands towards Italy; but it was a sadder sight to see our young men going south, to kill and be killed. O God, interpose, and save my country from the horrors of civil war!

April 19. "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord." Every day brings evil tidings. Virginia has seceded, and other slave states are going. How precious now is the forty-sixth psalm! I read it over and over. It is rich!

May 18. The preparations for armed conflict are becoming more and more formidable. God only knows what sorrows are to be multiplied upon our unhappy country. I hope much from the prayers of our Christian people, who are bending devoutly and earnestly at the mercy-seat. May they pray like Jacob, and Moses, and Elijah, and Daniel. O Lord, hear, and come and save us.

June 10. No trial of strength, as yet, between the government troops and the secessionists. Great preparations have been made, and there will soon be collision. O, my heart sickens at the prospect. God of

mercy, look down upon us in pity, and stay the brutal passions of men. Is there no way to avoid bloodshed and desolation? Slavery, I am sure, is doomed, be the result of this contest as it may. But how can fighting bring about the love and amity necessary to the continuance of our Union as a nation? Dark, dark to me is the future. Lord of mercy, help me to resign the whole matter into thy hands, and trust thy wisdom and faithfulness. Help me to go on with my evangelical work with unwearied fidelity, and calmly await the developments of thy wise and holy providence. Thou art above all, and doest all things well. I will trust, and not be afraid.

June 17. I am sad. I cannot leave our national troubles wholly in the hands of God, and thus have rest and peace. I know I am often sinfully anxious and distrustful. O, for more of the tranquillity of faith! I know that God will do right, and yet I wish him to do what *I* regard as right. When shall I reach the point where I shall be in full sympathy with my Master, and cordially, with no reservation, say, "Not my will, but thine be done?"

November 1. Received a letter from my nephew, S. B. Partridge,* stating he is about to enter the United States army as a lieutenant. He graduated in August at Middlebury College, and had in view the work of the Christian ministry. His mother, brother, and sisters gave their full consent, believing that his duty lay in that direction. He goes with my blessing. Would that our armies were made up of such as he.

March 8, 1862. On Thursday, President Lincoln sent a message to Congress bearing upon the question of Emancipation,—keeping carefully within constitutional limits, yet foreshadowing a policy to which, under certain conditions, it may be necessary to resort. This war cannot last much longer without an onset upon slavery, of the most determined character. The more carefully I watch the course of events, the more convinced am I that God has put his hand to that great question, — the underlying cause of all our present troubles, — and that he will in some way, vindicate the claims of four millions of slaves to be treated as human beings.

May 24. The fate of the nation seems to me to be depending upon events now near at hand. I can do little else than pray for our armies, now on the eve of great conflicts. O for the "perfect peace" of him "whose mind is stayed" on God! Will he permit the cause of wrong to triumph? Lord, stand by our generals, and give them victory. My heart aches with solicitude. Lord, increase my faith; enable me to trust, and not be afraid. I turn to the Bible, and find it sweeter than ever! Precious book! do I not love thee?

August 31. A sad, sad Sabbath! Soon after commencing public

* Now a missionary to the Chinese at Bangkok, Siam.

worship this morning I received a message from the surgeon general of the state, requesting me to dismiss my congregation, and set all my people at work preparing bandages, lint, and other hospital comforts for our wounded soldiers. The reports of the numbers killed and wounded yesterday and the day previous are appalling. I responded at once to the demand, and all are busy doing the needed work. At five o'clock this evening a train is to leave with surgeons, hospital stores, &c. We are in an agony of suspense, — not knowing of either defeat or victory. O, how terrible this war!

At four P. M. I went to the Tremont Temple, and witnessed a most affecting scene — at least fifteen hundred women at work, making bandages, lint, compresses, &c. Men were assisting in various departments. From appearances, enough will be sent from Boston to meet the wants of thousands of poor sufferers. I thought of Christ's teachings — Matthew xii. 1–13, and Luke xiii. 10–17. What Sabbath service more acceptable to him than works of humanity? Dr. Reynolds said to me, "This is a glorious day! Here you have a demonstration of the spirit of your Lord and Master." As I looked on, I could not refrain from tears. My heart pronounced blessings upon these patriotic women.

Amid these distracting scenes, as many of us vividly remember, the pastors of our churches labored on, with but little, comparatively, to encourage them in their special religious work. Men's minds were necessarily preoccupied with matters connected with the war; and in those terrible weeks and months of suspense, through which the country was passing, we may not wonder if, for the time, the higher spiritual interests of the soul should be overlooked. "Nothing is plainer," writes Dr. Stow, "than that I am powerless. God only can move my people. Month after month I toil on, without knowing that I do the least good." A little light seemed to dawn on the prospects of his church. A proposition had been made to unite with the Shawmut Avenue Church, then under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Parker; and it was at one time seriously entertained, but was subsequently, and, as the event has shown, wisely abandoned.

It is interesting to notice the phases through which the mind of Dr. Stow passed, as the fortunes of war turned on one side or the other. The writer remembers very distinctly conversing with him, the latter part of June, 1863, on the

position of our national affairs, and finding him in a most discouraged mood of mind. Matters looked, he said, fearfully gloomy. He would be glad to take encouraging views, but where was he to turn for them? The enemy, in strong force, was moving across Maryland, above Harper's Ferry, into Pennsylvania, and the authorities did not seem to know at what they were aiming, whether Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Washington, or all together. Meanwhile, so far as it appeared, Hooker was doing nothing to resist them. A few days elapse, and, in exultant tones, he writes that the news is favorable from Pennsylvania. "To-day we hear of the fall of Vicksburg, that stronghold, under General Pemberton, having surrendered to General Grant on the 4th of July. The last week was a glorious one for the Union cause. The rebellion is by no means broken, but it is greatly weakened."

We continue our extracts from the journal of Dr. Stow, with special reference to matters connected with the war. Alluding, July 23, 1864, to the feeling of discouragement that was growing among the people, he says, "I wish I could see some honorable mode of restoring peace, and stopping the effusion of blood. But I see none so long as the South insists upon a division of the Union, and a recognition of the Confederacy."

August 31. The President of the United States has requested that thanks might be returned to-day in the churches for recent victories. Other ministers, I presume, have *preached* on national affairs. I have endeavored faithfully to preach the gospel of Christ. In prayer I endeavored to comply with the president's wishes. By no process could I bring my mind to a preaching service that would be likely to be interpreted as promoting partisan ends. I *can* preach for my country; for party I *cannot*. I am earnestly in favor of the reëlection of Abraham Lincoln; but I cannot help him in my pulpit. This has been my rule from the beginning, not to prostitute my vocation in any political preferences. "I am set for the defence of the gospel."

March 1, 1865. Much anxiety is felt for General Sherman, who is moving into North Carolina, and to check whose movements the rebels are "concentrating" their scattered divisions. Having cut loose from his base at Savannah, he had, at last dates, reached no other. Whence come his commissary stores? His movement is a bold one. Is it safe?

He has become the idol of our people. Is he not in danger of being overthrown? When a man becomes popular for a certain thing, he is very apt to undo in that direction. Lord, preserve him, direct him, and make him successful.

March 8. No news from General Sherman since he left Columbia, S. C. He is supposed to be moving north; but of his movements even the government knows nothing, and probably will not until he gets far into North Carolina, and can communicate with Wilmington. Whence come his supplies for so large a force? His expedition is certainly a bold one. Happy if it prove not a rash one. I know nothing of military affairs; but, looking at Sherman's enterprise in the light of common sense, its wisdom appears to me doubtful. Should it be successful, it will be a wonder in history.

March 11. Read cheerfully Ezek. vii. — a most extraordinary chapter. Who ever wrote like the prophets? What a description is that of the desolations coming upon Jerusalem! and what a commentary to subsequent history!

April 15. Painful news — the assassination of President Lincoln.

Evening. This has been a day of gloom through all the loyal states. Nothing since the death of Washington has so affected the people. The mourning for his tragical end is profound and sincere. In meditating upon this event, some questions have arisen.

Is it not possible that Mr. Lincoln had fulfilled his mission, and done all that he was best capable of doing?

Having united the country in breaking down the military power of the rebellion, was he the man to inaugurate and carry through a plan for the reconstruction of the Union?

May not his death at this time and under such circumstances, have been a necessity for the deepening of an impression as to the "barbarism of slavery," and the strengthening of a determination that the accursed system shall be effectually rooted out?

Was not this calamity needed to strike an awe into the heart of the nation respecting the supremacy of God, and as a warning not to depend upon an arm of flesh?

Had not Mr. Lincoln reached the acme of his glory, and was not his death at this juncture necessary to put his name in history without a blot?

May not his successor be the man to take up the work just at this point, and finish it with desirable thoroughness?

I pretend not to interpret the designs of Providence; but I am sure that God has some great purposes to accomplish by this seeming disaster. He may still be trusted. O, that all the people may adore him, and reverently await the development of his designs!

But we have dwelt longer, perhaps, than we ought to have done on the stirring events which so deeply interested the exceedingly sensitive nature of the subject of this Memoir. In the midst of the record of these exciting transactions, we find a picture of early home life and experiences, which seems like a gentle strain of music borne over the waters of a tempestuous sea.

July 9. Sky cloudless. A lovely Sabbath indeed. I am reminded of summer Sabbaths in boyhood, when I "went to meeting" at the Old Meeting-house, on "Baptist Hill," in Newport, N. H. Thomas Brown was the preacher, and as I sat in the window in the west gallery, instead of listening to the preaching, I watched the river winding down a deep valley, and I looked over the hill-sides on fields of grain and grass waving in the wind; at the shadows of the clouds moving across the landscape of wild forests and cultivated farms. How soothing were those views! how suggestive of real beauty! My soul hath them still in remembrance.

It will be remembered how much interest was awakened in the circles of religious thinkers by the publication of the works of Rev. F. W. Robertson. We will let Dr. Stow express his own opinion on this remarkable man, although we are aware that many of the admirers of this gifted clergyman will differ somewhat from this opinion.

December 20, 1865. Still reading the Life and Letters of F. W. Robertson. No better pleased. An analysis of his mental history would be instructive. All his aberrations may be traced back to a defective heart experience at the time he entered the ministry. His theories of religion were a mixture of the worst vagaries of Maurice, Kingsley, Theodore Parker, French Socialists, German Neologists, &c., &c.

Of two other books which he had been reading he takes note. The one, Bowles's Across the Continent, made a deep impression on his mind, as presenting a picture of the vast extent and unlimited resources of our country. "What," he is led to inquire, "will it be a half century hence? O that our churches, our ministry even, were more fully awake to the work before them! How weighty the responsibilities that press upon this generation of Christians!" The other book

was Victor Hugo's Les Misérables. "Disgusted with both its philosophy and its morality," he remarks, "I have thrown it aside. Satan has no more corrupting agency than such a writer. But as my heart is, I bless God it loathes such literature. O, what an account will French novelists have to render!"

We introduce at this point two extracts, in which may be traced his opinion of the system of "Evangelism." It will be seen that while he alludes in kind, even commendatory, terms to one who has for several years been regarded as one of the best exponents of the system, he speaks cautiously, and as the result of his own experience of the system itself.

April 10, 1866. At eleven A. M. went to Park Street Church, and heard a discourse from Rev. A. B. Earle, the revivalist, who is now laboring at Chelsea. The house was full, and the preacher had good attention. His text was Ps. li. 12 — "*Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation.*" He said many good things in a very tender manner. Nothing eccentric, nothing vulgar. I think a good impression was made.

April 27. In several of our city churches there is considerable religious interest, but all under the high-pressure system of revival agencies. I cannot introduce such expedients. They are dangerous, I know. I am endeavoring to do my duty to my people, and must leave with God the results. I may temporarily be blamed for not coöperating with my brethren; but one year hence what will be their judgment respecting these measures? My heart aches for the unconverted of my flock, but my responsibility has limitations, and if they perish it will not be because I have failed to tell them the whole truth.

The question of personal duty in his relations to his church grew only more perplexing as the weeks passed by. He hoped to get some light on the subject by consultation with leading brethren in the church; but he came to the conclusion that he must decide the matter for himself. To add to the weight of the burden he was bearing, death was constantly making sad havoc in the circle of his friends. Under date of September 15 of this year, 1866, he alludes to the removal of his "excellent physician," Dr. Augustus A. Gould, who, for thirty-three years, had been his family physician. The blow was a heavy one, and nearly unmanned him. A few days af-

ter, he records the death of another life-long friend, William Crane, of Baltimore. Not long after, another friend, Rev. W. Jenks, D. D., is called to his reward, and again he feels like one personally bereaved.

In touching words he closes the record of the year.

December 31. Anniversary of my baptism, forty-eight years ago. How fresh in my recollection are the incidents of that memorable day — of the grave cut through the ice, of the administrator (dear Brother Leland Howard), of the candidates (eleven in number), of the spectators, of the day, much like this, bleakly cold, &c., &c.! I am now far along in life; but O, how little has been my spiritual progress! Gladly would I set apart this day to a review of my Christian course, to fasting and to prayer; but I have work, work, and "must be about my Father's business."

God, in great mercy forgive my sins of this year; accept my thanks for the favors of the year; bless my labors for the year.

Farewell, 1866.

CHAPTER XXI.

CALLED TO AN ACCOUNT. — CORRESPONDENCE. — RESIGNATION OF THE PASTORATE OF ROWE STREET CHURCH. — CALL TO ALTON, ILLINOIS. — LETTER OF ADVICE FROM MINISTERING BRETHREN. — DECISION TO REMAIN IN BOSTON. — CORRESPONDENCE.

WHILE in England, in the summer of 1859, Dr. Stow had been called to an account by some of his Baptist brethren, because he had failed, in their opinion, to come up to their standard as "Abolitionists." They accused him of lukewarmness, of a backwardness to take a position of open, avowed hostility to the system of American slavery. To those who had known Dr. Stow's views on this subject, this charge was simply ridiculous. These brethren went so far as to send a written communication to him, calling upon him to explain, and if possible vindicate, his conduct. As he did not recognize the authority of this self-constituted jury, who were thus sitting in judgment on him, he would not condescend to take any notice of their dogmatic communication. The correspondence which grew out of this affair is worthy of perusal. The letter sent to Dr. Stow from England is too long to transfer to our pages, but the principal points in it will be brought out in the correspondence referred to.

PROVIDENCE, March 19, 1860.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I think the communication a very extraordinary one. You cannot satisfy such men, and yet maintain a proper self-respect. They interfere with your Christian liberty, and take ground that is highly offensive.

I would either make no reply, or I would reaffirm what you said, and express a regret that your Christian integrity is publicly questioned by

brethren. A gentle remonstrance might be added against such a mode of trial.

If it is probable that they will mangle and maul you again, I would not give them another chance to "disapprove of Dr. Stow representing himself" — falsely — in plain English.

I would write more, but I begin to grow indignant, and am really afraid I shall get angry. You cannot answer the communication as it deserves. They have taken great pains to spread a net for you. If you show much feeling, they will think they have the bull in their meshes. I should like to know how Martin Luther, my old friend, would treat such a communication. He probably would say some very injudicious things. In fine, I would take my leave of the good brethren in the briefest way possible, and hope to meet them in heaven without these conditions of fellowship.

I know you are anti-slavery, and always have been, in your sentiments since my first acquaintance with you. I think we shall both continue to be so in spite of provocations such as these to a contrary course.

Now I have got cool again, I will say I think the action of our dear brethren on the other side of the water, supercilious and insolent. They even limit the time of your reply, making no provision either for sickness or death. The secretary delays writing a whole month, and then holds the ban over you if you are not more prompt than he has been. But I am getting warm again, and so will stop. My final opinion is, that the Lord only can manage such Christians. You may show this letter to anybody, if you have occasion. It will prove that I try to govern myself.

Yours, *not in bonds*,

B. Sears.

Boston, U. S., March 23, 1860.

My dear Brother: Soon after my return from Europe last autumn, I learned indirectly that brethren in England were discussing certain questions pertaining to myself. No part of that discussion have I seen, and I have felt, respecting it, no solicitude.

A few days since I received a letter from the secretary of the Board of Baptist Ministers in and near London, communicating, as instructed, a copy of a report of a committee of said Board adopted in January last. From two documents, bearing the signatures of men whom I do not know, it appears that I have been made the subject of elaborate inquisitorial proceedings. Of the contents of these papers, unless I copy them entire, I can give you no adequate conception. Should you see them, as I hope you may, I think you will

concur with me, that self-respect forbids all reply. In form and spirit they are both decidedly offensive; for, as I interpret them, they implicate my veracity, judge my motives, and interfere with my Christian liberty. To men who thus approach me I cannot sacrifice my manhood, either by recognizing their jurisdiction or by conceding to any of their assumptions. They offer me an opportunity, within a limited time, to make explanations; but they do this in a style and tone which but too plainly involve a menace. What they intend to do, provided I remain silent, they do not intimate, and I am not anxious to know. What little reputation I have is in the custody of Him whose I am and whom I serve. My prayer is, that both they and myself may have more of the spirit of Christ, and that, through the riches of his grace, we may all meet in heaven.

In the Crucified One,

I am, dear brother,

Most affectionately, &c.,

BARON STOW.

Rev. S. Manning, Frome, Somersetshire, England.

To Rev. S. Manning.

BOSTON, U. S. A., July 16, 1860.

When I wrote you, March 23, I did not intend to subject you to the trouble of even acknowledging the receipt of my letter. My object was to place in the hands of one whom I was quite sure I might trust, a definitive expression of the light in which I regarded the communications forwarded to me by Mr. Barker, secretary. I have, therefore, to thank you most cordially for your fraternal kindness, as manifested in your two letters, one of May 24, the other of June 22, covering certain communications from London.

After mature deliberation, I see no reason for changing my original purpose. The disclaimer of the board, in regard to the "premature publication" of the report, does not alter the case. Dishonorable as was that act. by whomsoever perpetrated, it constituted no part of the offence which determined my course. My difficulty was with the assumption of a jurisdiction which I cannot recognize, and with the tone of both the report and the accompanying letter. Till those documents are withdrawn, and I am addressed, not as a culprit indicted by a Star Chamber process, but as a brother in Christ, my self-respect must forbid all response to their demand.

Consequently I cannot accede to the wish of your friend in London, that I might furnish him with the means by which he could vindicate me. I appreciate his kindness; but how can I, without self-degradation, do indirectly what my manhood will not allow me di-

rectly to attempt? His intimation that, if I fail to supply some sort of vindication, there may be a vote not to "fraternize" with me, does not frighten me. Such action may be a greater calamity than I now foresee, but I must wait for it, and abide the issue.

The interpretation which Mr. Barker is represented as putting upon my letter to you, is unjust. I am not in the habit of sneering at my Christian brethren, however ungenerously they may treat me, and, by referring to my copy of that letter I find nothing which can be honestly construed as disrespectful to the body which had assumed cognizance of my case. I did not know of whom that board was composed; I do not now know. They may all be far better men than I am, but their action in my case, as expressed by their communications, is objectionable and offensive. Till approached in a different manner, I must be silent, and pray for grace to resemble Him who, for my sake, "made himself of no reputation."

The foregoing correspondence shows us a side of Dr. Stow's character which is not often revealed. Ordinarily he was the most pliant of men, ready to yield his own wishes, and not insisting upon his own rights. But if there was an appearance of lording it over him, if his purest motives were called in question, he not only keenly felt the insult, but he knew how, in a firm but Christian way, to repel it. The men who had ventured to arraign him at their bar may have supposed that they had a timid, irresolute spirit to deal with; but they found that he was not to be treated in this manner without calling in question their authority, and declining, with dignity, to answer their impertinent questions. As the action of this self-constituted body of inquisitors was repudiated by a majority of the intelligent ministers of the denomination in England, Dr. Stow very soon dismissed from his mind all thought of it.

We draw sparingly from the correspondence between the years 1860 and 1866.

To the daughter of Professor Knowles.

BOSTON, July 18, 1860.

During my absence last week in Vermont, I read, in a newspaper, an announcement of the departure of your dear mother. Pardon me if I

express a wish to learn particulars. I had not heard of her illness. The intelligence stirred memories of the past which I tenderly cherish.

I first saw your mother in 1825, a few months before she was married. From that time onward I esteemed her both for her own sake and for the sake of the dear one whom none but herself and children loved more than I did. With such as she and your lamented father I shall be glad to spend eternity.

From E. B. Underhill.

LONDON, April 20, 1861.

We are watching with deep interest the progress of affairs in the States. The last two days have filled us with dread that civil war is about to break out. This is deeply to be regretted. It may be grievous to lose the south, but I am inclined to think that good government and humanity will be served by the separation. It seems to me that these events must lead to a modification of your constitution, by which the executive shall be rendered more able to administer the laws and enforce their observance. Nothing is so striking to us as the absence of strength in your executive to constrain attention to the laws, to overrule mobs, and prevent anarchy. The central power will have to be made much more powerful, either by a larger standing army, or by greater command of the police and administrative authorities. Of course you may have an executive *too* powerful, but in a constitutional government this can be guarded against.

To Deacon H. Lincoln.

BOSTON, July 20, 1861.

You write somewhat on the "falling inflection," as I believe you generally do the first week of your sojourn at Saratoga Springs. By this time, I take it, you have washed down the blueness of your spirits, and commenced the ascending scale. As many as thirty times has the "old Congress" exorcised from your physical system the unclean spirit that caused depression, and you have returned "as good as new," ready for an eloquent appeal in behalf of the Massachusetts

Baptist Charitable Society, at the Boston Association. I am looking for a like result this year. You are only in your eighty-third year. At the commencement dinner, on Wednesday, Josiah Quincy, Senior, made a speech showing how little his natural force was abated, though he is almost ninety. Deacon Lincoln is good yet for active service.

To his wife.

BOSTON, HARRISON AVENUE, September 7, 1861.

One of my first thoughts, after waking this morning, was of a delightful event in our history — an event of which every 7th of September reminds me; and as I bowed in thanksgiving to God for his many mercies, I poured out my heart in praise for his gift of such a wife. I have to-day recalled the history — my own and yours — of all these years, and I could see a hundred reasons why I should be grateful. God forgive me if I fail here, as I fail in almost every duty.

You, my precious one, have been to me invariably true and faithful. I cannot remember the first delinquency in the fulfilment of your marriage vows. You have patiently borne with my infirmities, and spread the mantle of love over my imperfections. You have been my solace in times of nervous suffering, and my helper in the trials and responsibilities of a laborious life. You have tenderly endeavored to correct whatever in me was perverse. You have genially fostered whatever in me was right. For all the attainments I have made in moral culture, I am indebted to your quiet mode of dealing with my susceptible and hasty temperament. When we were united in bonds never to be severed, you little knew your mission. God then provided for me just the one whom he saw I needed to promote both my happiness and usefulness. Blessed be his name forever and ever for such a help-meet — the greatest favor next to the forgiveness of my sins which he could bestow. Again and again I bow before him in adoring gratitude.

Accept this, dear E., as a tribute, not prompted by any spasmodic affection, but revealing the uniform conviction of

what is due from one who knows and appreciates your worth. May God fill you with his love, and keep you safe unto life everlasting. Not many years hence, we shall, through rich grace, be in a better home, "clothed upon with our house, which is from heaven," "ever with the Lord," and ever together.

To Rev. Dr. Stockbridge.

BOSTON, February 8, 1862.

I rejoice to hear so encouraging an account of the state of affairs in dear old Baldwin Place. And I rejoice for the sake of that precious people, and for Christ's sake, that you are there. May God bless you there, giving you many souls. Assure the dear brethren of my tender interest in their prosperity, and my earnest prayers that they may be favored largely with the divine influence. The first moment I find myself able, I shall certainly be with them and you, speaking words of encouragement, and joining my supplications with yours and theirs. You have there sure proof of what I knew years ago — that Baldwin Place Christians know how to pray.

To Dr. and Mrs. Shurtleff.

SHARON SPRINGS, N. Y., August 14, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I have just read in the Boston Post a notice of the heavy calamity that has come upon you; and though my absence is not for pleasure, yet I almost reproach myself that I am so far away as to render personal attentions impossible. My heart is with you in this hour of your bitterest affliction, and I adopt the only means at command to assure you of Mrs. Stow's and my own sympathy. Gladly would we be by your side, showing that friendship is more than a name — that Christian sympathy is a reality. We have felt for you in previous bereavements, when you yielded up, at your Father's call, precious little ones — lovely plants of promise, early transplanted to the Gardens of the Blest, where, under the most faithful culture, they are developing

from glory to glory. Not less, but more, do we now feel for you as you mourn for your first-born. You have suffered on his account — not, thank God, because of any departure from morality, but because of his adoption of a religious theory differing from your own. Now you forget all those anxieties and regrets, and remember only what you approved. Nathaniel was unquestionably sincere; he followed his own deeply wrought convictions; he was honest before God. I have often thought of him as having, very possibly, been saved from scepticism by the power of a faith that carried him farther than you and I can go. It is better to believe too much than too little. His belief included the essential elements of Christianity. The excess of his faith pertained to things outward in religion, and could not neutralize the saving efficiency of those truths which relate to the inward life. You may, upon a review of the whole case, see that his becoming a Catholic was beneficently ordered by Him who sees the end from the beginning, and you will say through your tears, "He hath done all things well."

Great, indeed, is the sacrifice you have made for your country's good. You laid that dear son on the altar, knowing the possibility of what has actually occurred. God has accepted the offering, and he will support and comfort you under the bereavement. To his paternal mercy I commend you. My prayer is for your solace — that solace which is always the result of quiet, unmurmuring submission.

To Rev. I. Pearson.

BOSTON, July 3, 1863.

I see by the newspapers that you and yours are in affliction; and, though you do not lack for friends, yet I am sure you will let me say that my heart turns towards you in tender sympathy.

I remember Abby King as a little child, but for many years have not seen her. Still I have ever felt an interest in her for her parents' sake, and have ever received a good account of her as an honor to her parentage. I know not if

my precious brother, Alonzo King, has a child left on earth. He certainly has children in heaven. Happy, happy reunion!

How, within our remembrance, those two families, the Kings and the Cheneys, have melted away! I love to recall the memory of what they were, and still more to think what so many of them now are. Blessed be the "God of grace" for the prospect of meeting such numbers of the friends of my youth in the better land!

As I advance in years, I turn with warmer and warmer interest to those whom I knew and esteemed in early life. As I hear of their sorrows, I feel an irresistible desire to lay my heart close to theirs, and let them feel its throbbings of Christian sympathy. I am in the last of the seven decades of years allotted to man, and it is becoming more and more a part of my mission to write fraternally to those whom I cannot see and address.

To Rev. N. M. Williams.

BOSTON, November 28, 1863.

Many thanks for your kind letter of the 15th. I have many such from individuals, some entire strangers, but no one has given me such special pleasure as yours.

"Christian Brotherhood" was the product of a heart that has long felt deeply on the subject. The Baptist religious papers were "afraid of its tendencies to laxity of Baptist principles," and treated it, not unkindly, but coolly. Only one edition was sold, and, unless there should be an increased demand, I doubt if the publishers would venture another. I am not annoyed or mortified, personally, by the fate of the book. I did not write it for fame or money, and, having gained neither, I am not disappointed. I felt impelled to give my testimony, and leave it in the hands of Him whom I wished to honor. Consequently I have not for a moment been disquieted by its limited circulation, or by any criticisms. All, so far as I know, admitted that the work was written in a kind, Christian spirit. I wish I could see a better spirit in

our Baptist brethren towards evangelical Christians who differ from them.

That you are interested in my views gives me much satisfaction. I am the happier for entertaining them, and for having published them, and I am sure the day will come when those views will receive favor now denied them. The spirit of sect is not the spirit of Christ. It is the disfigurement of our Christianity, and must be renounced before we shall make any large inroads upon the territories of error and sin.

Let us, my brother, be true to all our principles. If others welcome not our fidelities, let us endeavor to be ourselves right by subordinating our denominationalism to our Christianity. "Charity never faileth."

To J. W. Manning, Esq.

BOSTON, June 12, 1864.

I thank you for the paper containing a notice of the death of our dear friend Dr. B. Never shall I forget the frequent interviews I had with him in the spring of 1858. He came to me as a stranger, with his mind evidently disturbed by the Holy Spirit's influences, yet clinging to his Unitarian notions of God, and sin, and salvation. I could not conceive of a pagan mind more dark in regard to evangelical doctrines; but happily he was docile and anxious to know the truth. I had to begin with a statement of the first principles of Christianity, and lead him on, as a little child, through the simplest rudiments of religious truth. Most delightfully I was rewarded by the readiness with which he embraced that truth at every step of the explanation. I soon became convinced that his heart had been renewed even before he called upon me, and that all he needed was instruction. Never had I seen a more flexible mind, or one more disposed to accept the gospel. His "natural religion" melted away before the cross like snow in summer, and the moment he saw what the Saviour had done for him, he welcomed the knowledge with an intelligent joy that I have seldom seen equalled. His views of God's holiness, and of the great evil

of sin, were remarkably clear, and his surrender to Christ was complete. The cast of his mind, both naturally and by education, was eminently scientific, and I feared, at first, that he would require demonstration at every point, and insist on *knowing* rather than *believing*. But in that respect I was disappointed. He showed no repugnance to any truth of the Bible, and was willing to believe whatever God has said, because of his confidence in the divine veracity. I saw him often for several weeks, and was inexpressibly gratified by his progress in a knowledge of the plan of salvation. His emergence from darkness into light was slow, but he came out with no remnant of Unitarianism clinging to him. He was an evangelical believer every step of the way, and experienced richly all that is denoted by the expression, "peace in believing." Hence I have never feared his relapse into any of his former errors. His theology was experimental; his faith stood "not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." He could give a reason for the hope that was in him. He had a new heart, and his religion was a life.

Not often have I seen him since, but every interview has confirmed my first impression — that his conversion was thorough. That he is now with Christ I do not doubt.

To Rev. Dr. Dean, Bangkok, Siam.

BOSTON, July 14, 1866.

. . . There is war in continental Europe, and we are looking for changes there that will be favorable to human freedom. These old despotisms must pass away, and the crushed millions must arise from their depression. Romanism is still the curse of Europe, but its power is waning. Should Italy become a unity under Victor Emanuel, I would not give much for the poor old pope and his college of cardinals. Not more certain is it that paganism must fall, than it is that the Romish Antichrist must perish. Paganism and Romanism are both of the devil, and Christ will destroy them. You and I shall not here witness the consummation, but from

the heights of the heavenly Zion we shall see Christ triumphant, and exult over the glorious issue.

Some of the correspondents of Dr. Stow may be disappointed as they turn to the pages of this volume, and do not find precious letters written by him to them. Writing to a dear relative, under date of September 25, 1865, he says, "I write from twenty to twenty-five letters per week, and yet a huge pile of unanswered letters is constantly before me, occasioning many a heartache that I cannot promptly reciprocate the kind remembrances of my friends." From this accumulated mass of correspondence, we must choose as best we may, wishing, above all things, to bring out in sharp relief such peculiarities of mind and heart as may convey to our readers the best portraiture we can give of the character of Dr. Stow.

Early in the year 1867, Dr. Stow was called to mourn the removal by death of several long-tried friends, among whom were the wife of Deacon Heman Lincoln, and the venerable Mrs. Mears, both of them women of great personal worth, and both deeply interested in everything connected with the prosperity of Rowe Street Church. These blows fell heavily on the sensitive heart of their beloved pastor. In addition to these fresh burdens laid upon his spirit, there was the one he was ever bearing, involved in the question of duty as to the pastorate of the church, over whose fortunes he had so long presided. He felt certain that to remain much longer in the locality which they were then occupying would be fatal to their interests, probably to their very existence. While he was willing, to the utmost of his ability, to coöperate with them in the adoption and carrying out of any plan which would open to them a new path of prosperity, he saw, or thought he saw, a lack of enterprise and an unwillingness to embark in any new schemes, which, with the blessing of God, might result in their enlargement and increased efficiency. This want of hearty zeal oppressed his spirits. He laid open his heart to his brethren. Several meetings for consultation were held, and the result of all their deliberations was, that he felt constrained

to send in his resignation of his pastoral charge. There were some things connected with his resignation which deeply pained him, over which we draw the veil. As similar experiences fall to the lot of almost all ministers placed in similar circumstances, we have no desire to give prominence to these trials, as if none like them have ever been borne by the servants of Christ. He closed his letter of resignation with the assurance of his affection for the church, and of the joy he should ever feel in their prosperity, and expressed himself ready to render to it any service that might contribute to its advancement.

Once more free, bound by no ministerial ties to any church, he had an opportunity to enjoy a few weeks of respite from professional toil. Two or three months elapse, and calls to different posts of labor begin to pour in upon him. First there comes an invitation to become pastor of the church in Upper Alton, Ill., coupled with the assurance that he will be invited to the chair of a professor in the theological department of Shurtleff College. Then he is approached with offers of a professorship in still another institution, and the presidency of a seminary at Washington, D. C., for the education of colored preachers. The most urgent claim was from Upper Alton, and it was pressed with great importunity. The following extracts will show the interest which was taken by his friends in the decision to which, after prayerful consideration, he might be brought. The first was written by Dr. Bright, and appeared in the Examiner, of New York, September 26, 1867.

"Dr. Stow's pastoral services in Boston, both at Baldwin Place and at Rowe Street, have been of such a degree of excellence, that after-times, when in search of models for the illustration of pastoral work, will turn to these services and find them. He has merited, and he has had, the unqualified respect and reverence of the city in which he has dwelt. And it becomes us to say, as of personal knowledge, that in the important missionary counsels of his denomination no man

has been his superior; and it is not too much to say that in some respects no man has been his peer. Not greatly given to talk, he had the rarer power of listening till he had mastered every point of a discussion, and of then stating, in the form of a motion or resolution, the line of policy in which conflicting views might be harmonized. The action of the missionary committee was oftener his, in instances of this kind, than of any other person, and this, never from an overbearing influence, but from an extraordinary power of insight and adjustment. These missionary services, like his pastoral services, can never be over-estimated. If he goes to Alton, he goes with still the power of rendering exalted service; and he is the man to stand by his Master's work to the last."

On the contrary, another writer gives his opinion in language which met with a response in multitudes of loving hearts.

"Dr. Stow, instead of resigning, ought to have had a good, active colleague. This mark of respect was due to him, and would have been an honor to the church. He ought not to leave Boston for any western field. He has spent thirty-five years in an active, useful ministry, which has been unsurpassed; and here he ought to spend his last days, which ought to be made his best."

We cannot refrain from enriching our pages with the following most beautiful and touching letter sent to Dr. Stow by his brethren in the ministry. Its great influence on the decision which he finally reached cannot be doubted.

DEAR BROTHER: We, the undersigned, your brethren, most of whom are younger than yourself, and others, your life-long friends, with whom you have been associated in the pastoral office, are tenderly sensitive to the circumstances in which you now ask our advice. We will not attempt to express the emotions of personal sympathy and affection with which our hearts are full. In regard to the position offered for your

acceptance at Upper Alton, Ill., we can only say, that we have no doubt it is a field which should be occupied by one of the strongest men in our denomination, and we appreciate the good judgment of the church and the friends of the college in directing their attention to yourself. We hesitate to give counsel to one, of whom it is more natural that we should ask it; but we are strongly of the opinion, — and in this decision of our judgment our hearts very warmly and instinctively coincide, — that you should pass the remainder of your life in this vicinity. You were born in New England. Here you have been engaged in the active duties of the pastorate for nearly forty years, thirty-five of which have been passed in this city. Here is your home. You know the habits and character of the people, and they know you. Your name is identified with the Baptists of Massachusetts and of Boston; nor is there any name more honored and beloved among us. Your reputation is unsullied, and we look upon it as the gift of God to our churches and ministry, and should be guarded and used by us, especially now in the evening of your days, as a sacred trust. You have a matured experience. We cannot forget how often you have appeared as if intuitively to speak the right word in the right place, and how frequently you have embodied in a brief paragraph or resolution the united sentiment of a public meeting, and thus harmonized conflicting elements. We know what your influence has been at Newton, and in the Missionary Union, and in all our benevolent institutions. We need that influence now more than ever. We know that we cannot have it many years longer; and on this account we cling to it the more earnestly. Your fellow-citizens of Boston, old and young, many of whom are unknown to you personally, but who have seen you for many years on public occasions, who have heard you in the pulpit, and have met you daily in the streets, would sadly miss the familiar voice and form. We know, too, your own temperament, your attachment to early scenes, and the friends you have known and loved so long. We are sure that you could not be sepa-

rated from them without a heart-pang, which, though borne in silence, would still rest painfully upon your sensitive spirit, to the close of life. So far, therefore, as we are able to interpret the present indications of Providence, our advice is, that you remain where you are, confidently believing that the Lord has work for you to do, and in his own time will make the path of duty plain before you.

Rollin H. Neale,	William Hague,
J. N. Murdock,	O. T. Walker,
J. W. Olmstead,	D. C. Eddy,
William C. Child,	A. Webster,
James Upham,	W. V. Garner,
Granville S. Abbott,	Justin D. Fulton,
P. Stowe,	E. A. Lecompte.

Boston, October 21, 1867.

Such a tribute of respect and affection from his brethren, any minister might well covet. In view of all the reasons which presented themselves to his mind, Dr. Stow decided to remain in his long and dearly cherished home. The tree, now growing venerable with age, had struck down its roots too deep, and spread its tendrils too widely, to be rudely torn up and transplanted to another soil. There was no lack of opportunity to render service in his own line of professional duty. If he was nominally without a pastoral charge, he was constantly performing the work of a pastor. Now we find him at Laconia, N. H., performing the last offices of kindness and respect for his old friend and parishioner, Colonel Selden Crockett. A few weeks after he alludes to the funeral services performed over the remains of Mrs. Sarah Colby, the mother of another of his warm friends, Gardiner Colby, Esq. Of her he says, "I could speak of her without a drawback. She was fifty years a true, exemplary Christian, a woman of great energy, with strong elements of character, developed by hard struggles and much sharp discipline."

To relieve him of the pecuniary burdens, which, of course, were pressing upon him, the friends of Dr. Stow purchased

for him an annuity policy of one thousand dollars. His services as a preacher were in almost constant demand, and his busy pen was in requisition every week to furnish articles for the columns of the Watchman and Reflector, and other religious periodicals. His friends saw no flagging of his intellectual powers, and he did a vast amount of mental labor with his wonted facility. In all the movements of the church, of which he had for so many years been the pastor, he took an abiding interest; and when, convinced of their inability longer to sustain themselves in Rowe Street, they decided to remove to their present locality, no heart was more gladdened by the decision than was that of Dr. Stow. He performed the service of laying the corner stone of the new edifice. On the completion of the lecture-room of the new church, he preached, April 25, 1869, the first sermon in its pulpit.

Death continued to break the ties which bound him to friends whom he had loved for years. One after another — Dr. Cushman, Rev. P. Stowe, Hon. Richard Fletcher, Deacon Heman Lincoln — were called away. Of the last he writes, "Blessed be God for his useful life. Yesterday (July 24) he recognized me with a smile and a pressure of the hand." These various bereavements weighed heavily upon his spirits. They made him feel how solitary he was becoming by these removals of long-cherished friends to the other world. It must not be denied also that he felt keenly the loneliness of the position which he now occupied. We have seen how he loved the pastoral office, which he had sustained for nearly forty years with scarcely any interruption. Now he felt as if he was out of his appropriate sphere. He was not conscious of any failure in the vital forces of his nature. Those who saw him in the committee-room of the mission-house in Bedford Street, those who read the productions of his pen, or listened to his preaching on the Sabbath, felt that the old vigor and life were still there, and that, fostered by genial influences, such as had surrounded him in other days, perhaps years of useful service might still be in reserve for him. But his intimate friends saw that, with all his attempts when

among men to appear cheerful and happy, he was sad and downcast. He dwelt with sorrow on his position as a minister without a pastoral charge. The work of a pastor had been his cherished vocation for so many years that it was exceedingly hard to lay aside this vocation. He missed the sympathy of his "own people." He wanted the love of a church who with fondness could call him "pastor," and whom, in the arms of his faith, he could daily carry to the throne of heavenly grace. Now he felt — we may say that the feeling was a morbid one, but to him it was intensely real — that he was cast into the shade. He would not murmur against the will of God; but he drank the cup which was pressed to his lips with a depth of grief which it was sad to behold. How many of his warm friends would gladly have chased away those sombre clouds which brooded over him! But it was not in the power of any human being to scatter them. In the circumstances in which he was placed, he would not have been Baron Stow, had he felt any differently from what he did feel. His friends, companions of his earlier and his riper years, falling around him in every direction; turned aside from the endeared occupations of a long ministerial life, feeling — whether justly or unjustly we will not undertake to say — that his brethren were beginning to regard him as old and worn out, when he felt conscious that his ability to do good service for his Lord and Master in that department of religious work in which he had wrought for a lifetime, was not essentially weakened, — we repeat it, he would not have been Baron Stow if he had not given way to depression of spirits, and sometimes sunk down almost overwhelmed under the burdens he was bearing. Occasionally there would be a Sabbath, when, although he felt vigorous and well, it would happen that his services were not in demand, and he who loved the pulpit with the ardor of an almost unquenchable passion would be compelled to pass the day in silence. Such Sabbaths, to him, were days of bitter anguish. It is unquestionably true that this experience through which he was passing was the means of hastening the end which was now

drawing so rapidly near. The Master whom he had so long and so faithfully served saw that the load that he was carrying was greater than he could bear, and in mercy to him he took him to a higher and holier sphere of labor and enjoyment, where the weary one would be at rest.

Pursuing still the plan which we have followed in the preceding pages, we make one more draft upon his correspondence. The extracts we give have a peculiar interest, because they are taken from the last letters he ever wrote. Knowing how sincerely he would deprecate the presentation of thoughts and feelings which grew out of his private griefs, we refrain from bringing these to the notice of our readers. We present those only to which we think he would make no objection.

To Rev. Ira Pearson.

BOSTON, January 16, 1867.

Your kind favor of the 14th came to hand this morning, and, as a Chinaman would say, "It made me ten parts happy."

Right glad am I to hear from you, my early pastor, and long my true and faithful fellow-laborer. Hardly can I realize that you are ten years older than myself. You always appeared so young, with no signs of decay, bodily or mental! Good habits, a good conscience, and an eminently good wife have had an eminently conserving influence upon your vital forces, so that at seventy-five, without weakness or weariness, you maintain your position on the walls of Zion. And now, by the grace of God, you are having your youth renewed, and are gathering a harvest from the seed you have sown. How sweet the words you quote!—"Mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Simeon had the best sight; you are having the next best. O, how glorious to see sinners effectually subdued by the Holy Spirit, and brought to Christ for life and peace! This your joy is now full. May God give you grace and strength to labor in this harvest season, and permit you the privilege, not only of gathering many converts, but of training them for effectual service when you shall have entered into rest.

For a few years past I have been working hard without much apparent fruit. It is a trial of faith, but I do not despair of witnessing some further results of my labors. Your experience encourages me to hope for a blessing on the word I have preached. Pray for me, that, whatever may be my appointed lot, I may be "*faithful* unto death." My term of service is drawing to a close. I still love the work, and cheerfully toil on; but I have no wish to go back and begin anew. The eternal future looks brighter than the temporal past. To depart and be with Christ is far better than any joys of the present life. Dear brother and sister, we look for a reunion in the better land. The last time I saw good Mrs. Farnsworth, at Rochester, in 1852, she said to me in parting, "Brother, the children of God never see one another for the last time."

To Reuben Guild, Esq.

BOSTON, July 19, 1867.

I received to-day, by express, a copy of your History of Brown University, and in it your autograph as the donor. Really it was very kind in you thus to remember your old friend and early pastor. Be sure I appreciate the gift as valuable, and the more as coming from you. I have already *looked* it through, and learned what a feast I have in store when I shall be able to do as I did with your Life of President Manning — *read* it through. Many thanks, my dear Reuben, for this new act of filial kindness. May you long be spared to bless the kingdom of letters with the products of your facile and accurate pen. The numerous friends of Brown University owe you a large debt of more than gratitude for your extraordinary services, both as librarian and historian. What can I do to reward you? It will be my study to secure for you some fitting recognition of such invaluable services.

Pardon me if I feel some complacency in the thought that you are, through divine grace, "my son in the gospel." "Be thou faithful unto death."

To Deacon H. B. Hart.

BOSTON, December 31, 1867.

I have your favor of yesterday, and my heart thanks you for it. In my advanced years it is a rich solace to be so affectionately remembered by those who long ago called me pastor. I think often of you and your excellent wife in connection with the dear church in Portsmouth, and the thought always reassures me that I have not lived in vain. I feel quite sure that you two may be reckoned as "my joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus."

How vivid are my recollections of that period to which you refer, thirty-eight years ago! And that severely cold day, January 24, 1830, when I buried you and dear Sarah, and raised you up "to walk in newness of life." How fresh are all its incidents in my memory!

You and I have since witnessed many changes; and now we are in the autumn of life, looking towards the conclusion of the period assigned us for labor. I grieve that I have not better served my blessed Master; but I cannot ask him to take me back a single year. I do not regret that I am so far on my homeward way. My prospect for the remainder of this life is dark; but beyond there is light; and so, putting my hand in His whom I can trust in the darkest way, I press on in hope. Forty years I have endeavored to serve him, and I have ever found him true and faithful. Surely he will not now forsake me.

Should it be right for Mr. Small to leave Bangor, I hope you may be successful in securing him. I have very little acquaintance with him; but his reputation is excellent, both as a preacher and a pastor.

To Rev. Dr. A. Woods.

BOSTON, February 15, 1869.

I learn from Providence that you have recently been afflicted with severe indisposition. Hoping soon to hear that you are relieved from suffering and decidedly convalescent, I write, not to tax you with a reply, but to assure you of my

fraternal sympathy, and of my prayers that God will spare you to your many friends, and to the important denominational interests with which you are identified. When you shall be fully able, I shall be glad to hear directly from you. Of course you feel how great is our loss in the death of our excellent brother, J. H. Duncan. I have just finished a memorial notice of him for this week's Watchman and Reflector. Your thoughts, like mine, will turn to the difficulty of supplying his place in our Board of Fellows. May God direct us in the choice, in such a way as not to reduce our Baptist strength.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONNECTION WITH THE WATCHMAN AND REFLECTOR. — HIS LAST ARTICLE, "CALVINISM A POWER." — SICKNESS AND DEATH. — FUNERAL. — LETTERS FROM PRESIDENT M. B. ANDERSON, DR. W. DEAN, DR. R. FULLER, AND DR. B. SEARS.

IN the previous chapter it has been said that the friends of Dr. Stow failed to notice any breaking up of his intellectual powers. The ready, facile pen performed its office with its wonted vigor and ease, and the mental efforts which he put forth showed that his mind had preserved its customary energy. His relations with the public press, which, from his college days, had always been kept up, were now more intimate than ever. Nearly all our leading denominational papers were enriched by the productions of his pen, while he gave, during the last two years of his life, some of the best results of his intellectual activity to the Watchman and Reflector, the paper in whose prosperity he had taken the most lively interest from the very commencement of its existence. During the last year of his life he prepared, on an average, two columns of matter for each weekly issue of this paper; and his fruitful mind so teemed with thoughts that he never appeared to be at a loss for subjects upon which to write. Dr. Olmstead says that "his full volume of matter was always to be depended upon. Method and fidelity were leading characteristics of the good and able man now entered into rest." Without doubt Dr. Stow had contributed, through his long, active, professional life, to this paper, always so dear to him, as much matter, perhaps more, than any other general correspondent. He had a rare gift for writing biographical

sketches of his deceased friends, saying just what every one felt was due to the memory of the departed, in simple, chaste language, and he made the columns of the Watchman and Reflector the medium of his communication. His last articles were among his best.

So far as we have been able to learn, the last production of his pen was written not far from three weeks before his death. The circumstances under which this article, written for the Christian Era, was prepared, were so touching that we cannot forbear alluding to them. On the morning of the Sabbath when he was stricken down by the sickness which proved fatal, he felt in a peculiar degree the sadness which usually oppressed his spirits on the Lord's day. It was one of the few Sabbaths when he was debarred the pleasure of preaching the gospel, and the hours of the day seemed to drag heavily. So great was the gloom which weighed upon him, that he felt a disinclination to attend public worship which he could not overcome, and he decided to spend the day in the privacy of his own study. Although he was cast down in heart, his mind retained its wonted power. As a relief to his laboring intellect, and perhaps to do something to chase away the sorrows of which he was conscious, he sat down at his desk and wrote the following paper, which shortly after appeared in the Era. Thrown off, as it was, rapidly, "currente calamo," we think it will compare favorably with the best efforts of his pen.

Calvinism a Power.

This has been illustrated along more than three eventful centuries, in the formation of sturdy, individual character, and in the shaping of the history of great nations. The infusion of its influence into the Reformation of the sixteenth century, just at the time when that influence was needed, saved the work of the German Reformers from being a failure by giving it a new impetus, and the concentrated force of doctrinal elements embodied in positive forms. Luther and his associates struck heavy blows at the chains of a gigantic spiritual

despotism, and emancipated millions from a domination that nullified God's authority and crushed out the rights of humanity. But their service, wonderfully effective, consisted essentially in the deliverance of captives of the papacy from a grinding tyranny, doing little else for them than the breaking of bonds which might, after their death, be reunited and made as restrictive as before. People were made Protestants, but not extensively were they regenerated and made Christians with a faith standing in the power of God. The German Reformers were destructionists in the department of antiquated errors — iconoclasts in the temple of anti-Christian idolatry. The enginery of spiritual oppression they vigorously demolished. But they did little in the way of construction; little adapted to make Protestantism aggressive into the domains of sin; little to break up the rooted depravities of human nature, and sow the seeds of evangelical virtues; little to make men radically better; little to set forward the true agencies of a progressive Christian civilization; little that forelaid the future, and promised permanence to the victories they had achieved. Lutheranism had no organized form, and could never have culminated in a successful antagonism to the reinvigorated papacy, reënforced by its new machinery of persecution as invented in Spain. In its origin, spirit, and aims, it was too negative to be an aggressive system, or even long to hold its own. It was a grand pioneer in the march of reform; as "the Breaker" it did amazing execution, and God forbid that we should disparage its achievements because not fitted for the continuous work which would be needed in the coming complications of kingcraft, political intrigue, cursing diplomacy, and religious fanaticism. It was well for the Great Reformation, well for Christianity, well for man along the revolutions of time, that Providence, at a critical juncture, brought forward a young Frenchman, born at Noyon, July 10, 1500, an eminent Christian scholar, and trained him for a service which Luther, the battle-axe of incipient assaults, could never have performed. John Calvin was the second man needed — a man not of an idea, but of

ideas; just the required organizer to give Protestantism a creed that should take deeply hold in men's intellectual and moral nature, and bring them to act in concert under common impulses for the maintenance of what had been gained, and for the resistance of the natural reaction from the violent strain to which minds had been subjected, and for the sure extension of movements which were to bless the world with their triumphs. But for what was done at Geneva, by a strong hand and a bold heart, with God's blessing, hardly would Lutheranism have left any permanent trace upon the world's history. It was Calvinism that embodied the truths underlying the Reformation, giving them definitive form, planting them in brains and heart, whence, deeply rooted and maturely developed, they never could be extirpated. The history of the Swiss Protestants and of the French Huguenots supplies proof that Calvinism is a power, for it wrought in them results nowhere achieved by any other phase of the great reformatory process. Nothing else provided so effectual a barrier to the reactive encroachments of a maddened, ferocious papacy, or sternly resisted the diabolical system by which Ignatius Loyola and his Spanish and Italian patrons proposed to expunge the last remnant of heresy from Western and Central Europe. In Switzerland and the south of France, Calvinism formed characters solid and impregnable as the rocks, in whose fastnesses and caverns the believing found shelter, and whence they were dragged forth to torture and martyrdom. It did not create those lovely characters which are the admiration of such as look for æsthetic beauty, but it did create characters suited to the times, which needed strength and sturdiness, capable of adventurous daring and unflinching endurance. The French Calvinists, distinguished by no elegance of culture, supplied some of the noblest specimens of Christian courage and fortitude which martyrology has embalmed for our study and admiration.

The relief which he sought by this mental effort he found; and as the day wore away, and the evening hours came on,

he seemed more happy and cheerful than he had appeared for some time, and went out to call on a dear friend, of whose indisposition he had heard. On his return he had the attack which was the first premonition of his last sickness. Being carried to his room, the usual remedies were applied, and temporary relief was experienced. A neighboring physician was called in, who pronounced the case one of extreme nervous prostration, and prescribed absolute quiet, telling him that he must lay aside all mental work. For three weeks he continued, more or less, in a restless mood, changing from his bed to the easy-chair, conversing a little, hearing a little from the daily and the religious papers, and oftener from that book which, of all others, was the sweetest to him — the Bible. Occasionally he would pass from room to room as if to get a little exercise; but he was expressly ordered by his physician to keep quiet, to see no company, and to endeavor to allay the undue excitement which his nervous system had experienced in consequence of the peculiar circumstances to which we have already referred. His own impression, from the first of his sickness, was, that it was his last, and that he would never rally from it. This impression he tried to make upon the minds of the dear ones who clung so tenderly to him, talking about it with great sincerity of belief that life with him was drawing to a close. His favorite expression was, "O, glorious rest, rest for the weary."

One day, as he passed into his study, his wife said to him, "Doesn't this place look inviting to you, dear, and won't you sit down to rest a little?" But his mind was occupied in the leave-taking of that dearly-cherished room; and as, in passing, he laid one hand on that well-worn Bible, the book from which he had drawn the exhaustless treasures of divine wisdom, his support and solace during the years that had passed, waving the other gently, as if he were bidding adieu to the familiar objects by which he was surrounded, he said, "Take good care of all these books and papers, as I know you will; I have done with them forever." How sadly these words fell on the ears of his beloved ones; and as they

remonstrated with him, he replied, "Yes, it is so, and you will soon realize it."

There being no apparent change in him for some time, strong hopes were entertained that he might yet recover. But on the 25th of December, during the night there came over his countenance the change which those who were ministering to him could not mistake. The hand of death was upon him. The paralyzed tongue could no longer speak, but he fully comprehended the loving words and caresses of wife and daughter. His eye beamed with unwonted brilliancy, though the seal of death was upon him.

Sitting by his bedside, Mrs. Stow watched the change that was passing over that beloved countenance, and could not help recalling the tender memories of his own ministrations as he had comforted thousands of departing saints in the hour of dissolution. In the absence of all earthly supporters, she felt that she could not allow his dear spirit to pass away without the sound of prayer, falling, faintly it might be, but soothingly, on his ear. With a heart overwhelmed by her great grief, she read a few verses from that precious chapter which he had so often read in similar circumstances,—the fourteenth chapter of John,—and then bowed in prayer, commending the departing spirit to its covenant-keeping God and Saviour. He drank in the familiar tones of the voice which had so often cheered him in the hours of physical weakness and prostration of spirit. His face beamed with angelic brightness, and he seemed to have a glimpse of the glory of the "mansion," of which he had just been hearing, that his own Lord had "prepared" for him.

After this his breathing grew more labored and heavy. His strong constitution, still so vigorous, yielded reluctantly to the pressure of disease, and the dying spirit seemed loath to leave a tenement bearing so few marks of decay. There was no word spoken, not even a look, to show that he was conscious of what was passing. There was nothing to indicate that he was enduring physical sufferings; but slowly, and apparently without pain, the soul was preparing to take

its heavenly flight. At seven o'clock A. M., on the 27th of December, 1869, the last struggle was over, and the weary spirit was at *rest*. O, what a *rest* it was to him! What a happy release! What a blessed reunion with "a great multitude whom no man can number, who had come up out of great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb!"

The announcement of the death of Dr. Stow made a profound impression on the religious community. It was difficult to realize that he, who so recently had been seen in the customary places of his resort, had departed never to return. Everything was done which respect and affection could do to render the solemnities of the funeral befitting the memory of one who held so warm a place in the hearts of his numerous friends. Prayer was offered, at his residence on Harrison Avenue, by Rev. Mr. Foljambe, and the remains were borne to the Clarendon Avenue Church. The spacious edifice was filled with sincere mourners, most of whom had been under his pastoral care during the long period of his ministry in Boston. Introductory services having been performed by Rev. A. J. Gordon, the ministering brethren who had been selected by the deceased performed the duties assigned to them. Addresses were made by Rev. Drs. Neale, Warren, and Murdock, and the funeral prayer was offered by Dr. Stockbridge.

Address of Rev. R. H. Neale, D. D.

I never rose before an audience to perform a public official service when I felt so inadequate rightly to meet the occasion. The death of our brother has taken us all by surprise. We noticed, indeed, his absence from the recent dedication, in which he was expected to take part, and I was told that he was sick at home. I wish I had gone at once to see him; but I supposed he was suffering only from a passing shadow, occasioned, perhaps, by existing circumstances. I fully expected to meet him here at the recognition services on Sunday evening last. Though disappointed, I did not dream of serious illness. Late in the evening I was startled by the

rumor that his physician thought him dangerous, and that his recovery was doubtful; but knowing his temperament, his tendency to depression, I thought a visit of friendship next morning, and a few words of encouragement, such as we both needed, and as had often passed between us, would be welcome to him, if not an effectual restorative. I was accordingly on my way to his house for this purpose. The crape on the door was the first silent but impressive voice which announced that my friend was gone. As the sad news rapidly spread through the city from one to another, the downcast look, the tearful eye, friend grasping friend by the hand in silence, told the deep sorrow all felt. His ministering brethren, assembled in groups, his church members, his many friends, who loved him tenderly, and to whom for years his voice and features have been familiar and sacred as the Sabbath and the sanctuary, were seen weeping. There was a solemnity throughout the city on hearing of his death, and spontaneous expressions of respect and esteem for one who has been so long and so favorably known among us.

He was called to Boston in 1832, where he has remained till the time of his death, first as pastor of the Baldwin Place Church, and then of the Rowe Street, now Clarendon Avenue Church. Such is the brief record. But of the unwritten history, of the excellences of his personal character, what shall I say? He disliked extravagant eulogy, and in his last sickness, with characteristic modesty, expressed a wish that no flattering compliments would be paid at his funeral. But I cannot refrain from uttering what I know is the universal sentiment, — not to praise him, but to the glory of divine grace, — that he was one of the best and purest of men, a bright ornament of the Christian ministry, an honor to his denomination, who have always appreciated his worth, and who will not fail to cherish his memory among their choicest treasures. He has passed through a long life without a stain upon his moral character, without a blemish upon his reputation. A rich inheritance has he left to his family, and friends, and the cause of Christ, in that good name which is more precious than

rubies. Dr. Stow was known for his uniform sweetness of spirit, an unusual refinement of manner, and a high degree of Christian courtesy in his intercourse with society. I never heard of a quarrel to which he was a party. It may be thought, perhaps, that he was too careful and prudent in keeping clear from conflicts and difficulties. I used to exhort him, ludicrously enough, I have no doubt, to those who know my own deficiencies in this respect, to be more belligerent, firm, and self-asserting, especially where, as I thought, important principles were involved; but he would mildly reply, "A bishop must be no striker, but gentle, showing all meekness unto all men."

Dr. Stow has been distinguished in past years, and will be remembered hereafter, I doubt not, as preëminently powerful in the pulpit. To those who have known him only in the fullness of his maturity, he has appeared principally as a sound, judicious man; somewhat enfeebled in frame, but with unimpaired mental power; a reliable and safe counsellor, fitted to any position of trust where character and wisdom were required; embodying weighty sentiments in short, pithy paragraphs, furnishing rich and most instructive articles of denominational history in the Christian Watchman and Reflector, with which he has been connected editorially the past two years; preparing appropriate resolutions for public meetings; giving counsel and facilitating business in the missionary rooms, and in the boards of trustees at Newton and Providence; evincing always a remarkable instinct and insight — "long feelers," as Dr. Wayland used to say of him; seeing at a glance the varying currents of public thought, and with wonderful adroitness making them subservient to his purpose by saying the right thing at the right time. As a preacher to the younger portion of his hearers, he has appeared sincere and earnest indeed, uttering rich, solid gospel truth, but without any attempt at eloquence or ornament. He always delighted in what he called the Pauline style — sound speech that could not be condemned, in doctrine, showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, and withal showing himself a pattern

of good works, so that they who were of the contrary part might be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of him. But I remember, — and so do others, — that when he first came to Boston, and for years afterwards, no man stood higher as a pulpit orator. He was a most effective speaker, not only the equal of his brethren, but their acknowledged superior, taller by the head and shoulders than the men of Israel. The spacious house in Baldwin Place was thronged with admiring listeners Sabbath after Sabbath, year in and year out. The students from Newton and Cambridge esteemed it a privilege, as I well know, to come afoot into the city for the purpose of being present at his Sunday evening lecture. He was then full of vital energy. His eye sparkled with animation. His clear, sonorous, ringing voice fell delightfully upon the ear. There was a resistless power in his eloquence, like the sweep and swell of an ocean wave. He had his audience completely at his command, moving them to alternate smiles and tears, and, like a skilful helmsman, turning them, at will, "whithersoever the governor listeth." And what is better still, the secret of his power was, that he walked with God. He lived near to the cross. He went from his knees into the pulpit, and spoke under the influence of an unction from the Holy One. Hence he obtained what his heart most desired — not praises for himself, but trophies for his Master, penitential tears, rejoicing converts, and souls redeemed. Gratefully do I remember at this hour those refreshing seasons from the presence of the Lord which I have shared with him, when his heart was filled with gladness, and his countenance shone as it had been the face of an angel.

There was another feature in his character and experience so prominent to those acquainted with him in his earlier and later years, that I am unwilling to pass it by without notice. More than any man I ever knew, Dr. Stow had the power of inspiring confidence, and attaching others to himself. There was something in his voice and manner, something in his look, his eye, and still more in his heart, that gave an impression to others that he loved them; and he did, and they loved him in

return. Other students, however good and pious, had their enemies as well as friends. The officers, excellent men as they were known to be, Conant, Chase, Knowles, Dr. Staughton even, were not universally popular. But the Faculty, and all the students, north and south, from the seniors down to the fourth class in the preparatory school, loved Baron Stow, and spoke of him in terms of unqualified praise. And thus it has been in his after life. The church at Portsmouth, and the Baptists of New Hampshire generally, perfectly idolized him, and do so to this day. The Baldwin Place people, through his entire pastorate, — I bear them record, — were ready to pluck out their own eyes, and give them to him. He came to the Rowe Street Church like the sun in its meridian. Here he found a people always ready to throw around him every kindly influence, and to save him, so far as possible, from any element of the "shady side." No woe was near him, or in prospect, only that all men spoke well of him. Other ministers generally have to meet a diversity of opinion among their hearers — a mixture of likes and dislikes. With him, on the contrary, life seemed an unbroken, balmy summer's day — no clouds in his sky, no thorns in his path. What minister was ever more highly esteemed in this community, during a period of now nearly forty years, than he? What pastor was ever more tenderly cherished by his ministering brethren, or more warmly welcomed to our churches and pulpits? Indeed, the misfortune was, that he has been, through life, I had almost said, a petted favorite. Hence he felt the more keenly those trials which are sure to come sooner or later to us all. It is a hard lesson, that of the old prophet, but strictly true — "It is good for a man that he should bear the yoke in his youth."

The dissolution of Dr. Stow's pastoral relation was indeed a crushing trial to himself as well as to his people. He loved to preach. He was at home in the pulpit. He was never so happy as in that work from which, in the providence of God, he was now laid aside. It was a second nature to him, nay, his highest and divinest, to go in and out before a loved and lov-

ing people, breaking to them the bread of life. I do not wonder that he felt unreconciled to the marked change, which, however imperative the cause, had occurred in his outward relations. With no ministerial charge, he hardly knew what to do with himself. His Sabbaths, which had been so light, were now dark and dreary. His people, and all the churches in the city, as well as his ministering brethren, sympathized with him in his sadness, and would, I believe, one and all, had it been in their power, have gladly dispelled the gloom which they saw settling down upon his tender and sensitive heart. But that gloom is now removed, that burden lifted by the hand of God. A Sabbath brighter than that of earth has dawned upon him, a temple not made with hands is open for his ascending spirit. He understands now as never before those precious words he loved to repeat to the weary and the sorrow-stricken: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Of my personal relations with Dr. Stow I scarcely dare trust myself to speak. We have been acquainted from our college days. We have been settled as pastors in the immediate vicinity of each other. We have met often in the social circle and the religious meeting. No collision of feeling, still less of words, ever occurred between us. We have lived together as brothers, confiding and trustful, freely opening our hearts to one another without reserve, and without fear of betrayal. He spoke of this in our last interview, and left a dying message that I should take part at his funeral. "For," he said, "he will speak a kind word of me." Dear brother, what else could I say? Those folded hands were never lifted but for my good. Those lips, now closed and silent, never wounded my feelings. I cannot repress my tears, standing as I now do over the coffin of my life-long friend. I am distressed for thee, my brother; very pleasant hast thou been unto us.

I sympathize with the people of his late charge in the emotions awakened in their bosoms by the solemnities of this oc-

casion, and with the youthful pastor who has recently entered upon his new position, made the more responsible and sacred by the death of his revered predecessor.

It will not be considered, I am sure, assuming, if I say a word to my brethren in the ministry, standing as I do among you, of my early associates in the sacred office, almost alone. How obvious and how impressive to us are the lessons of this hour! What are admiring assemblies and human applause? There is no source of hope or of present comfort on which we can safely rest, aside from the favor of God, and the sweet consciousness of having endeavored to do our duty. Let us, in this solemn and instructive presence, dedicate ourselves anew to Christ and his cross, and so preach and so live, that, when summoned hence, we may hear the voice of divine approval, which, I doubt not, has already cheered the heart of our departed brother, —

> "Servant of God, well done;
> Rest from thy loved employ;
> The battle fought, the victory won,
> Enter thy Master's joy."

Address of Rev. J. N. Murdock, D. D.

I seem to be standing to-day as in a dream, and the vision is mixed. On a bright, autumnal Sabbath morning, I am sitting in the old Baldwin Place Church, one of a crowded audience, drawn there by the fame of the most popular Baptist preacher in the United States. The preacher is in the prime of life. His massive and sinewy frame, his striking and beautiful countenance, the large, lustrous dark eye, the open brow, the compressed lips, the eagle front, the raven hair, altogether are well fitted to arrest attention and excite interest. He speaks, and the deep bass of that marvellous voice floats over the great throng, and fills every part of the house with its witchery. The sermon is finished with careful elaboration, but the hearer is most impressed with its intensely practical character, and the deep earnestness of the preacher.

The scene is changed. Twenty-six years and more have passed, and I am again in the house of God; but it is not the same. Here, too, is the vast concourse, but much changed from that earlier time. Many, O, how many, of that congregation are in another assembly to-day! The preacher is also here. But the noble form is prostrate, not erect, as then; the imperial brow is marble, not flushed with feeling, as then; there is no breath in the nostrils; the wondrous light has gone out of the eyes, and the lips that dropped wisdom and distilled sweetness are mute. I look upon him, but the quick glow of recognition lights not his countenance as it has never failed to do since that first hour in which I saw and heard him. No, the vision deceives us — this is not he. He has passed on to that other assembly, of which I have spoken, and there are more there to greet him with a heavenly welcome than are left here to mourn his loss. He is gone; and we have come here, a vast concourse, to honor his dear remains, to sing our dirges, to commemorate him in a few tributary words, and leave our flowing tears to express what our poor words never can.

In 1846 Dr. Stow penned these emphatic words: "The spirit of missions is the spirit of concord. The key-note was struck on the plains of Bethlehem, and all who have sympathy with the angelic announcement are sure to think, feel, speak, and act in concert both with the heavenly host and with each other."

How far the life-long devotion of the writer of these words to the cause of Christian missions, which has been so fitly commemorated by my associate, contributed to form those sentiments of Christian brotherhood which he aimed to vindicate and illustrate by his pen and in his life, this is neither the time nor the place to inquire. Nor need we ask to-day in what manner or to what extent his large Christian sympathies excited his devotion to the work of universal evangelization. But of one thing we may be sure: he never would have pursued the great enterprise to which he gave the best energies of his mind and heart with such constancy

and devotion, had he been less cosmopolitan in his Christian spirit. He was zealous, not so much for the growth of a sect, as for the spread of the truth as it is in Jesus; not merely for the success of a peculiar form of church polity, but for the enlargement of Christian charity. He aimed at no party triumph, but at the renovation of all men, and the diffusion of love and good-will throughout the world. Rarely, if ever, was his voice heard among the disputes of this world. He shrank from controversy, and held himself aloof from polemical strife. So marked has been his entire course in this respect, that those who knew not the depth of his personal convictions, and the loyal spirit that animated him, have sometimes regarded him as timid, if not lax, in his devotion to his professed principles.

Yet, in point of fact, his theology was of the strictest evangelical type. He held strongly to the moderate, perhaps I ought to say the real, Calvinism of Fuller, and the better class of the New England school, as generally embodied in the confessions of our churches. He was, moreover, a Baptist, standing by the peculiar views of the denomination as to the scriptural subjects and mode of baptism, and maintaining them in all their length and breadth with well-defined clearness and inflexible tenacity. And as to timidity, there was a spirit in this man that would have carried him to the stake, and crowned him with the glory of martyrdom, for an iota of scriptural truth, had he been asked to deny or renounce it — in the true spirit of that gentle saint of the olden time, who, on the way to the stake, declared, "I cannot contend for Christ, but I can die for him." Even in the denunciation of sin he could not, as he expressed it, "add his wrath to the wrath of God;" but when hollow pretence was to be exposed, when greed was to be scouted, when uncharitableness was to be rebuked, when any vice, having its roots in the selfishness and corruption of human nature, required condemnation, the sword of the Spirit came flashing and ringing from his tongue on the head of offence and offender. The inborn integrity of his soul, as well as his loyalty to Christ, made it impossible for

him to be silent in cases where the Word of God denounced condemnation. It was the exceeding breadth of his character, and not his lack of manliness; the generosity of his spirit, and not the selfish prudence of his nature; the fear lest he might, by some unguarded word, offend Christ's little ones, and not an excessive care for his own reputation; his quick and sensitive conscientiousness, and not a time-serving temper, that conspired to make him so circumspect and measured in his treatment of those differences which existed between him and his Christian brethren of other names. The candid observer of Dr. Stow's public character must have been impressed with the generously catholic spirit which inspired him, and the broad charity which enlisted his sympathies and controlled his utterances. He judged no man, least of all condemned no man, for a course different from that which he had prescribed for himself. Always loyal to the traditions of his people, he held firmly and consistently to the great seminal principle of our corporate and public life, the idea of freedom of thought, in the absence of which opinion becomes simply automatic, and not personal. His soul was baptized into the plenitude of the sentiment expressed in Melanchthon's celebrated aphorism, "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity."

And so it has fallen to the lot of our departed friend and brother to pursue the work of the ministry amid the sharp antagonisms of the time, for more than forty years, respected and loved by Christians of other persuasions; respected for the firmness with which he has maintained his denominational tenets, and loved for the gentleness of his bearing and the benignity of his character.

A great man and a prince in Israel has fallen. Dr. Stow was something more, something better, than a brilliant genius or a profound intellect. He was great in his moral stature, in the probity of his nature, in the purity of his life, and in the circumspectness of his conduct. What he wrote and published in various volumes, as well as in the periodical press, has contributed somewhat, as we may well believe, to the

religious inspiration and progress of his time; but what he was has been more pregnant with power than anything his pen has produced. He was a living epistle, read and known of men. And the grand volume of character which his life unfolded, and his death completed, may be studied with advantage, nay, will be studied, by generations to come. It is unique, individual, strongly marked; never will it disappear from sight in the confusion of the common mass. Nor can the closing chapters be marred by any weakness or imperfection now. It was the remark of a friendly critic during the almost frantic effort of Sir Walter Scott, in his last days, to retrieve his pecuniary fortunes by producing books for the sake of the copyrights they yielded — "Scott wrote himself up grandly; it were a mercy for him to die before he writes himself down." This benignant, just, honorable character is at least secure against the chance of future failure. The past is secure. The able preacher, the faithful pastor, the public-spirited benefactor, the wise counsellor, the upright man, the constant friend, — these are henceforth as fixed in our memories as they have been dear to our hearts.

Dr. Stow will be mourned not alone by this community, where he has spent the larger portion of his life, and which he has served in so many ways; not alone by his own denomination, to whose prosperity in all the elements of real growth he has devoted his best energies, but throughout the land, and by all who revere goodness and prize integrity of heart. His name has gone out through the land as a symbol of strength, and his death will cause a pang to all lovers of good men. O, how his presence will be missed, and in how many spheres of Christian effort! That committee-room, where, for thirty-seven years, his visits have been as constant as the succession of the weeks — what a void will be there! And the council boards of our seats of learning, where he so long presided, and helped so largely to shape the policies which have begun to lead us to higher planes of culture, and larger measures of efficiency — who shall supply his place there? And that desolated home. But we may not invade the privacy

of this great sorrow. We shall miss him, but he will rejoice in a sense of completeness he never knew till now. We shall mourn him, but he is where all tears are wiped from the eyes. He has laid down his burden; the things that grieved him grieve him no more; the night of his distress has passed, and the brightness of unclouded morning shines around him. No weariness, no heaviness, no distress, no aching heart, no throbbing brain, but rest and peace are his forever.

"The peace of all the faithful, the calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried, divinest, sweetest, best;
Yes, peace — for strife is needless; yes, calm — for storm is past,
And goal from finished labor, and anchorage at last."

On the arrival of the funeral procession at Mount Auburn, a quartet, under the direction of General B. F. Edmands, the chorister of the Baldwin Place Church during the whole of Dr. Stow's ministry with this church, sang the following beautiful requiem: —

Once more the spot with solemn awe we tread
Where sleep the relics of our kindred dead;
Chant we our requiem mournfully, and slow,
While our sad tears above their ashes flow.
Memories, bright memories of each hallowed name,
Wake in our hearts pure love's undying flame;
Yet must we leave them — leave them here to rest;
Green be the turf above each noble breast.

This place to us is consecrated ground,
Where holy, solemn quiet reigns around;
No more can pain, or grief, or anxious care
Reach or disturb our mournéd brother here.
Memories, bright memories of his cherished name,
Leave in our hearts pure love's undying flame;
Yet must we leave him — leave him here to rest;
Green be the sod above his noble breast.

Prayer was then offered by Dr. Neale, and the tender words of the hymn, "Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb," having been sung, the mourners departed from the hallowed spot in which the sleeper was laid away to his final rest.

From the numerous letters addressed to his bereaved family we select four, which were written by warm personal friends of Dr. Stow, giving us a charming portraiture of his character, upon which we gaze with peculiar delight. These letters were written by President M. B. Anderson, LL. D., of Rochester, N. Y., Rev. William Dean, D. D., of Bangkok, Siam, Rev. Richard Fuller, D. D., of Baltimore, Md., and Rev. Barnas Sears, D. D., of Staunton, Va.

From Rev. Dr. Anderson.

ROCHESTER, February 8, 1870.

MY DEAR MRS. STOW: Mrs. Dean, who has lately returned from Boston, has given me some of the particulars of the last hours of your husband. This brought up before my mind all his early and late kindness to me, and all those excellences of mind and heart which have always kept him before my mind as the noblest type that I have ever met of the "good minister of Jesus Christ." I was indebted to him and to you for recognition and kindness when I was young and unknown, and when I was a weak and almost discouraged invalid. As one of the Fellows of Brown University, he came to this city to make me the offer of promotion, which, I knew, had been in great part due to his partial kindness. These recollections are personal to myself, and fill a larger place in my mind and heart than those elements of character and intellect by which he was made known to the world at large, and by which he made his impression on his age as a public man. Of these elements, that which first occurs to me is his breadth and elegance of culture. He had an almost shrinking delicacy of organization, which, while it made him susceptible to all beautiful and holy impressions, was, at the same time, the source of acute suffering in all the rude jostling of the hard and unfeeling world. But though he suffered from his organization, how gentle, how considerate of others, how kindly did it make his relations with all who were blessed with his affection, or honored by his friendship!

This delicacy of taste and kindness of nature obscured, to

some extent, the grasp and range of his intellect. Had he been coarser and harder in his moral constitution, he would have made deeper impression upon the multitude. But all this would have been purchased at the expense of that rounded fullness and beauty of Christian character which gave him such power over those whom he took to his heart. My own impression has always been, that in the qualities of mind and character which make up the model pastor, he stood alone in excellence. I am not able to do justice to an analysis of his intellect. My knowledge of him has been almost confined to the points of his life and being of which, above all others, you have had the richest experience. I beg leave to tender you and your dear daughter my most respectful sympathy, and to assure you both of my remembrance and prayers.

Yours truly,

M. B. ANDERSON.

From Rev. Dr. Dean.

BANGKOK, SIAM, March 9, 1870.

MY DEAR MRS. STOW: I need not express my love and veneration for the departed one. You already know that I felt for him as for a brother; yea, more than a brother. He was my ideal of a Christian gentleman. He came as near a perfect man as any one I ever knew. As a man, a friend, a minister, he was a model. What he was as a husband and a father, you and Matilda can better tell; but I know enough to think that in those relations it would be difficult to find his equal. Your loss is great, but his gain is greater. He is now free from pain, and tears, and anxious care, and every sorrow. Nothing to disturb or distress him now. He is completely and forever happy with that Saviour who alone is able to bind up your bleeding hearts. I commend you to that heavenly Friend, who holds in his bosom the loved one gone before you, and who is waiting to fold you also to his loving embrace.

Most affectionately yours,

W. DEAN.

From Rev. Dr. Fuller.

BALTIMORE, July 7, 1870.

MISS STOW: I am happy to hear by your kind note that the Memoir is almost ready for the press. I felt your father's death as a personal bereavement, and as a great public loss.

I need say nothing of his intellectual endowments; of his literary and scholarly accomplishments; of his remarkable power as a preacher; of his surpassing and invaluable talent for that sort of business which the affairs of Christ's kingdom impose upon a city pastor; of the faithfulness and tenderness with which he fed and tended the flock of Jesus; of his profound and yet most simple and evangelical system of gospel truth; or of his deep, all-pervading, all-controlling personal piety. I never knew a human being who seemed to me to have throned the Redeemer more entirely and practically over his mind, conscience, heart, and life; and I need not speak of these attributes, because they were and are everywhere acknowledged and admired.

But there were two traits in Dr. Stow's character which every day grow in my esteem, because I every day see how rare they are. The first was his perfect candor. No matter how dear any one might be to him, he was always scrupulously sincere. I do not believe he ever feared the face of man, or ever uttered a single word of flattery. The other excellence was his rigid, unswerving adherence to truth, always and in all things. This latter quality may, by many, be regarded as, after all, no exalted distinction; but those who think thus know little of the world, the church, or themselves. Each year of my life teaches me that to strict veracity we may apply what Jesus says of faith, and ask, When the Son of Man cometh, will he find truth upon the earth? One of the purest and most honorable men I ever knew remarked that his "besetting sin was lying." It was a confession which none but a most conscientious person would ever make; and every conscientious person comprehends him, understands what circumspection and grace it requires in conversation, in business,

in speaking of men and things, never to allow any ambiguity of thought, word, or action; never to permit passion or prejudice to sway us one hair's breadth from perfect singleness of purpose; always to hold fast our integrity, and to move, and live, and have our being under the searching inspection of the eye of God. In this element of nobleness my beloved brother exemplified the character of Jesus. He combined the understanding of the man with the guileless simplicity of a child. At this time especially his death is a lamentable calamity. Although the war has long closed, yet civil war always leaves behind it, rooted in the very structure of society, interwoven with all the ramifications of thought, feeling, interest in a state, the most baleful evils. The animosities and exasperations which still continue to afflict our beloved country can never be healed by politicians. The gospel is the only remedy. And, as few ministers possessed so much of the spirit of Jesus as my brother, so no one was more anxious, by prayer and kindly mediation, to remove "all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, with all malice," and to restore the good old times, when, north, south, east, west, Christians should be "kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven them."

Personally we have long been warm and devoted friends and brothers. If, during the war, there was some chill of love between us, nothing could ever abate my affectionate reverence for his virtue; and he never met me more warmly, and opened his soul more fraternally to me, than he did the first time we met after hostilities had ceased. During my last confidential interview with him at Jamaica Plain, I was moved beyond measure as he unbosomed himself to me, as I perceived the sorrow which was weighing upon his spirits, and yet witnessed the faith, firmness, purity, gentleness, mildness, which hallowed his parting days, raising his affections above the earth, and fixing them upon heaven.

Very sincerely, my dear Miss Stow,

R. FULLER.

From Rev. Dr. Sears.

STAUNTON, VA., September 1, 1870.

MY DEAR MRS. STOW: It gives me pleasure, though not unmingled with sadness, to comply with your request, and furnish some personal recollections of your late excellent husband. He was one of my oldest, warmest, truest, and best friends. Few deaths outside of my family circle would be more sensibly felt by me. I formed his acquaintance in 1825, at the house of the late Hon. Heman Lincoln, whose guests we were, and whose cordial friendship we both enjoyed ever after. I recollect distinctly our first interview, and even the first topic of our conversation. It related to the qualifications of James D. Knowles, then editor of the Columbian Star, published in Washington, for the professorship of oratory and belles-lettres at Brown University. We were then fresh graduates from our respective colleges, and naturally felt our great responsibilities. Still it was hardly proper for us to make any movement as long as the Hon. Tristam Burgess held that position. The vacancy finally occurred, and the corporation, without consulting us, appointed William E. Goddard.

During the first ten years of our acquaintance, our intercourse was limited, as we resided in different states; but from the time of his removal to Boston, and mine to Newton, our intimacy was close, and continued uninterrupted to the last. By means of these changes, Dr. Stow became the successor of Mr. Knowles as pastor, and I his associate as professor. When it was decided to establish the Christian Review as a Baptist quarterly, Professor Knowles was appointed its first editor, and Dr. Stow and myself afterwards became contributors. When the Review languished for want of patronage, it was at the instance of Dr. Stow that I went south, as far as Richmond and Norfolk, to take measures for increasing its circulation beyond the boundaries of New England. The object was accomplished, and the Review from that time continued prosperous till the sudden death of its editor, in 1838. The next number was issued by Dr. Stow and myself, in

which the former paid a suitable tribute to the memory of his early and intimate friend. He then proposed that I should assume the editorship, relying on him as one of the regular contributors. He was at the same time chairman of the committee of publication. As it became necessary, in the course of time, to be relieved of some of my duties, I thought it best to withdraw from my position as editor. To my letter of resignation Dr. Stow wrote the following reply: —

Boston, September 28, 1840.

My dear Brother: I have this morning laid before the committee of the Christian Review your resignation of the office of editor. They agree with you that the duties of your important professorship are quite enough for any one man, and that it is exceedingly desirable that you should be able to give yourself exclusively to those duties. They also agree with you that one man ought to give his whole energies to the conducting of the Christian Review. But, alas! we are exceedingly deficient in men suited to responsible positions, and every man who is worth much in our denomination is obliged to perform for the present the labor of two, and even three, fondly hoping that the Lord of the harvest will yet multiply laborers, and bring relief to those who are sinking under accumulated burdens.

The committee, in consulting with the publishers, were informed that probably you might be induced to continue your labors as editor, at least another year, provided some arrangement could be made to reduce the amount of labor and responsibility. If you could associate one or two with you in the service, in whom you may have confidence, and thus divide the severities of the office, while you should yourself retain the ultimate and authoritative supervision, the arrangement would be satisfactory to the committee, and, we presume, to the public. Are you willing to negotiate, upon these terms, for a continuance in the office?

Let me entreat you to reconsider the decision to which you have come, and not to settle the matter definitively without

further conversation with the committee. You will probably be in the city next Monday, when, if convenient to yourself, I should like an interview upon this very important subject.

Your companion in the kingdom, and patience, &c.,

BARON STOW.

The Baptist Triennial Convention for Foreign Missions was, at the time of its dissolution, in debt to the amount of forty thousand dollars, and Dr. Stow and myself were appointed a committee to make up this deficiency. I soon saw the advantage of having such an associate. Nothing contributed more to our success than his personal popularity.

Some years afterwards, several causes were in operation to embarrass and discourage the friends of ministerial education. In some quarters, where it was least to be expected, education societies and theological institutions were spoken of in disparaging terms. From a very different source also, characterized by a lack of intelligence and public spirit, came grave expressions of doubt as to the expediency of training learned men for the ministry. The people were easily persuaded to withhold their contributions. At this crisis Dr. Stow came forward with great earnestness and zeal, and rallied around him the friends of this important but declining interest. The churches hardly know how much they are indebted to his efforts for the high qualifications of the ministers whose services they now enjoy. I received from him the two following letters on this subject: —

BOSTON, June 3, 1844.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I take it for granted that you are not ignorant of the condition of the Northern Baptist Education Society, or of the evils by which its operations are embarrassed — external evils that obstruct its progress, internal evils that cripple its activity. As my brethren, who, *te judice*, know how to impose Pelion upon Ossa, have laid upon me the responsibility of presiding over this society, I am disposed to make an effort to remedy some of these evils, and

to infuse into the institution some new elements of life and energy. In forming my plans, I feel the need of counsel, and I know of no one to whom I can apply with greater confidence than to yourself.

Reserving some points for a private interview, I now propose only one for your consideration; and that is, the expediency of inviting a conference of judicious brethren from all the New England States for the purpose of comparing views with respect to the subject of ministerial education, and, by a concentration of wisdom, endeavoring to agree upon some principles in accordance with which we may direct our combined and harmonious efforts. The general question should be, *What can be done to increase the power of our ministry?* I need not prove to you that our ministry needs strengthening, or that causes are in operation which threaten to carry still farther the deteriorating process. Unless something is soon and efficiently done to arrest that process, our denominational interests, in all their departments, will suffer. *We* MUST *have more power in our pulpit.*

In this conviction you and I are not alone. But standing apart and complaining of the evil, or acting without concert, will provide no effectual remedy. We need a mutual understanding of the causes and the nature of the evil, and of the means by which it may be cured. How can we better reach this desirable point than by the mode which I have suggested?

I do not propose to call a "mass meeting," but to invite *privately* a meeting of some fifteen or twenty pastors, and several of the officers of our theological institutions, colleges, and academies, and perhaps a few laymen, that they may leisurely, fully, and prayerfully consider the whole subject, and come to agreement as to the course proper to be pursued.

Can you suggest anything better, *as a first step*, than such an interview? Allow me respectfully to solicit a frank expression of your opinion.

Affectionally your brother and fellow-laborer,

BARON STOW.

Rev. Dr. Sears.

BOSTON, June 10, 1844.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your favor of the 4th was received. As I may not have an opportunity to see you at present, I beg leave to say that my object in writing you as I did was not to obtain your opinion as to the condition and policy of the Northern Baptist Education Society, but simply to ascertain your views touching the expediency of inviting such a conference as I proposed. Nor do I propose that such a conference, if called, shall be troubled with details respecting the affairs of the Education Society. I have supposed it desirable that judicious brethren should be brought together to confer upon the great question of ministerial education, and see if there could not be produced a unity of sentiment and a strength of feeling that might lead to the adoption of an harmonious and vigorous system of action. It seems to me that we are not united as it respects our true policy. Certainly there is very little coöperation. The consequence is, that we work inefficiently, because we work without concert. What one does another undoes, — without design, of course, and yet as effectually as if counteraction was the real purpose.

I dislike exceedingly to proceed in this matter, for it seems like assuming that I am one of the right kind of ministers, and the proper person to go forward in an enterprise of reform. But what shall be done? If there is another person in the land who will undertake the service, and the brethren should be disposed to coöperate with him, I will gladly be his humble servant. The subject lies heavily on my heart, and I cannot rest until something is done that promises good to our Zion.

Pardon me for troubling you a second time. I expect to leave the city in a few days, to be absent some weeks. Please think of the suggestions which I have made, and, when convenient, we will have an interview.

In haste,

Yours, very fraternally,

BARON STOW.

Rev. Dr. Sears.

At the meeting of the Missionary Union, held in Philadelphia in 1858, an alarming state of things in regard to our foreign missions was developed. These appeared to be a general dissatisfaction both with the home policy and the foreign operations of the society. In this unexpected crisis, when the elements of opposition to the existing system became too powerful to be controlled, a few brethren ventured to propose a new mode of action. This modified system was indeed imperfect, having been devised at the moment, without time for elaborating it; but it had this one merit — it saved the society from dissolution. The present state of our foreign missions grew out of that movement. Dr. Stow, who had been obliged to leave the city before any decisive action was taken, was, in his absence, appointed to take an important part in carrying out the new policy. His letters written to me at that time will be read with interest.

BOSTON, June 5, 1858.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Your kind favor of the 3d instant has just come to hand, and though I am poorly prepared for to-morrow's work, yet I cannot forbear to respond to your fraternal communication.

I was obliged to leave Philadelphia on Thursday morning, at the hour of the meeting of the Union. Dear old Mrs. Baldwin was even then twenty-four hours dead, and I had to hasten home to attend her funeral. As I left, I felt sad. Everything foreshadowed a breaking up. I supposed that there would be a revolution. Little did I apprehend such a revolution as you and Dr. Parker and Hon. Mr. Duncan inaugurated. On Sabbath morning Deacon C. called, and informed me of what had been done. I knew not how to interpret the action. No one had whispered to me that my services might be desirable in any department. I did not even dream that the first man would think of me as foreign secretary. I had given up the Union.

I have not been able to convince myself that any member

of the Board could suppose it probable that I would leave the pastoral office for any position, sacred or secular, in the gift of any organization. In a ministry of thirty-one years, I have often been invited away from my chosen department of labor, and I have as often resisted every inducement to vacate the pulpit and pastorate. Twice — in 1835 and in 1841 — I was elected corresponding secretary of the Triennial Convention, and in both instances declined the appointment for the sake of a work to which I regarded myself as called by my Master. For the last few years I have supposed that I might be let alone, to finish out the remnant of my life as preacher and pastor.

Now a demand comes in a new shape, and under new, wholly new circumstances. The trial is to me a severe one. I am constantly pressed, orally and by letters, to undertake this work. I see what is to be done, and how it can be done, and my heart is in it; but I cannot see that my Master requires me to venture into the breach, and take hold of the service. Yesterday I had made up my mind that I *could not* accept the appointment, when Dr. Warren called, and informed me of what had occurred in Burmah. This intelligence, so unexpected, so mysterious, threw me back upon the main question. I am well nigh unmanned by the providential bearings of this dispensation. What can it mean? Had this news reached the Union while in session, what would have been the action? I see now no obstacle in Burmah to the easy and complete carrying out of the full purposes of the Union and its Board. The executive committee will now be unembarrassed, and will act as a unit. I stand still and adore! No sooner had the grand barrier to conciliation and peace been swept away here at home than the news comes that God has taken away the principal barrier to conciliation and peace abroad! "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour."

I shall be glad to hear further from you. There is immediate work for a foreign secretary, and I must soon settle the question. It is in my heart to aid the executive committee in

the adjustment of the machinery to the new policy; but I am not convinced that I ought to resign my pastorate, throwing aside all my professional capital, and enter, at my age, a new department of service. Help me by your counsels and prayers.

Your brother and fellow-laborer,

BARON STOW.

BOSTON, June 11, 1858.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Since I wrote you on the 5th, I have been impelled by a sense of duty to decline the appointment of foreign secretary, on the ground that I could not leave my present field of labor. The executive committee have since requested me to withdraw my declination, and consent to render such service as may be compatible with my duties as preacher and pastor. This presents the question in a new form; but I hesitate, for how can I take the additional burden? Besides, I am pained by some new elements that have appeared. . . . I am oppressed with anxiety, and really need counsel. Can you find time to write me your thoughts? . . . We have truly fallen on strange times. "God be merciful to us sinners."

Very fraternally, &c.,

BARON STOW.

With all his seriousness and earnestness, Dr. Stow had also a vein of playful humor, which sometimes appeared in his correspondence. In a letter of June 29, 1867, he said, in closing, "Dr. Sears, you are rather hard upon your friend of forty-two years' standing. Always too modest! The past forgiven. But future delinquencies in that line not to be pardoned — even by Andrew Johnson! Well, that opens for me a dismal prospect. I am too old to change in that matter; and if the only depreciative record of my life be 'too modest,' I shall be one of the few guilty. I nevertheless take your hint for the present emergency."

Writing to me once about the difficulty of securing varied

and natural elocution in college performances, which in his view was very desirable, he said, somewhat spicily, "I understand very well that when a student has labored much upon his oration, and had it cut down, and cut up, shortened, and spliced, and made almost anything but what he intended, his heart is taken out of it, and refuses to return, so that he can hardly be expected to do more than exhibit a dried preparation. But still it seems to me he might be made to diversify his tones, and vary his inflections, even though he should do it as a formality."

These are but a few specimens of the many letters received from my old friend during a life-long correspondence; but as they are chiefly of a personal nature, and are so pervaded by a spirit of partial friendship, that they cannot with propriety be given to the public.

It is not my purpose to narrate the life or portray the character of Dr. Stow. This duty others will perform. Some impressions, however, made upon my mind by long and familiar intercourse with him may properly find a place here.

Taken all in all, as a man, as a Christian, and as a minister of the gospel, he stood in the foremost rank in the city of his adoption. The respect and affection cherished for him by Christians of all denominations showed how well he sustained his position in his more general relations to society. In all those great enterprises in which evangelical Christians were united, he was a prominent actor. An unusual degree of confidence was reposed in him. In this respect his name may be justly placed side by side with the names of Baldwin and Sharp.

He was highly valued for his substantial worth, and greatly loved for his uniform courtesy and kindness. As was natural, he was often called upon to speak on public occasions, and was generally exceedingly happy and successful in his efforts. Strong and vigorous in thought; forcible and pointed, as well as fluent, in expression; emphatic, and almost declamatory, as well as graceful, in his delivery, — he was one of the most powerful, and, at the same time, the most winning,

of our public speakers on such occasions. As a preacher in his own church, he gave his people, during the year, as many sound, substantial gospel sermons, perhaps, as any clergyman in Boston. This was the testimony of Mr. Thomas Edmands, not long before his death; and he was a constant attendant at his church for many years, and confessedly a good judge. I often preached for him one part of the day, and heard him the other; and rarely did I listen to a discourse which was not above mediocrity.

His kind and affectionate treatment of the members of his church and congregation was always observable. He *knew* them when he met them on the street, and never passed them without making them the happier for it. Not only have I myself witnessed this kindly and genial intercourse of his with his people, but some of my family, who belonged to his church, received impressions from his cordial and tender solicitude that will never be forgotten.

I was associated with him much during the trying scenes of the "abolition" excitement, when hard things were sometimes said, even by good men. I never knew him to utter an unkind word, or to wound the feelings of any of his brethren. If he ever suffered from the harshness of others, it was manifested only by a flush upon his countenance, and by covering his face with his hand — a characteristic attitude in moments of trial. This had, in part, a physical cause, as he was constitutionally subject to a rush of blood to the head. He always avoided strife and bitterness. When he could not speak courteously and kindly, he would not speak at all. Though affable to every one, he avoided intimacy with contentious persons. He was naturally extremely sensitive, and could never enjoy, in any high degree, the society of minds cast in a different mould. He loved to be with warm and sympathizing friends, and at such times his flashing eye and beaming countenance cast a sunshine on all around him. His conversation, though cheerful, and often playful, was never trifling. Few men have so rarely had occasion to regret an inconsiderate word. Foolish expres-

sions no one ever heard from his lips. In all these respects he was a model of propriety. Faults and weaknesses he undoubtedly had, for he was human; but they were so allied to virtue, that one cannot have a heart to name them. The particular place which he held in the hearts of his friends cannot be given to another. There will always be a little sanctuary reserved for him. Others I shall admire and love, but for me there can never be another Baron Stow.

Affectionately yours,

B. Sears.

Our task is done. If we have succeeded in leaving upon the minds of our readers definite impressions of the ministerial character of Dr. Stow, if just conceptions have been formed of him in the relation which he prized above all other relations, — that of an affectionate, laborious pastor of a church of Christ, — we have accomplished the object contemplated in the preparation of this Memoir. Incidentally we have referred to what he did with his pen. It would have been easy to have written page after page, setting forth his ability as a writer, and giving analyses of the works which he prepared for the press. His published sermons and addresses would make a good-sized volume. His connection with the Psalmist, as one of the compilers of the collection of hymns so generally used in our churches, is well known. His papers on subjects connected with missions are very numerous. In various departments of religious literature, he exhibited the skill and good taste of the "ready writer." His Doctrinal Question Book — his Daily Manna — his Whole Family in Heaven — are examples of the facility with which he wrote on matters of living interest to the church of Christ. So, too, we might have dwelt largely on the rare executive ability he displayed in positions of trust, as a member of the corporation of Brown University, in both of its boards, as a trustee of Harvard College, and Newton Theological Institution. We might have taken our readers

to the rooms of the executive committee of the Missionary Union, and shown them the deference which was paid to his opinions by his associates in office; how he moulded and shaped the policy and the action of the committee, and made his influence to be felt, on a large scale, in both hemispheres We might have dwelt on his catholic spirit, his love for all the true disciples of Jesus wherever they were found, the esteem in which he was held by good men of all denominations in the city which, for nearly forty years, was his home. But, as our most exalted conception of Baron Stow is that which we form of him as preacher and pastor, it has been our wish to convey this conception to the minds of our readers. The pulpit was his throne; the church of Christ, when it came up to his ideal of what it should be, his paradise on earth. On that throne he swayed the sceptre of a monarch who might justly claim to be a legate from the skies. In that paradise he serenely walked, drawing all souls to him by the magnetism which ever goes forth from a pure heart and a holy life. Our best thought of him is, that he belonged to that company of choice spirits who, after the toils and conflicts of life are over, "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament," and, having turned many to righteousness, shall be "as the stars forever and ever."

THE END.

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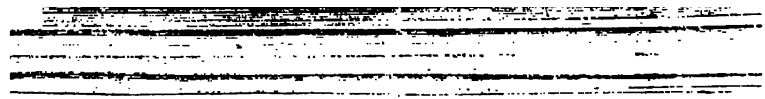

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